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MARCH, 1914

WINNIPEG, CANADA



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# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XV.

Published Monthly

[No. 3.]

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

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REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

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WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

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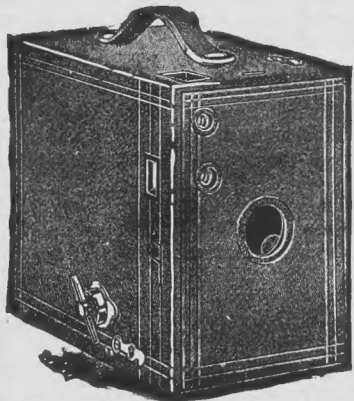
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## A Chat with our Readers

each one a part of a great body of loyal friends, residing in almost every city, town and village of this great country. We count you all as friends because you are loyally supporting us in a good cause—an endeavor to place before the great mass of the good-literature-loving public, the best in reading that can possibly be given for a very moderate sum of money. To this end our efforts have been devoted for more than thirteen years, and the names of thousands of you have been before us for all that time; some for only half as long, and many of you have just recently been welcomed to the fold, but are our friends nevertheless. Your loyal support, stretching back over this long period of years, has enabled us to build up a great organization here in the heart of the Western metropolis of this great country of ours, and the sincere efforts of every member of this host of faithful workers around us, is extended in one direction only—to give to you, in The Western Home Monthly, the best that your money can buy. Every one of our loyal workers is imbued with this spirit, and their hearts are in the work from morn until night—yes, and from night until morn, with many of them.

We have a great ambition for which we are all striving. We hope some day to see The Western Home Monthly by the fireside of every single home-loving family circle in this land. It is a constant visitor to thousands now—over forty thousand. Many experienced publishers tell us that in The Monthly we are giving the public more good reading in proportion to the subscription price than any magazine in the world. Many of you are continually writing us and telling us the same thing. To be frank, we believe it, too. Such being the case, The Monthly ought to have easily a hundred thousand subscribers instead of forty thousand.

We hope to continue to build up through the kindly efforts of our friends—our subscribers and our club-raisers.

Now, our friends—and this means every single one of you—will you do this for us within the next few weeks? Will you, each and every one of you, send at least one subscription? The next time one of your friends call, will you not show her your copy of The Monthly, and tell her of our ambition, and ask her if she would not like to have it for at least a year? Then, will you ask your neighbor next door, or down the street a ways? Or haven't you someone dear to you, perhaps, to whom you would like to send The Monthly as a gift for a year? Surely there is one person, or maybe two or three, or even more, whom you could get to subscribe with scarcely any effort on your part. Will you do this for us? In return we promise you that, as we near the realization of our ambition, The Monthly will grow bigger and better; we will give you more and more for your money. Even though it is now the best investment for the money in periodical literature, it will become ten-fold more so.

### Kindly Appreciations Come Daily

Markinch, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for the past five years. The columns are interesting and also educating, and, as for the magazine, it should be found at every fireside.  
C. E. Sandercrook.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of your paper for about a year, and of all the papers I have read there is not one I would rather have than The Western Home Monthly.

Miss R. McWilliams.

Viscount, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am still a subscriber and a very interested reader, and as for our Western Home Monthly, I don't think there is a better paper printed anywhere. I like the Young Man's Problem very much, and think it would be beneficial for any young man to read it.

E. O. Ramstead.

Whitebeach, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I think you might head my letter "A Case of Necessity." Why? Well, I've been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly just one month. In my wanderings in this Land of the Maple I have had the pleasure of reading it in different homes, but now, Mr. Editor, I am a homesteader and need it. Yes, need it.

Harold Pickering.

### From Our Contemporaries

The St. John (N.B.) Globe.—"The Western Home Monthly is an ample magazine, designed as its name indicates, for home reading. It has a wealth of wholesome literature and is in every way indicative of Western progress and enterprise. There are numerous departments devoted to stories, the home, the farm, to music, to fashion, and, in fact, to all the interests that would centre about a well ordered home with a broad outlook upon life. The magazine is well edited, and would seem to be what it claims, a healthy Western magazine, edited and planned for the healthy Western home. Published by the Home Publishing Company, Winnipeg."

The Melfort Moon.—"In The Western Home Monthly many interesting features will be found in several illustrated pages indicative of the marvellous growth of Western cities and towns, and altogether this magazine will be found entertaining."

The Editor, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Sir,—Your magazine is a splendid one, brimful of valuable information, and we assure you that we appreciate it greatly. Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Ralphia Still,  
Editor, Woman's Department, Dipper Office, Ottawa.

Dilke, Sask., Feb. 5, 1914.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.  
Kind Sirs,—Your lovely premium (set of dishes) received last night, and I hasten to heartily thank you, for I was more than surprised to find they were so nice. Again thanking you,  
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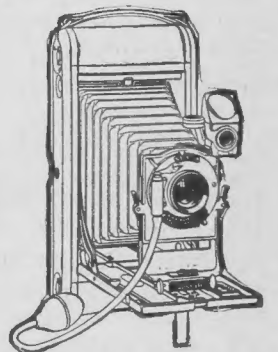
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## The Youth of the City

It is quite evident that in our cities, the young men and young women just beginning work in the factories, the shops and the offices do not have a fair chance in life. This is particularly true of those who are without parents or friends. Three natural longings these young people have—for the joys of life, for companionship and for a glimpse into the ideal world. Under existing conditions there is small likelihood that these longings will be satisfied in a normal manner. This being true one can well understand how neglected nature rebels against enforced starvation, and how it seeks compensation in unnatural extravagances and dissipation.

### The Longing for Variety

A young man enters a factory. He is put at a lathe. All day long and every day for a year or more he is kept shoving pieces of wood into a great machine. The grinding, buzzing sound is ever round him. It dominates his thoughts, his feelings and his action. It becomes part of himself, or more properly he becomes part of it. He loses his identity, his personality; he is but part of the machine. How his whole soul revolts against the monotony! It is not that he dislikes work. The chances are he would glory in work suited to his nature and capacity; but he objects to servitude. He is but a youth, and as such demands something of the joy of freedom. This is why he rebels. This is why he "quits the job" and seeks another. A census in New York showed that one-third of those who entered work at fourteen years of age changed their occupations six times during the first year. Such is the attitude of youth to monotony. Hear the testimony of one who speaks from full experience.

"I recall a boy who had worked steadily for two years as a helper in a smelting establishment and had conscientiously brought home all his wages, one night suddenly announcing to his family that he 'was too tired and too hot to go on.' As no amount of persuasion could make him alter his decision, the family finally threatened to bring him into the Juvenile Court on a charge of incorrigibility, whereupon the boy disappeared and such efforts as the family have been able to make in the two years since have failed to find him. They are convinced that he is trying a 'spell of tramping' and wish 'that they had let him have a vacation the first summer when he wanted it so bad.' The boy may find in the rough outdoor life the healing that a wise physician would recommend for nervous exhaustion, although the tramp experiment is a perilous one."

How is it possible to better conditions? In any modern factory each man must do his own fractional part of the whole. The old system of manufacture can be tolerated no longer. A workman must be content to co-operate. Surely so, but yet there are conditions under which co-operation is intolerable and conditions under which it is joyful. The employer in a modern factory, or store or shop does not always consider this. Hear again what this woman who knows has to say:

"If a child goes into a sewing factory with a knowledge of the work she is doing in relation to the finished product; if she is informed concerning the material she is manipulating and the processes to which it is subjected; if she understands the design she is elaborating in its historic relation to art and decoration, her daily life is lifted from drudgery to one of self-conscious activity, and her pleasure and intelligence is registered in her product.

"I remember a little colored girl in this New York school who was drawing for the pattern she was about to embroider, a carefully elaborated acanthus leaf. Upon my inquiry as to the design she replied; 'It is what the Egyptians used to put on everything, because they saw it so much growing in the Nile; and then the Greeks copied it, and sometimes you can find it now on the buildings down town.' She added shyly, 'Of course I like it awfully well because it was first used by people living in Africa where the colored folks come from.'"

It is because no care has been taken in most modern factories to do the very thing suggested here that young men and women grow dissatisfied. They are not allowed to feel the joy of production, which after all is the true joy of living. With the invention of modern machinery and the consequent division of labor there was found in industry a place for growing boys and girls. We must be careful lest we sacrifice the human to the material. If we quench the fire of youth we not only destroy life, but imperil the future of industry itself.

### The Longing for Companionship

Longing for variety of occupation is not the only longing of the young man or the young woman of the shop or the factory. There is the longing for companionship—first, for those of similar sex and then for those of the opposite sex. Cities have provided schools, but as yet they have provided few recreation centres for young people. All this is left to private enterprise. The young girl cannot meet a young man in her home—for often she has no home. If she joins the Y.W.C.A. she meets no young men at all, if she goes to a church she finds that she is not like the other girls who have homes of their own, and the young men are not usually of her class. So she goes to the rinks, to the picture shows, to the dance halls. She picks up companions. She has her fun anyway.

What is the remedy for these conditions? The community and the employers of labor must learn that their responsibility to young people does not end with getting them a position and paying them even a liberal wage. Opportunities must be provided for social intercourse under wise supervision.

"Already some American cities are making a beginning toward more adequate public recreation. Boston has its municipal gymnasiums, cricket fields and golf grounds. Chicago has seventeen parks with playing fields, gymnasiums, and baths, which at present enroll thousands of young people. These same parks are provided with beautiful halls which are used for many purposes, rent free, and are given over to any group of young people who wish to conduct dancing parties, subject to city supervision and chaperonage. Many social clubs have deserted neighboring saloon halls for these municipal drawing rooms beautifully decorated with growing plants supplied by the park greenhouses, and flooded with electric light, supplied by the park power house."

### The Longing for Ideals

The third longing of the city youth is for glimpses into the ideal world—the world of the imagination. It is because the theatre, the moving picture show and the sensational novel help the imagination in its quest of ideals that these are so well patronized by both sexes. Some young working girls endure the hardships of the day only because they are looking forward to the picture shows at night. They prefer the society of one young man to another because

he is more generous with cheap theatre tickets. They frequent the bookstores and libraries and revel in fiction because it ministers to their appetite. If the picture show is more popular to-day than the theatre or the library it is not only because it furnishes cheap entertainment, but because the plots are worked out in short time, and because they make a strong appeal to the imagination. The pity of it all is that the owners of the picture shows are not always concerned with the moral effect of their productions. They are first of all concerned with money making. To them, audiences are not primarily to be educated or helped to better things. It is for this reason that the community should operate its own theatres. There is a glorious possibility in the moving picture. A few good theatres under community control and operated to provide amusement and instruction would be of the highest possible value. In this matter, as in the matter of recreation centres the community, and the factory owner could well co-operate. We look for the day when cities will feel the responsibility of properly educating their young people during the impressionable years. In the words of Miss Jane Addams who has been quoted so frequently:

"To fail to provide for the recreation of youth is not only to deprive all of them of their natural form of expression, but is certain to subject some of them to the overwhelming temptation of illicit and soul-destroying pleasures. To insist that young people shall forecast their rose-colored future only in a house of dreams, is to deprive the real world of that warmth and re-assurance which it so sorely needs and to which it is justly entitled; furthermore we are left outside with a sense of dreariness, in company with that shadow which already lurks only around the corner for most of us—a skepticism of life's value."

### The Modern Church

"The Church, if it is to retain its hold upon the masses of the people, must again resume the lead in everyday life which, under changing standards of thought and life, it has to some extent lost. There is tremendous need for the wise direction of its ministers in the practical problems of the community and the State. The men who now go out from our theological colleges go out far better equipped for this task than did their predecessors. Is this side of beneficence denounced as materialistic? It was not outside of the Saviour's mission to be known to the common folks as the good physician, and to reach them in that way. Materialism is the enemy to be fought.

### The Modern School

There is an old theory that it is difficult to uproot—"the theory that the barest rudiments of an education are all that is necessary for the farmer." This must be discarded in favor of the theory that farmers should become one of the distinctively educated classes of the country—men and women of clear thought and possessed of scientific knowledge and insight. For this reason the rural school must be transformed. It must become an educational and social centre, and the means of developing an appreciation for modern agriculture. Transformation will be effected when the majority of the people in any community wish for it. A few strong intelligent souls can soon gather around them a majority. One man of high purpose and sound intelligence and possessed of a little tact can mould the sentiment of a whole countryside. Will you be one of such men?





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## The Fisher

Written for The Western Home Monthly By W. R. Gilbert

IF EVER an animal was misnamed, that animal is the fisher or pennant marten of the Canadian forests. The fisher cannot fish, though there are few other things he cannot do.—As a fierce and terrible fighter he has no equal in all the woods; as a climber, not even the squirrel and the marten can compare with him: he can out-run the jack rabbit in the open—in fact, he is the fiercest and most wonderfully equipped demon of slaughter, nature has seen fit to inflict upon her solitudes. Brownish black in color, bearlike about the head and shoulders, his general weasel-like build gives no impression as to his abilities, while in size he is about equal to the ordinary domestic cat though slightly heavier of build.

The fisher inhabits the great pine forests of Northern Canada and the eastern States. He is by no means a common animal, but is usually to be found in well watered districts where the pioneers axe has not yet penetrated. On the prairie lands he is unknown.

Though the fisher has been classified as a marten, he possesses many characteristics which seem to define him as

In disposition the fisher is utterly fearless, and in spite of his diminutive size, there are very few animals in the Canadian forests that he will not readily attack—the bear, the wolverine, and the timber wolf are, indeed the only three which appear safe from the ravages of this dreadful little killer. Trappers have many times reported cases of a fisher running down and killing the fierce and powerful lynx, a beast double its weight and so large and formidable that it has actually been known to attack Indian women and children.

When seen side by side, one would not imagine for a moment that a fisher would stand a ghostly chance in combat with the lynx, and the idea of the smaller animal making an unprovoked attack upon this huge grey cat seems utterly absurd. Yet the fisher is an exception to all rules. Most wild animals are at all times ready to avoid a scrap with a formidable foe, but the fisher has been known to go out of his way in search of trouble.

Everyone knows that the common fox is a clever and formidable fighter, against whom even a big foxhound



G.T.P. Steel Girder Bridge.

more nearly related to the wolverine—the dreaded glutton of the northern woods. Like the wolverine he will rob the trappers dead falls as fast as the latter can set them, reaching the bait from the top log, so that, when the catch is sprung, the falling of it cannot injure him. Thus he springs trap after trap, following in the trappers footsteps, and it is only by skill and strategy that the woodsman stands a chance of outwitting him.

Among the trees the fisher is entirely at home. The common marten can catch the squirrel with ease by jumping from tree to tree in pursuit, while in the same manner the fisher has no difficulty whatever in catching the marten. It is said he will jump to the ground from a height of forty feet, while he will actually clear a horizontal distance of eighteen feet, never failing to clasp the branch he has aimed for.

I once witnessed a marten chasing a squirrel, and never saw a more wonderful acrobatic performance. The squirrel was up and away in surprising short time, but almost immediately the marten was on his heels, when they both passed from view. For any animal to have overtaken that marten seemed the very height of impossibility.

When hunted with dogs, the fisher will turn at bay almost immediately, and woe betide the first hound should it come along singly and open an attack.

Coon hunters often flush a fisher by mistake, but when this happens the old and experienced hound has more sense than to open an attack before his supporters arrive. Gathering round the obstacle, at the base of which the fisher is crouching, the dogs wait till they see an opening in the defence, but very often the dogs are entirely bested, and put to rout before the hunter can arrive.

would stand a poor chance fighting singly. The fisher has been known to follow the trail of a single fox for days, ultimately running its quarry to a standstill and despatching it without effort.

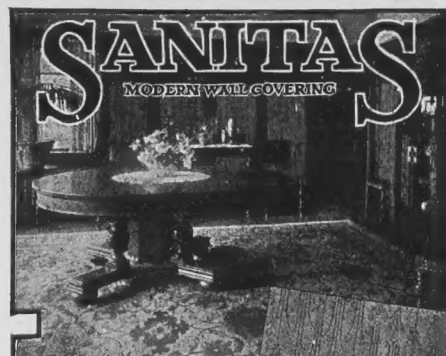
I knew a trapper, who one day stumbled upon one of his traps unexpectedly. The trap had been dragged from its place, and in it, held by one paw, was a fisher. The trapper almost trod upon the imprisoned brute, whereupon it turned upon him with such fury that he was compelled to retreat a few paces. The ferocity of the brute, he said, was almost incredible, and it was not until its eyes were glazed in death, that its jaws released their grip upon the trap.

The raccoon is a powerful fighter, which few dogs can outmatch in single combat, yet where "coons" are plentiful they form the staple diet of the fisher. Deer he has been known to kill by dropping on them from the branches, and biting at them so savagely that eventually they dropped from loss of blood.

When fighting, the fisher has no idea as to when he is beaten. He may be blinded, or have one of his eyes actually torn out, but still he will continue to fight to a finish. Fishers have been caught so dreadfully battered about by their encounters that the fur was valueless.

It has been stated that no animal will attack the porcupine on account of its formidable armament of quills. Each quill is equipped with a thousand tiny barbs, and these barbs becoming fast in the flesh of an animal cause the quill to work inwards, and this speedily causes death.

But the fisher will attack the porcupine without compunction, while, curiously enough the quills that enter his flesh do him no harm. In time they work out again without causing the least



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inconvenience, and old fishers have been caught with their bodies choked full of quills.

The average weight of the fisher is 8½ lbs., while that of the lynx usually exceeds 22 lbs.

Though really a tree dweller, the fisher is possessed of considerable speed, and

when occasion arises will course the rabbit, pursuing it over lakes, till at length the rabbit loses its head and falls an easy victim.

The fur of the fisher, like that of the wolverine, is used by the Indians for coat trimmings, as these are the only furs on which the breath will not condense and cake into ice.

## Indian Place Names in Western Canada

By Max. McD.

THE red man's contribution to place names in Canada, and particularly Western Canada, makes a considerable body in the aggregate. It is a sound policy and but a measure of justice to the original inhabitants, that seeks among the names of Indian tribes, some now almost extinct, for the titles of provinces and cities. Moreover on the score of beauty alone the debt is on our side.

The capital of Ontario was formerly known as York. By the adoption of the cognomen of an Indian tribe, Toronto has gained a name of sonorous beauty, scarcely to be matched among all the cities of the world. By a similar process, Ottawa has gained vastly by the change from its original name of Bytown.

Strong and virile, if not always euphonious names, are Assiniboine, Ontario, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Wisawasa, Niagara, Muskoka, Musquash, Mississauga, Metabetchouan, Kamouraska, Athabaska, Manitoulin, Okanagan, Temiscoutat, Washimeska, Asinawan, Restigouche, Nipissing, Algonquin, Awoju, and Shequindah.

Pleasing names to be found in the Canadian Gazetteer are Hiawatha, Minnehaha, and Nokomis, but these, perhaps owe allegiance to Longfellow rather than to the red man, from whose language they were taken.

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But in the names which Indians have themselves given to places in Western Canada is the curiosity of the Easterner aroused. When such localities as Whiskey Cap, Leavings, Pincher Creek, Porcupine Hills, Robber's Roost, Stand Off, Slide Out, Slide In, Freeze Out, Bull Morn, Jumbo Valley, etc., are spoken, the stranger in the West begins to ask how the selection was made.

The most interesting stories connected with place names in Western Canada centre around "Whoop Up," an old trader's fort midway between Macleod and Lethbridge, in Southern Alberta. It was in the early seventies that the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company ceased, and the Dominion Government took over judicial rights in all that vast territory which lies between the International boundary and the North Pole. The ending of the monopoly was a signal for an inrush of adventurers. Gamblers, smugglers, criminals, of every stripe, struck across from Montana and other northern states into the Canadian territory at the foot of the Rockies. Without a white population, these raff adventurers could not ply their usual wide-open traffic. The only way to wealth was by the fur trade; and the easiest way to obtain the furs was by smuggling whiskey into the country in small quantities, diluting this and trading it to the natives for pelts. Chances of interference were nil. The Canadian Government officials were thousands of miles distant without either telegraph or railway connection.

But the game was not without its dangers. The country at the foothills was inhabited by a confederacy of the Blackfoot Indian—Bloods, Peigans and Blackfeet—"tigers of the prairie" when sober, and worse than tigers when drunk. The Montana whiskey smugglers found they must either organize for defence, or pay for their fun by being exterminated. How many whites were killed in these drinking frays will never be known; but all about the Belly and Old Man Rivers and Fort Macleod, are gruesome landmarks known as the places where such and such parties were exterminated in the seventies.

The upshot was that the Montana smugglers emulated the old fur traders, and built themselves permanent forts; Robber's Roost, Stand Off, Freeze Out, and most famous of all, Whoop-Up, whose name for respectability's sake has recently been changed to "Whoop-Up, with an innocent suggestiveness of some poetic Indian title. Whoop-Up was palisaded and loop-holed for musketry, with bastions and cannon, and an alarm bell. The fortifications of this place alone, it is said, cost \$12,000, and it at once became the metropolis of the whiskey smugglers. Henceforth only a few Indians were allowed inside the fort at a time, the rest being served through the loop-holes.

But the Blackfeet, who loved a man better than a buffalo hunt, were not to be balked. The trail by which the whiskey smugglers came from Fort Benton zigzagged over the rolling prairie, mainly following the bottoms of the precipitous coulees and ravines for a distance of two hundred miles to Whoop-Up. Heavy wagons with canvas tops and yokes of fifteen and twenty oxen, drew the freight of liquor through the devious passes that connected ravine with ravine. The Blackfeet were probably the best horsemen in the world. There were places where the defiles were exceptionally narrow, where the wagons got mired, and where oxen and freight



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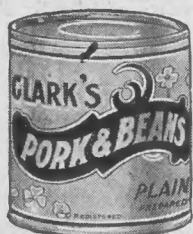
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had to be rafted across rain swollen streams and sloughs. With a yelling of incantations that would have stampeded more sober brutes than oxen drawing kegs of whiskey, down swooped the Blackfeet at just these hard spots. Sometimes the raids took place at night, when tethers would be cut and the oxen stampeded with the bellowing of a frightened buffalo herd. If the smugglers made a stand there was a fight. If they drew off, the savages captured the booty, and there was also a fight; but in this case the victims were the Indians killed in their own drunken brawls.

Protests from the fur company defrauded of lawful trade, and petitions from the missionaries, called the attention of the Dominion Government to the outrageous state of affairs at the foothills of the Rockies. An act was passed for the formation of a mounted constabulary. The spice of danger, devilry and adventure in the duties of the new force appealed to the popular mind. Men of all ranks tumbled over each other in their eagerness to enlist. Three hundred men were enrolled and drilled, and in July, 1874, the Mounted Police began their famous march of two thousand miles across the prairie to the foothills, two divisions striking off northward, one only coming to Old Man's River, the smugglers stronghold, where Colonel Macleod at once marked off the square for a fort, and hoisted a British flag in opposition to the smuggler's regime. The goodwill of the Blackfeet was soon gained, and a friendship established between the Mounted Police and the Blackfeet that has lasted to the present day.



Mounted Police Wagon and Escort

The smugglers were too wary to call down attack from the entire Mounted Police force by attempting armed resistance. They played the well-known game of smugglers the world over. Whoop-Up lay in the bottom of a deep ravine. On one side was a defile in the hills known as "Slide Out." On the other side was a narrow pass called "Slide In." When the red coats rode clanking through "Slide In," the smugglers quietly slipped away through "Slide Out." Patrols scoured the boundary line to the south, passing along the Fort Benton trail, and found their smugglers with the loads of whiskey in a gap in the Milk River Ridge which has since been known as "Whiskey Gap."

At another point up the Belly River the smugglers had whiskey in a "cache" and were attacked by the confederacy of Blackfeet. After a stubborn fight the Indians were beaten off and they called the place "Stand Off." At "Freeze Out" a similar incident occurred, but the seige of the attacking party was of so long duration that the smugglers were compelled to surrender, hence the name "Freeze Out." "Robber's Roost" has whiskey connected with its name also. The booty was stolen, and for this reason and probably some other not known, the appellation "Robber's Roost" was applied to the place and district.

The complete gamut of smuggler's wiles had soon been exhausted by police vigilance. In a few years the smugglers had either withdrawn from the country or taken up more lawful methods of barter. Some of the old names given to places in the days of unlawful whiskey selling and Indian encounter, have been changed to those befitting the position the places have taken in the agricultural and industrial world. But "Whiskey Gap" is still "Whiskey Gap," and "Stand Off" is "Stand Off." Similarly "Slide Out," "Whoop Up," "Bull Horn," and "Jumbo Valley" have not changed the names by which they were first known.

## Going Barefoot

There once was a theory, cherished by fond and fussy mothers, that going barefoot caused children's feet to "spread." These worthy mammas had a vision of a foot flattened out like a buckwheat cake, which would in later years require a monstrosity of a shoe to cover its hideousness. Sometimes they permitted their little boys to cast off their shoes and stockings, for masculine pedal beauty is not an altogether necessary thing. But their little girls were compelled to confine their pretty toes as sacredly as the tortured maidens of China. The prospect of corns and bunions and deformities were as nothing in comparison with the horror of "spreading" feet.

It is fortunate for Young America that this foot spreading fetish has been cast down. Nowadays it is really a sign of merit for a mother to have barefooted children. It indicates that she has regard not only for the pleasure and happiness of her youngsters, but also for their health and hardiness. Even in the city she permits her children to wear sandals, with or without stockings, which is the next best thing to going barefoot.

A merry party being gathered in a city flat made such a racket that the occupant of a neighboring apartment sent his servant down with a polite message asking if it would be possible for the party to make less noise, since, as the servant

announced, "Mr. Smith says that he cannot read."

"I am very sorry for Mr. Smith," replied the host. "Please present my compliments to your master, say that I am sorry he cannot read, and tell him I could when I was four years old!"

## AFRAID TO EAT

### Girl Starving on Poorly Selected Food.

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## Wild Love

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Roy North.

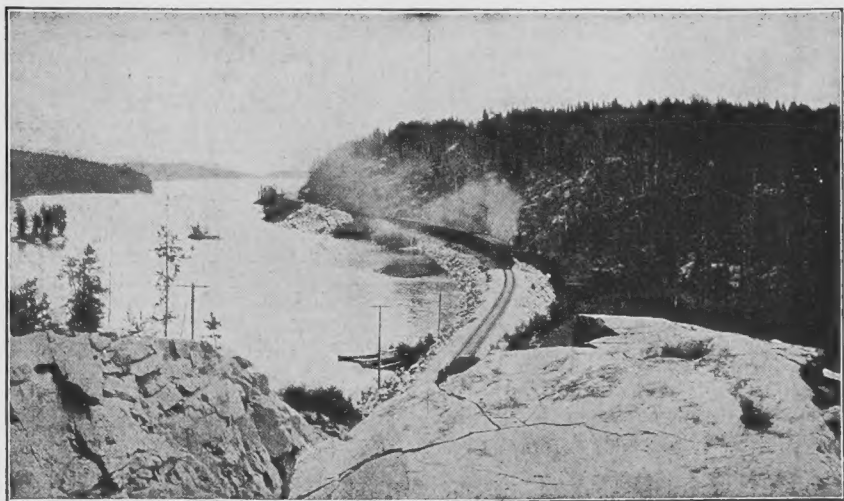
THE mother moose slid quietly down the bank and stood knee deep in the cool water. The calves, only a week old, lingered timidly on the brink, afraid to take the plunge. The mother's great nose stretched up to them, breathing encouragement, and presently they stepped forward, planting their unsteady feet gingerly in the soft black mud of the slope. At last the descent was accomplished and they stood by her side.

It was their first acquaintance with cold water, and they shivered as it flowed around their tender bodies, for the ice had only just gone from the lakes.

Suddenly the mother was galvanized into alertness by an unusual sound. With ears erect and nose sniffing she gazed at the bend in the river. Once before she had heard that steady tapping—the sound of paddles on the side of a canoe. It was long ago, but she had cause to remember, for a rifle bullet had torn through the fleshy part of her neck and harsh cries had pursued her as she sought the shelter of the woods. Now her first thought was for her young. With desperate haste she urged them

cook and generally frolicked with everyone. In the evenings of the hot summer they roamed the lake shore together, and sported in reedy bays, returning to the camp at dark. A stall was provided for them, and at night they were brought inside, tied up with the team of horses and fed with oats from the manger.

One man alone did not take kindly to them. This was "Lightning Jim," the teamster, a surly fellow who had earned his nick-name because he had never been known on any occasion to bestir himself with alacrity. Many a curse did Jim bestow on the camp pets, thereby bringing upon himself the disfavor of the men and the defiant resentment of the bull moose. Instinct told the animal that Jim disliked him, and one day when the teamster had falsely tempted him with an empty bucket, and then dealt him a blow with the same, in wrathful disappointment the young bull sent the can high in the air and with lowered head charged the offender. For once in his life "Lightning" fled with a speed which fully justified his name, and the watching miners, roaring with laughter, chaffed him accordingly. In future, both the moose were treated



Canyon Lake, Alta.

ashore and plunged past them up the bank. Hardly was she hidden in the thick willows when the bow of a canoe rounded the bend.

The keen eyes of Reddy Patterson, the bowman, were quick to notice the tell-tale signs of freshly churned mud and the stray moose hairs floating on the water. It was the work of only a few seconds to tie the craft to the willows and Winchester in hand start in pursuit. The branches crashed in front of him as the huge animal broke through them in its flight, and there, right in his path, stood the two calves, their retreat barred by a huge fallen log. Reddy dropped his rifle, flung himself upon them, and shouted lustily for his companion.

The calves, exhausted by their recent efforts and terrified by the suddenness of their capture, offered but feeble resistance as they were carried to the canoe, and, with legs firmly tied, deposited on the top of some sacks of flour. "I reckon the boys 'll be glad to have these youngsters as pets," said Reddy as he loosed the canoe and bent to the paddle.

Reddy's surmise proved correct; the men of Gold Rock mining camp extended a hearty welcome to the two young captives. Cans of condensed milk were opened with unwonted frequency by the cook, and their contents, suitably diluted, were lavished upon the calves. For their part, they took to their new diet in a manner which surprised everybody. A week later even the most pessimistic man in camp was fain to admit that they might live. Not only was this prophesy fulfilled, but the moose grew and even thrived in their new surroundings. All remembrance of their mother faded, and ere three months had passed they had quite adapted themselves to the life of a mining camp.

Every day they followed the men to work, rambled in and out of the stables, received tit-bits from the hands of the

by "Lightning Jim" with a deferential respect highly amusing to those who had witnessed his discomfiture. He was a prudent man, not given to courting danger unnecessarily.

A year later, when owing to financial difficulties, mining operations at Gold Rock were suspended and the camp closed down, there was not a man among the miners who did not feel sorry to abandon the two tame moose. Reddy Patterson in particular cursed the luck, and swore he would not part with both of them. Finally it was decided that the cow should accompany the party out to the railway, but the bull should be left to fend for himself.

At this decision even Lightning Jim opened his heart, and filled up the manger with a liberal feed of oats for the poor beast that must remain. When preparations for departure were complete, the door of the empty stable was thrown wide, and the young bull was left there feeding contentedly, all unconscious of the desertion. After a time he became restless at the unaccustomed silence, and walked out to ascertain the cause of it. The cabins were empty and silent, and not a soul was to be seen.

Smoke still issued from the stove pipe of the cook-shack, and the acrid odor of burning wood assailed his nostrils. On the full trot he made his way over to the cabin, clattering over the piles of empty cans which lay in his path. He was confronted by a door locked and barred against him. Turning, he swung up by the steep trail among the hills to the shaft mouth, but failed to find any trace of his human friends. All was silent at the pit mouth, and he returned disconsolately to the camp. Standing in the clearing there among the deserted shacks, which already seemed to have taken on an indescribably forlorn appearance, the bull moose threw up his head and called loudly for his mate. There was no answer.

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**GENTLEMEN'S "Footshape"** Boots are made in eight different sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (size 12 25c. extra). Each size in four different widths. No. 3 width (for slender feet); No. 4 (medium); No. 5 (wide); No. 6 (extra wide).

**HOW TO ORDER.**—Fill in the attached Order Form, stating size (length), usually worn, then the width according to the shape of your foot. If narrow, order No. 3 width; if medium, No. 4 width; if wide, No. 5 width; if extra wide, No. 6 width.

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Boot Manufacturers,

(Dept. WM), Footshape Works, NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

Our 144 page Boot Catalogue will be sent free. Address: BARRATT & Co., LTD., Dept. WM Box 101 P.O., Montreal.



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For several days he lingered in the vicinity, hoping she might return to him but as time passed and she did not come he sought for her in the deep woods, and wandered further and further afield.

Winter set in cold and pitiless, and the snow lay deep on the ground. Food alone was of importance now, and it taxed him sorely to find sufficient. Nothing was obtainable but the tops of the young birches, and to get these he was driven into the burnt country where second growth was plentiful. At nights he wandered down into the muskies to gain shelter from the bitter winds that swept roaring across the upland heights when the Arctic blizzard blew. There, in the thicket, lonely and cold, he slept, among the sombre spruces. His former life became to him but a dim memory, an almost forgotten past.

Then came summer, and he revelled in the cool lakes and drew up the lily pads from the soft mud. He was almost full-grown now, a great, long-legged creature, active and powerful, carrying on his massive head a pair of rapidly developing horns.

One moonlit October night, while wandering restlessly through the woods, he came out on what had once been a large clearing. Half hidden in the rank growth of grass and young trees stood a little row of empty log cabins. Something strangely familiar in the scene awoke a sleeping chord in his memory. Pausing, he rubbed his horns against the corner of one of the shacks, and strove vaguely to recall the past. Below him lay the still lake, gleaming white and peaceful in the moonlight. On the farther shore the forest rose gloomy and impenetrable, its giant spruces standing out sharply against the sky-line like teeth of a gigantic saw. Suddenly floating clear and distinct on the stillness came a long plaintive call.

The bull stood spellbound, trembling in every fibre of his being. His big, sensitive ears slanted forward, listening eagerly for a repetition of the sound.

Again it came, a low, mellow grunt, intensely appealing in its tone. It was like no other sound on earth. It was the love call. It appealed to the primal instinct of his nature, and his whole body thrilled in response to it.

Everything was clear to him now. In a flash came back the old days at the camp—happy days—days when he had a playmate. What if it should be she calling now? With a rush he was in the lake, and the water flew flashing in the moonlight before his swinging stride. Soon he was out of his depth, and swimming towards the spot from which the call came. His great body cutting through the calm water left two long lines of silver ripples widening in his wake.

Would she call again? Yes; once more came the inviting note, urging him to greater speed. Presently he reached the dim shadow cast by the bush, and found footing. Here he paused, standing belly deep in the water, with the light playing softly on his huge wet body. An indefinable fear assailed him. He stood irresolute, sniffing the air.

Suddenly from the darkness in front came a blinding flash, and a heavy missile struck him with the stunning force of a sledge-hammer. He was dimly conscious of a loud report, and the excited cry of human voices. Then he stumbled, bruising his knees on the rock bottom. Rising, he plunged blindly forward a few paces and fell face forward among the rushes. Sport had triumphed and wild love lay dead for ever.

nary gowns and wraps and their accessories, all of which are kept in Buckingham Palace, London.

The robe room, as the apartment containing the queen's wardrobe is called, is one of a suite of rooms situated immediately over the dressing rooms occupied by the queen's dressing maids, and is in charge of the chief dressing maid.

It is a very large apartment, the walls of which are lined with big mahogany wardrobes and drawers, that hold a full length skirt. Altogether, there are ten large wardrobes, and in the three largest are kept the queen's state robes and gowns, and in the others her ordinary evening, afternoon, street and house dresses.

Several maids keep these dresses in repair and in perfect condition, and, overnight, the chief dresser is informed by the queen's secretary, mistress of the robes, or some other personal attendant, which dresses the queen will require the following day, and the time which she will need them. The first gown to be worn is taken to the queen's dressing room by one of the maids, who goes with the chief dresser to assist in the toilet. The next dress is then taken to the dressing room at the hour the chief dresser has been instructed to have it ready, and so on, during each part of the day.

There is a perfect system, too, for keeping the gowns, hats and wraps, for each gown and its accessories are placed together, and each bears a number, and this number and particulars of the gown as to trimmings, time of purchase, maker, and so on, are entered in a book, which is kept in charge by the chief dresser, who can, at an instant's notice, turn to this book to find out just when the dress was purchased, and from whom.

Queen Mary is rather economical in regard to her clothes, and it is said five or six thousand dollars a year will cover her expenditure, not only for her ordinary gowns, but for her state gowns as well, and many of her walking dresses have not cost more than 30 dollars, while many an evening gown has not exceeded one hundred dollars. Her state gowns and robes necessarily cost much more, but even at that the queen does

## SCHOOL TEACHERS

Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I had used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher. (Tea is just as harmful because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much-loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning.

"The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head and, at times after exertion, a general "gone" feeling, with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years back I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friend made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Soon I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy letter but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known."

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Postum now comes in two forms:

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A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

## The Keeping of a Queen's Wardrobe

From the days of fairy stories up to the time of old age there is a peculiar fascination for women in the way queens dress, from whom they purchase their gowns, and how they look in them, but perhaps, even more interesting, because so little known, is the manner in which the wardrobe of a queen is taken care of.

While Queen Mary of England is said to be rather a dowdily dressed personage, and not at all modish in appearance, being rather wedded to old fashioned notions in regard to personal adornment, yet she has a most extensive wardrobe of all sorts of state and ordi-



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They have the same dull finish, texture and fit as the best linen collar, and won't wilt or crack. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth. Always smart, always dressy, if your dealer doesn't sell "Challenge" Brand send us 25c for collar or 50c for pair of cuffs. You'll be delighted.

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COLLARS



not pay out half on her clothes that many millionaires wives spend on theirs. Then, too, she wears her gowns a long time, and some of her serge and walking dresses remain in her wardrobe for a year or more, and are often worn. Her evening gowns she will wear a dozen or more times before they are put out of the royal wardrobe, and she will wear afternoon or semi-evening gowns from a dozen to twenty times before she will allow them to be taken out of the robe room.

The queen hardly ever orders an exact reproduction of a model gown, preferring to have hers made on rather simple and old-fashioned ideas, and her dresses are tried on at Buckingham Palace, and the modiste is expected never to require more than one fitting as a semi fitting would be a breach of queenly etiquette. For instance, the modiste who is to be honored with the queen's custom is notified that the royal person will call at her shop at a certain hour on a certain day, when, of course, every arrangement must be made to receive the queen. The model gowns are then shown on mannequins or living models of about the queen's figure, and when a style is chosen directions are given as to the color and how they must be made up, and as soon as ready comes the one fitting at Buckingham Palace. Three or four gowns are usually ordered at one time.

tails no duties, the real duties being performed by the chief dresser, and the only work—if such it be—to such a position is to stand beside the queen on state occasions, and control the maids of honor. The present mistress of the robes is the Duchess of Portland, that stately and wonderful duchesse of an old and proud line, for the mistress of the robes must necessarily always be a duchess in rank, no other being allowed to stand beside the queen.

### Unfortunate Expression

That fruitful source of mirth, the mixed metaphor, is ever with us. It illustrates on almost every appearance the truth of the saying that the sublime and the ridiculous are but a step apart.

In a book on the laboring man, containing some excellent ideas, there appeared the following sentence:

"What manner of woman is she who would turn her eyes toward other things, which would become ashes on her very lips?"

The flippant answer is, of course, "A cross-eyed woman."

An American doctor built an elegant home, says the "San Francisco Chronicle." His bathroom was exceptionally



## Strengthens Stews

EDWARDS' desiccated SOUPS strengthen weak stews, they impart the fine fresh flavour of Irish garden-grown vegetables to tasteless soups; they make the gravy much more savoury; they improve nearly all the recipes in the cookery book;—these handy "Jacks of all Dishes," these Edwards' desiccated Soups. The food bills will be smaller, the appetites larger, the cooking better, and the work easier, with Edwards' Soups to help you in the kitchen.

**Important:** Remember to let them boil for at least half-an-hour.

**EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS**

But you **MUST** boil them for half-an-hour — worth it.

Edwards' Soup is good as a soup by itself, it is good as a strengthener of other soups; good as a thickener of gravies; good for hashes, good for stews—too good to be spoiled by insufficient boiling.

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An Alberta Threshing Scene

While the dowager queen, Alexandra, is in the habit of discarding two pair of gloves or sometimes more each day, Queen Mary has even been known to have hers cleaned and wears them several times. Then, too, she buys all of her gowns and accessories, possible, in England, while the former queen preferred to send to Paris for hers.

Princess Mary, daughter of the queen, has now a dress allowance of \$250 a year, and is one of the most economically attired princesses in the world, her dress bills being less than many a young girl of the middle class. Up to a few years ago the princess wore dresses made from the queen's cast off gowns, Miss Constance Selby, the queen's chief dresser, doing the remodelling. Even her evening frocks are now for the most part made over from her mother's gowns, although for some very formal occasions she has been allowed, in the past two years, to have a really new one. This royal maiden, too, is not allowed kid gloves except for dress occasions, and quite commonly wears white thread gloves, costing 50 cents a pair.

So very plainly and economically is the young princess commonly dressed that even the ladies of the royal household, who follow the queen's lead in many things, will not dress their daughters in the manner in which the princess is attired. The queen will not allow, save for evening wear, collarless dresses on her daughter, and not long since, because the daughters of the London smart set attending Mrs. Marshall's fashionable dancing school wore low cut dresses, withdrew her daughter from the class. She also refuses to allow her daughter to wear any jewelry, and also insists upon full skirts.

However, in spite of the queen's old-fashioned ideas and economies, the position of mistress of the royal robes is one eagerly sought for, as nowadays it en-

beautiful, being of white marble, with silver hardware; a music-box was concealed in the room. After completion of the home an Englishman came to visit the doctor. Now the English always show great respect for their sovereign and their country, and this one was no exception.

After showing his home to the Englishman the doctor remembered the fondness English people have for the bath, and escorted his guest to the bathroom, and while there turned on the music-box, wishing to give his guest a pleasant surprise as he bathed. Then he left his friend in the bathroom.

About an hour later the Englishman joined his host in the drawing room. The doctor immediately asked what his guest thought of the bathroom.

The Englishman replied, "It is beautiful, beautiful."

"Well," said the doctor, "how did you like my music-box?"

Said his guest with great disgust in his tones:

"Bah! That music-box! The old thing played God Save the King and I had to stand up the whole time I was trying to bathe."

### Only A Lion-Tamer

He was a giant of a man, and brought his meek-looking little wife before the magistrate on the charge of cruelty. He described her to the court as being uncontrollable and incorrigible. He seemed sincere. A writer in the New York Times tells the story.

The magistrate looked the big fellow over carefully, and glancing at his slip of a wife, asked the husband:

"What line of business do you follow?"

"I am a lion-ta er," he proudly replied.

*A Glass for Every ill*

**THE PITEOUS WEAKNESS**  
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will do more to renew sapped vitality and to steady and re-inforce fever weakened nerves than all the drugs and "cure-alls" offered.

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**Because**—it actually renews the red corpuscles of the blood, increases the "red cell" count.

**Because**—the pure extract of Cinchona Bark promotes digestion and assimilation, and exercises a directly tonic and restorative effect upon the vital organs.

Dr. J. F. Palling, the Celebrated Physician, says: "I have great pleasure in stating that I have been using Wilson's Invalids' Port for some time, and find it very beneficial as a tonic for Invalids when recovering from any weakening diseases. It rapidly increases the strength and appetite." 223C

*J. Palling*

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR**  
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly  
Write for special clubbing offers







would not do, and as my camera had no rising front or swing back, the only way of negotiating a tall building was to take the photograph from some elevated position, such as an upper window or a roof.

I had not done much with the camera before meeting with a mishap with which most amateur photographers become familiar. I had set the shutter, patiently stalked the object—it was a rather restless cow grazing in a field—got it well in the centre of the finder and made the exposure. Then I went to close the slide, only to discover that I had forgotten to draw it and so, in spite of all my all!



The effect of drying a negative before the fire

My first attempt at the production of a moonlight photograph resulted in a very curious picture. Knowing that a long exposure would be necessary in order to secure any effect at all, I placed the camera in position, opened the shutter and left it for about an hour.

But on development a long white ribbon appeared in the sky instead of the expected image of the moon! The fact was — I had forgotten that the moon travels across the sky!

Very often, in making a hasty snapshot, I missed the object entirely or only got part of it on the plate. On the other hand I sometimes got too much, especially in trying my 'prentice hand at portraits, when the size of the sitter's hands and feet was apt to cause very unflattering criticisms to be passed both on my apparatus and myself.

The most terrible pictures of all were produced on one occasion when I was pressed for time and tried to hasten the drying process by putting the negatives near the fire. As a consequence the films partly melted and ran over the glass, and the photographs when printed showed buildings and people zig-zagging about in every stage of inebriation!

#### Not a Canadian Band

To the leader of a band in Omaha, jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst in seven different states," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral. "Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader.

"Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in matters military. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral."

The leader was surprised and flattered.

"Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in Omaha to be sorry that he died."—Harper's Weekly.

#### What we want

A Sunday School class was listening to a lesson on patience. This was what came of it, at least in the minds of the more literal-minded children:

The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding, the teacher had given each pupil a card, bearing the picture of a boy fishing.

"Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing! He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient."

Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question:

"And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The answer was shouted with one voice, "Bait."

## "Steamboating"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

THE applicant looked capable. He had a broad, prominent chin. His eyes did have a tired look and he was thin, but the foreman sized him up to his advantage.

"Good constitution?" he asked.

"Not bad—sometimes I get an attack of indigestion, but I'm generally all right. Think a land job is best for me. Before I was chief engineer on the tug, 'Emily' ran a little farm of my own."

"Married?"

"Yes, three girls."

"Something to work for. You ought to make good. Start at seven to-night."

"Thank you, sir."

A bucket hoist or "whirley" is a simple piece of machinery. Alertness is the main qualification for the runner, or engineer, to possess. To lose control of the levers while a bucket is being raised, swung or lowered would be disastrous for the human machines below decks. With the right hand he operates the lever that throws in the clutch for hoisting; at almost the same time he handles the steam throttle, and with the left hand operates the swinging lever, while his right foot rests on the brake pedal to keep the bucket suspended. Some be-

come so expert at handling a machine of this kind that taking up a full bucket of coal from the hold of a vessel, swinging and lifting to a car thirty feet up and forty feet out from the vessel is all one operation.

All this, McParland learned in a night. In a year he was an expert few could equal. In three years he was chief engineer on that coal dock.

In the fifth year changes were made. A new dock foreman was appointed. He called the chief engineer, "McParland," and watched him sternly as he went about his work. As chief, his work had become more arduous. He was compelled to run a hoist all day and make repairs in overtime. Urgent repairs during the day were supervised by him.

He began to walk with a stoop; the angles of his frame showed prominently; his jaws became cadaverous — he grew gaunt. He laid off two days with indigestion. The work piled up.

When, at last, the season drew to a close and arrangements were being made for the next he went to the foreman and confided: "This work is beginning to tell on me. Standing at them levers and bendin' my back for three, four and five

more is runnin' me down. I was thinkin' this job should support a man on repairs all the time. What about it?"

"It would keep you goin'," confessed the foreman. "But I ain't authorized to grant no sech concession. Better stay's you are and see what turns up on the new plant."

"H'm," grunted the foreman at McParland's disappearing back. "Keep 'm goin'?" He'd make three hours' work last ten. He kin run all around them other histers and do it blindfolded, but on repairs he's a loafer. Guess he's got the 'steamboatin' fever agin."

At the beginning of the eighth season, McParland broached the subject again: "I've been with this company eight years now and I think I'm entitled to something easier. What about that repair job this year?"

"Same as last, McParland, but if it's an easier job you want, why don't you get a transfer to one of the coal chutes on the line as foreman?"

And McParland took a chute foremanship that winter.

The travelling inspector found him one day, morose.

"What's the matter, Jack?" he asked.

"Oh! this isn't the place for me. It's a worry all the time. There's nothing to learn at this work and the livin' is high. Say, when is the new plant goin' up?"

"Ready in the spring, Jack, ready in the spring! Get you transferred if you like. You're second man on the Depart-

## Every puff of P. A. is a wallop!

Get *that* punched into your system!

Never was such jimmy pipe tobacco, because no other tobacco but P. A. ever was made by the patented process that *cuts out* the bite and the parch!

You, and every other man, can smoke a pipe all you want if you'll only get wise and stick to

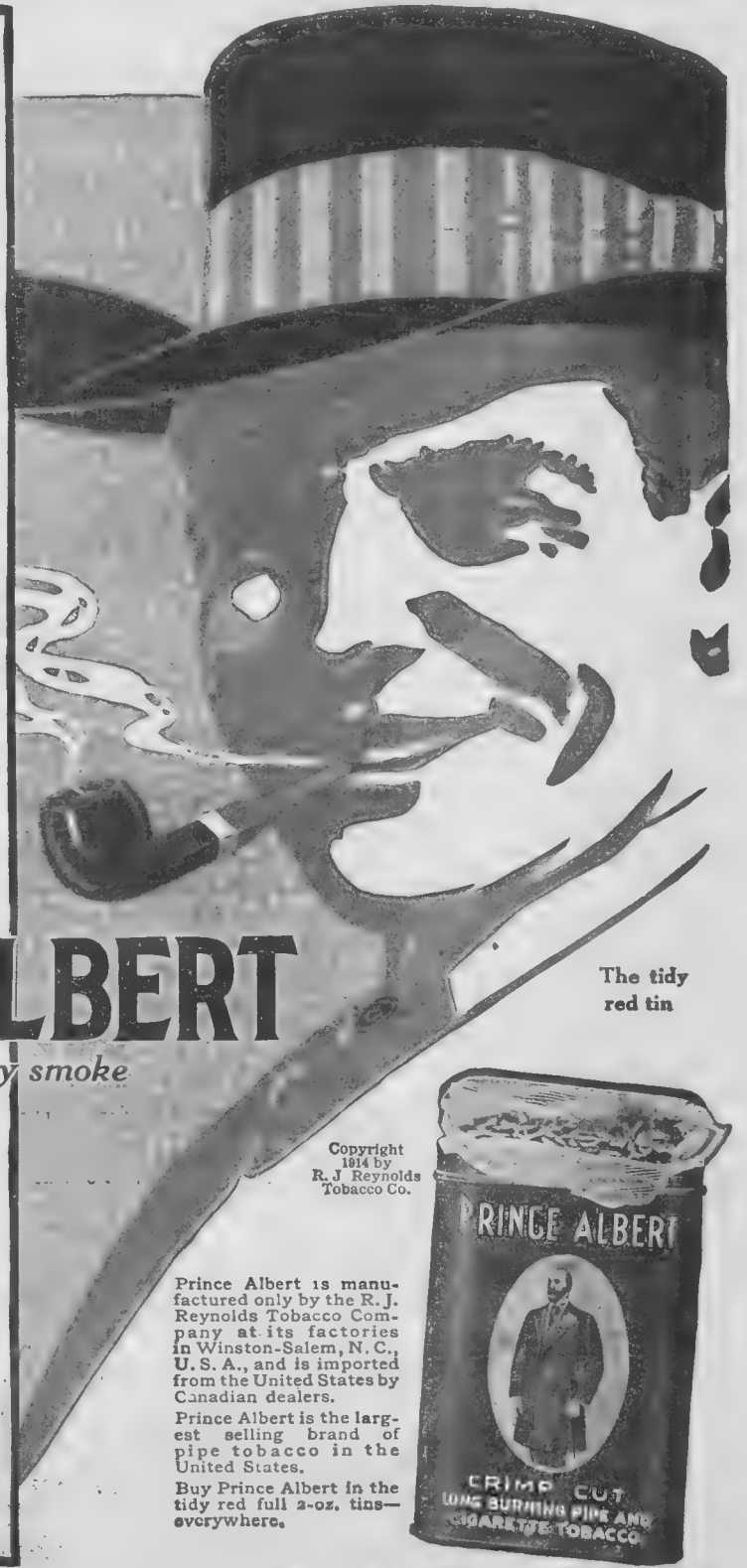
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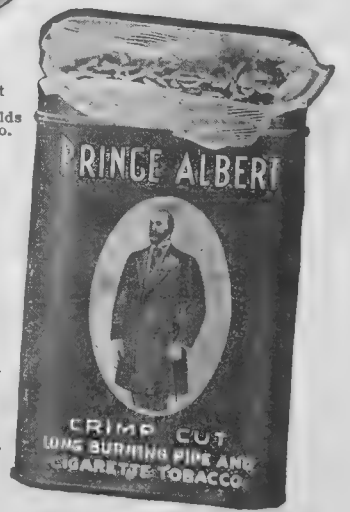
The tidy red tin

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Buy Prince Albert in the tidy red full 2-oz. tins—everywhere.





ment's roll and I guess you stand a show at runnin' one of the new claims."

"Year round job?"

"Well, a—can't promise, you know."

"I'd like to take it, but I'd be worse off if it wasn't a year round job."

"We'll see, we'll see."

When out of sight the inspector mumbled something about square pegs in round holes and the habit of changing from one job to another—"steamboating"—that was the word!

In the ninth year John McParland found himself third man on the new plant. That is, he was to be senior clam runner when he learned the work. He was put on a monthly salary.

He talked it over with the Dock Superintendent.

"My health is none too good and I may not get along any too well here as the hours are long. I've been with the company nine years now and I think they might give me something easier—something better than this."

This is a very unsentimental concern, Mr. McParland. We're put here to handle

coal; if somebody else could do it better we'd have to step down. The longer we're in the service the more work we're expected to do—not less."

While they were talking a bright-eyed lad of twenty-two came up and nodded to Swykes, the foreman, that he wanted an interview.

"Got a chance for a young fellow to fire a clam boiler?"

"I have," acknowledge Swykes. "Where are you from?"

"I'm just out of the School of Science and my name is Andy Sheffield. I want to get a practical education and I'd like nothing better than to learn how to run one of those clams."

"Can you start right away?"

"Sure, I've got my overalls in this parcel."

"All right—go up into number two tower and look on—I'll be up there in half-an-hour to introduce you to the work."

McParland was learning to run number two clam. Sheffield watched him.

McParland found that the levers were not the same as on the "whirleys." The foot brake on the "whirley" was the steam throttle of the clam engine. This was dangerously confusing. He took half-hour lessons three or four times a day to avoid holding the work back too much. Sometimes he would miss a half-hour. Sheffield was getting on good terms with the runner, and during these half hours he took a trial at it. In three days he was a better runner than McParland.

McParland told his experiences at home. Rosie, his eighteen-year-old daughter, was an eager listener. The tired look in his eyes called forth her pity. He was a young man grown stiff. Someone cruelly said that he was getting ossified. Eight babbling youngsters crowded the room and interrupted the stories he told of the day's work. Their chattering sounded harsh to him. They were getting on his nerves—everything was getting on his nerves.

Next day he handled the machine more clumsily. It was a day of disaster. Little accidents happened all over the plant and he crowned the disastrous spell by a miscalculation in releasing a cable. It slackened quickly, formed a loop, and caught the blow-off cock on the boiler. A sudden jerk of the cable yanked off the cock and shot a charge of steam into the face of Andy Sheffield, who, putting coal into the bunkers had just then straightened up, receiving the full force of the sudden exhaust. Blinded with pain, he groped for his firing-hoe and banged at the boiler front until he had the fire-box door opened, raked madly at the flaming coals, screamed while he worked, yelled for water to kill the fire—and fell unconscious across the lurid coals.

McParland, who was counting on an explosion, leaped back from his look-out window in time to catch Sheffield before the coals had burned through his clothes. A stream of water shot up through the ladder-way, flooding the floor and at the same time bringing the scalded youth to sensibility. He broke away from McParland and groped toward the ladder-way, slipped through and dropped in a heap on the trestle below. McParland followed quickly, and with help carried the suffering lad to the hospital.

"What a clumsy man you are!" scolded his wife, when he told the news at home. She scolded him often now. The bills were getting ahead of them. He felt keenly her fretful harangues.

"Oh! dry up, Martha, and give me a little peace," he pleaded. "I get enough trouble without coming home for it."

"Trouble, huh! I wish I had your job and you had mine for a change. I'd like to know if there's any trouble handlin' eight children. I don't know what'd ever become of us if you lost your job!"

"Oh, mother," interposed Rosie, "Don't think of such a thing. Poor dad needs cheering, don't you, dad? You must feel badly enough without having it 'rubbed in.' It wasn't all your fault that the fireman was hurt, was it?"

"Yes, Rosie, I'm afraid it was. I don't think I'll ever get out of the habit of runnin' the small hoists, and I often make the mistake of puttin' my foot on the steam throttle thinkin' it is the brake. It was an accident that the blow-off cock was caught, but it doesn't excuse me; I was supposed to have control of that cable."

"Dad!" exclaimed Rosie, "did it occur to you that Mr. Sheffield might have been anywhere else but just there at that time? His fate seems to be linked in some way with yours. Bother that old throttle! it's a wonder they wouldn't put it where you could reach it with your hand instead of your foot. I always thought an engineer worked the throttle with his hand. Poor fellow," she mused, irrelevantly, "how he must suffer! We must do all we can for him. Our own fate is not in so bad a way."

"He's a brave lad," complimented her father. "He probably saved both our lives by pulling the fire. The injector was on. Cold water pouring into a burning boiler has sent more than one man to eternity. If Sheffield had not been there I'd have—I'd have—let—her—blow—up!"

"Oh, dad! What a crime that would be! Think of the awful retribution you would have to pay."

"Think what would become of his family!" broke in Martha, splashing her ironing venomously with a sponge. That's him—just thinks of himself!"

"I'll warrant he thinks of us all," responded Rosie. "I'd be in favor of dad laying off for a week and resting up right. Besides that, spend a week's pay enjoying the holiday. If I were a crook I'd cheat the doctors first."

Well she knew that her father's pessimism was his degradation. What pessimist but thinks of himself as a factor in dissolution?

"Let's take Mr. Sheffield over some fruit to-night," suggested Rosie. "Mother, you come, too."

"And leave those clothes to iron themselves, huh!"

There was not much of Sheffield's face visible through the bandages which covered it like a ghostly mask. But he brightened up at sight of Rosie and her father.

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"This was coming to me," he avowed. "I'll be all right in a few days. I've just done something at some time past to deserve this affliction and maybe I'm square with kismet! I'm awfully glad to see you—both." His eyes lingered in a long glance into Rosie's, and foolish little Rosie went away without wishing him well!

She had gone, expecting to see a doleful patient make deaf and dumb signs and herself consoling him with sympathetic fluency — and all that she did was blush and drag her father away in confusion.

The coal plant began to wear of the stiffness of newness, but the great summer heat brought lassitude to the laborers, and so the work still lagged behind.

Sheffield improved steadily, and it was announced one very hot day that he was leaving the hospital. On that day, McParland had received two dunning letters. His wife nagged at him heartily and bore down upon him the necessity of earning more money if he expected to keep his family out of debt. Why did he have them if he could not keep them decently? He retorted about wifely extravagance at which he received a militant oration in true suffragette style.

He took his lunch pail with a feeling of having robbed his family, and left the house remorsefully aware that debt drives love from the door and lets in discord; that a true wife gets petulant when the family increases out of ratio to the father's earnings. In brief, he went to work heartless and depressed.

The night foreman had been taken ill and the job was running on the impetus by the day force. Everyone tried to do a share to try and keep the work moving.

But McParland soon began to have trouble with the injector. He took it off carefully, and in putting it on again stripped the coupling thread. It failed to work. He lost three hours working at it. He spent the midnight meal hour at it. When the fireman returned at one o'clock he sent him up to call out the chief engineer. It would be an hour before he would get back. Meantime, he unscrewed the nuts of the injector and screwed them on again. Yet it would not feed the boiler. He thought of the time he was losing, the poor night's work would throw discredit upon him. His fingers fumbled on the nuts again and he laughed hysterically. The water in the glass had disappeared, but he had not noticed it till now. "Ha! ha!" he laughed while his face went white. "If the injector works now, God take the soul of this poor failure!" The fire beneath the scorching boiler roared and McParland's fingers worked feverishly at the injector to flood it with cold water—and the noise he heard was like the crash of thunder.

Sheffield had left the hospital at eight o'clock and had gone right to McParland's house to see Rosie. Rosie was resplendent in the radiance of something that good health and bright clothes alone do not impart.

"Rosie, Sweetheart," was Sheffield's introduction, and Rosie did not retire as she had done at the hospital. She ran into his generous embrace and snuggled as close as any girl might who heard a handsome young man like Sheffield say "sweetheart" as he said it. "Rosie, I often thought I would marry a girl just like you and I hoped that I would never have to make any more appeal than love itself expresses. Don't let me say more!"

And Rosie didn't—for several moments, a roscate eternity, so close together there in the little patch of garden in the summer twilight.

In the house of many children conventionality has generous bounds. To say that Sheffield did not leave until midnight would brand him unworthy for entrance to most homes, but when bliss is broken into by the rousing romp of many children the flight of time goes by unnoticed. When Sheffield arose to go he honestly expected his watch to announce the hour of ten.

"Why, little girl," he said, shocked, "I've started shamefully here; I've gone the limit—midnight!"

"Why should we notice the hands on a clock," demanded Rosie, prettily, "when we know we've had each other only a moment?"

And he went away, laughing gaily.

"I've mind to run down to the plant on my way home," he mediated. "Levesque, the foreman, is off to-night and maybe I can help things a little."

He reached the plant before the one o'clock whistle blew and made a tour of the important points. At ten minutes past one he mounted the ladder of McParland's tower.

He stopped at the top rung of the ladder and held his breath. McParland had just then laughed. He could see the ghostly pallor of his face in the lurid light around him. Bright coals dropped from the grate and a yellow-red light peeped from cracks around the fire-box door. The diabolical laugh and the grim smile on McParland's pallid face disconcerted Sheffield, but only for a moment. He leaped up through the ladder-hole and sprang at McParland with the quickness of death and dealt him a stinging slap across the ear. McParland fell. Sheffield opened the fire-box door and raked out the sizzling coals. He examined the injector to make sure it would not work and then turned to McParland.

"Come," he said, as he saw resuscitation in the sleepy eyes, "you're going to take my cot in the hospital for awhile and I'm going to run this machine."

Just then the chief engineer appeared at the ladder-way. McParland jumped up. "I'll go with you," he breathed, and to the chief, "Tell the boss I'm all in—if I come out all right I'll go back to the little farm. I've had enough steam-boatin'."

"You saved her just in time, Mack!" commended the chief. "The boiler's blistered, no doubt, but any man would've done just what you did."

This enigma McParland was pleased to interpret his own way and he looked gratefully at Sheffield.

"I want to sleep for a whole week and then wake up behind a team of horses."

And thus it is that some men drift naturally back to the land and some are forced back by circumstances.

### Three Times and Out

Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, being suddenly called away by an important summons one day, posted this notice on his classroom door for his students:

"Professor Mackie will be unable to meet his classes to-day. Some waggish student came along and rubbed out the 'c' from the word classes. The Professor, reaching home that evening, saw the erasure, chuckled, and promptly erased the letter 'l.' His students ever afterward had great respect for their teacher!"

### He Bought Books

A man who had never had the time or opportunity to get much book-learning suddenly became wealthy. He gave up work, built himself a fine house and settled down to enjoy life. Recollecting his early and unanswered longing for books, he went to a shop to get some. The "Voter" tells the story:

"I want a lot of books," he said to the clerk.

"What kind of books?" was the reply.

"Why, books," said the prospective purchaser. "Good books, you know; reading books."

The books came, and were installed in the library. Soon after an old friend slightly more learned than the rich man, came to call.

"Here, Hugh," said the host, "is my library. Here is where I intend to sit down with my books and read."

Hugh took down a book, looked at it and put it back; took down another, looked at it and put it back; and repeated the process several times.

Then he asked, "John, where did you get these books?"

"Oh, I bought them; just bought them. What's the matter? Aren't they good books? I haven't read them yet."

"They're good books," was the reply, "but they're all the same. John, as near as I can figure roughly, you have bought six hundred copies of the Fifth Reader. It's a good book, but there's too many of it here—far too many."

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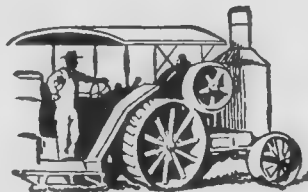
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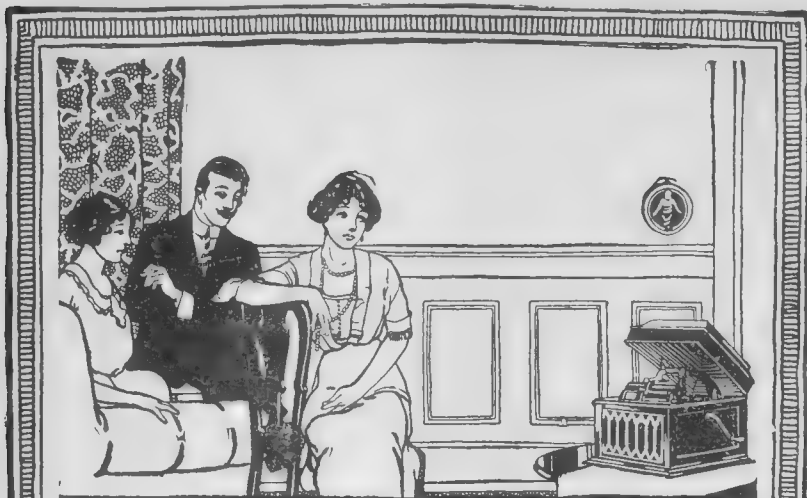
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## A Picturesque Gravel-Pit

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mary C. Bailey

SOME ten or twelve years ago, a few settlers wended their toilsome way westward from the then small town of Red Deer, through mud and muskegs, over hills, across gullies, fording the Medicine River and numerous smaller streams, until they came to their chosen stopping place about forty miles west of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Here they proceeded to "settle," and also to explore the surrounding country, which abounded in small poplar and balm of gilead trees, and an innumerable variety of plants bearing blossoms of almost every conceivable color, while most of the open spaces were covered with a thick growth of small brush, both willow and black birch, whose glossy leaves swayed with the wind, till one could almost have cheated himself into believing that he was gazing at the undulations of a huge field of waving grain.

But by far the most noticeable of their picturesque surroundings, excepting, perhaps, the magnificent view of the distant Rockies, was a long and winding ridge, the southeastern end of which had flattened down to a gentle slope, and crossed, diagonally, the land they had chosen for their farms.

At this place, the soil of the ridge was light and rather sandy; but when well cultivated, with its warm southern slope it made excellent garden ground. A little farther to the northwest, however, where the ridge rose to a height of, perhaps, forty feet or more, the settlers found it to be decidedly gravelly.

In many places, where it was the highest, it was barely wide enough at the top for a wagon track, while at the base, it would probably measure from 200 to 300 feet in width.

It was a picturesque development of Nature, indeed, as it stretched its sinuous length carelessly across the otherwise level country like an indolent, sated serpent, apparently allowing its curves always to follow the lines of least resistance, and causing thereby many a twist and curve and steep little pitch in the wagon road along its summit.

In summer its sides, in many places, were literally covered with flowers with a few of the prevailing poplars here and there; while on either side lay small lakes with grassy edges, where wild ducks and many other water birds abounded.

Here, in time, the straying cattle of the settlers found contentment on its grassy, flowering sides, or in the lush green grass along its lake-dotted base. From its summit the surrounding country unfolded itself to the view—a pleasant landscape. One forgot much of the unpleasantness of actual existence in viewing its broad, calm greenness.

As the settlers became more numerous, the "Ridge," which is perhaps 2½ miles long, and terminates in a high round hill popularly known as "the Butte," became a generally used roadway, and was, by some, alluded to as the "Hog's back," although by the majority it is still known as "the Ridge."

No thinking person could traverse the winding summit road without some speculation as to its origin. What strange convulsion of Nature caused it to be? Whatever the force that raised its flower-crowned top above the level of the surrounding country, it certainly must have occurred ages ago. Many, many centuries must have passed since this "wrinkle in the face of Nature" first appeared.

Is there not something in such thought—in a contemplation of Nature undefiled by the hand of man, which seems to bring us closer to the Creator and make us almost feel His actual presence?

But alas! for the scenic beauty of the Ridge! When the powers behind the Canadian Northern Railway undertook to build a road across this new country, no consideration for its "scenic beauty" deterred them from cutting ruthlessly through this ancient landmark. With their huge graders they made a great chasm through this leviathan of the ages; they built their grade and laid

their steel through the chasm, and drove their trains relentlessly through with no thought of the desecration of which they were guilty! Thus must the Old always make place for the New.

Strange to say, however, the thing which impressed this worthy corporation the most forcibly was—not the scenic grandeur of the Ridge—but the rich gravel beds it held, which had been exposed by their excavations. The entire ridge was found to be almost wholly gravel of a superior quality—a rich find indeed!

Needless to say, the company lost no time in gaining control of a goodly portion of their find, as it will be of great value to them in view of the vast amount of construction they have under way. They immediately installed a steam shovel, and put several gravel trains and a large force of men at work, hauling the gravel to this place and that wherever it is needed, some being shipped far east of the Canadian Pacific line.

The point in the Ridge where it is crossed by the railroad, commonly known as "the Cub," is about a mile from the village of Leslieville, which is still in the first stages of existence.

Now, in place of the vast silence of a dozen years ago, unbroken by naught save the tinkle of a solitary cow bell or the bark of a settler's dog, there is the continual rumbling of machinery, the whistle of locomotives, the passing of gravel trains, and all the bustle consequent to the advent of civilized human industry.

We may rejoice at these signs of progress; but we cannot withhold a sigh for the simple days when Nature spoke to us in Her own language, and the ravages of Man's advent were not.

### The Juryman

For many long, weary hours the jury-men had been locked in the room, trying to agree upon their verdict. The judge had sent messages to them, but in vain. There was only one man who refused to agree with the remaining eleven. They argued with him, pleaded, threatened, and implored, but in vain. For the twentieth time the usher came to the door and asked if they had agreed yet.

"No!" bawled the foreman. "And we're not likely to for sometime with this—"

"Perhaps I had better bring supper to you, sir," suggested the usher. "Shall I bring twelve suppers?"

Once more came an angry negative from the man inside the room.

"No!" the foreman bawled. "Bring eleven suppers and one feed of hay—or thistles!"

### A Scholarly Child

Boston, Massachusetts, has long enjoyed the reputation of having exceedingly learned children who are ab', so it is said, to dispute on subjects far above the heads of their elders of other regions. But Boston is not unique. In a book entitled "The Scot of the Eighteenth Century" Ian Maclaren describes a similar characteristic of the Caledonian.

It is the inevitable tendency of the Scot's mind to follow out every line to its terminus, even if it be over a precipice, and to divide every hair till its infinity is touched.

It is not only in church courts, but in market-places and in railway stations, in humble cottages as well as in university societies that the Scot is disputing, in every spare moment of his time, from morning till night.

The story goes that a minister overheard a mother questioning her child, as it supped its porridge, after the day's work was done.

"What," said this austere mother, "is the true relation between kirk and state, according to the principles of the Free Church?"

And the favored child promptly replied, "Co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination."

## Homesteading with Small Means

Written by Irene Wilson for The Western Home Monthly

THE summer of 1903 in Alberta was not much like the summer of 1913. Rain, rain, rain. It seemed that the rainy season had neither a beginning nor an end.

We—my husband and I, and Mr. and Mrs. Jewel—arrived in Red Deer the first of June, Mrs. Jewel and I remaining in town while the men went out in the country to locate the homesteads, which would be our future homes.

When they returned it did not take us long to get together the few things that we could afford to start out with. This consisted of a Barn wagon, team and harness, a tent, comfortable bed and two chairs, stove, necessary cooking utensils, and a few dishes, wash tub and lumber to make a table. We had brought our bedding with us from the East. This outfit, with groceries and the two trunks, which we had brought with us, made up our load. Our neighbors' purchases were similar to our own.

Bright and early in the morning we started on our fifty mile drive. The day was fine, though the roads were

slippery and wet from the recent rains and we made slow progress.

At noon the men purchased a sack of oats from a farmer, we made a camp fire and had dinner.

We were so interested in the country through which we were passing, and in all we saw on the trip that we enjoyed it immensely. Even the inconvenience of a Barn wagon was forgotten.

The mud in places on the trail was so deep that we had to put the four horses on one load, in order to pull through. We rested the horses frequently, for we knew that the day would be long to them.

It was near night when we reached the Red Deer river at Content—then called Sail Creek. We were still ten miles from our destination, so we decided to make camp for the night. We were too tired to think of pitching our tent that night, so after eating a hasty supper we made our beds in the wagons as best we could. I was oh, so tired, but for some time sleep would not come to me. The murmuring of the

river near by and the moaning of the tall spruces seemed to sing a song of loneliness. Ever and anon the wail of a distant coyot added to the desolation of the occasion. Even the friendly stars above me seemed to mock my efforts to sleep. The future to me that night looked dim and uncertain.

When I awakened in the morning the camp fire was burning merrily, and preparations were being made for breakfast.

The men on their previous trip had learned about the ford; but as the water was high from the numerous rains, the river looked anything but inviting, especially from the top of a loaded wagon. But we crossed without any mishap, and before noon we reached our homestead.

Oh, how glad we all were to know that we had reached our destination, that we had found the spot which we could call home. We realized that this home that we were to make would be doubly ours, because of the many hardships and privations which we would experience, and we realized that only years of toil would bring us any degree of comfort.

Nevertheless we had decided to look on the bright side, make the best of everything, and to find pleasure wherever possible. Although we knew little about farming we realized the value of good management, and we were firmly determined to succeed.

There was a small spring on our homestead, so that Mr. and Mrs. Jewel decided to camp with us for a time. So we proceeded to make things as comfortable as possible. Mr. Jewel's tent was used as a cook tent, while ours was curtained off for a sleeping tent. As we had both brought some lumber, after making the one table we had sufficient left to make a flooring for the cook tent:

The necessary things done we got an early supper, and proceeded to investigate the homesteads. Though some of the land was a little rough, the soil was excellent, and we were well pleased. Our nearest neighbor was four miles away; but Mr. Jewel's homestead joined ours.

Early the next morning the men drove to the river bank to look for a good place to cut logs, also to get some firewood. After the wood was cut up, we all drove to our neighbors to purchase some potatoes, and as he was to butcher in a few days we arranged for the purchase of a quarter, which we put down in brine.

Taking their dinners with them, the men started cutting their logs the next morning, and continued cutting for two weeks, although it rained most of the time. The logs were then drawn to the homestead. The roads were wet and slippery, but the logs were only two miles away, and with the two teams we soon had quite a presentable pile of logs.

It was quite a problem to decide where and what to build first. But as it was more advisable to allow the logs to shrink for a time, two more weeks were spent in cutting logs, which were drawn to Mr. Jewel's homestead. After the logs were hewn and got into shape we decided to build on our homestead first just a room 14 x 16, that would afterwards answer for a kitchen.

The men decided to go to town for the necessary materials, windows, doors and flooring, and as haying time was near they would also bring back a mower and rake.

We had got no mail since coming to the homestead, and as there was so little to do for the next three days the time hung heavily on our hands, and left too much time for thought. But with the return of the men our loneliness was forgotten.

They had brought the mail, papers, letters and little remembrances from home. They brought many things that we needed badly; and last, but not least, tied to the back of the wagon was a nice slick cow. Oh how good it seemed to us to have lots of milk again, and butter as well. Half our troubles seemed to fade with the appearance of that partnership cow.

Our shack was quickly built, our neighbors giving their advice free. The roof, though of sod, did not leak. We had a nice tight floor, and a good earthen cellar. No one could have taken more

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pride in a mansion than we did in that shack. Only those who have had the experience that we had of stepping out of bed in the morning into a few inches of mud and water, of putting on clothes that were damp, or perhaps wet, can know how we fully appreciated that shack. It did not require much time to move the contents of the sleeping tent, also our stove, into the shack. Mr. Jewel's stove was left in the cook tent, and we used it when a dry day came, which was not often.

As haying time was so near, a barn large enough for four horses and one cow was soon built, and things began to look like home. Haying was then started in earnest on fine days, the men working until dark. As prairie hay does not require a long time to cure, it was stacked as quickly as possible after cutting, in order to escape the rain. As there was little to keep two women busy in the house, we were glad to give some help in the hay field when necessary.

Before the ground had frozen up, we had completed on each homestead a shack, a barn, and a pig pen with shed, also sufficient hay for the winter. A well was dug on Mr. Jewel's homestead, and after haying they moved to their own shack. We kept the partnership cow, purchasing two more to keep her company, also a brood sow and a pig for killing later. Mr. Jewel also purchased three cows and two hogs.

Shortly after purchasing our cows we had a new bossy to add to our stock. The milk and the buttermilk about kept the pigs, while the butter (for which we found a ready sale among the bachelors) took care of our household expenses.

With the first fall of snow the men went to the river for a supply of coal for the winter. As there was to be a sawmill at the river that winter we wished to have enough logs sawn into lumber to complete our house, also for the various things about a farm. The extra logs were drawn home on sleighs. We sold enough lumber to pay for our bill. During the winter the men also cut pickets for fencing.

We enjoyed the long winter evenings so much. Sometimes we spent the evenings with Mr. Jewel, at other times they spent the evenings with us. A few books were sent us during the winter, and these we took turns in reading aloud. We had looked forward to the winter with a few misgivings, but it passed so quickly that spring came before we realized it.

When spring arrived the lumber, logs and pickets were on the homesteads. The logs were prepared for building, and the pickets sharpened.

Mr. Jewel's house was finished first, and then small pastures were made for the horses when not in use. The hen pens came next. They were built of logs in the side of a bank. Our house progressed slowly, the men working at it in their spare time. As we had hired a farmer to plow garden plots the previous summer, this land was fenced and well worked, so that we might have as good a garden as possible. We women folks planted the seeds and looked after the gardens during the summer. We did not have as good results as we would have liked, owing to the newness of the soil; but we had plenty of vegetables during the summer and following winter. In the spring our hog was killed and dry salted, the bacon and hams smoked under a barrel. During the winter our brood sow presented us with eleven little pigs, while two more calves were added to our stock.

We were quite ignorant about farming, but we read everything that we could get pertaining to the different branches of farm work.

That summer proved to be beautiful and fine, a contrast to our previous summer. By fall we had ten acres broken on each homestead, the homesteads fenced and the houses and out-houses completed. We found that nothing brings in the ready cash like milk cows, so we purchased three more, putting an addition on our barn to accommodate them. By freezing up time we had seven more pigs to butcher, and although they did not bring the price that they do at the present time the money looked pretty good to us. About this time twelve little pigs arrived.

Up to the present time everything seemed to be an outlay of money, with so little returns. With the butter from six cows, the pork which we had for sale, we were able to see some returns for the money we had paid out for machinery, stock and fencing wire.

Mrs. Jewel and I went to Red Deer with my husband that winter. Except for a heater we had added nothing to our household furnishings since coming to the homesteads. We now purchased linoleum for the kitchen, a good quality tapestry for the living room, cheese cloth for curtains, blinds, cretonne for a cosy corner, a few other things for the house, and materials for to make into wearing apparel. Mrs. Jewel purchased a sewing machine at the second hand store. We enjoyed our first trip to town so much.

That winter the men were not as busy as they had been. They got out a few more logs for corals, etc., and pickets for fencing. We had lumber left over from the house, and my husband proved his ingenuity by making many new pieces of furniture. Our living rooms, with very little expense, looked cosy and inviting.

During the previous summer there had been a boom at Sail Creek, its name being changed to Content. A general store, hardware, etc., soon appeared, but in later years when the railway passed it by, it fell back to its former insignificance.

Now, I am not going to weary you with a detailed account of every year on the farm since 1903. Most of the summers following those described we had beautiful weather and splendid crops. Every year we broke as much new land as possible. We planned on keeping enough stock to consume the greater part of our crop.

We worked hard during those first years on the farm, and did without many comforts, but we felt that everything which we did was for ourselves, that we were working for a purpose. Some way, when we look back on those years we remember the interesting parts of our life, and we forget the little hardships and difficulties.

If perchance you should pass our homestead to-day, you will see two of the finest farms in the country. There is now a station near by, so that we have a ready market for our produce.

Our success in this country has been due to several reasons. First, owing to the natural productiveness of the soil, a progressive person is bound to succeed; secondly, because of our determination to succeed and to make the best of everything; thirdly, because of the goodwill existing between Mr. and Mrs. Jewel and ourselves. We worked together in everything, thus often saving for each the necessity of paying out money for help. In this way, when money was scarce, we were able to do with less horses and machinery.

Although we feel thankful to God for his help and guidance during these years, we cannot help but feel proud of the work that we have done.

### Lost Articles Department

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say; but I'm thinking if you was to find where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is, likely thim four red apples would be lyin' right on top of it, an' I'm only hopin' his little stummick can stand the sthrain."

### Cement Mills being Closed

It is announced by the Canada Cement Company that, owing to the dullness of business, they have decided to close down four of their plants for the balance of the year 1914, or until further notice. The plants affected are those at Maribank, Ont., Lakefield, Ont., Shallow Lake, Ont., and Calgary, Alta.

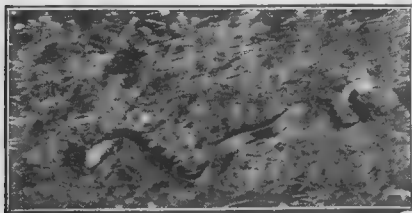
# The Blacksnake and the Turtle

By Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author

THESE two well-known and well-disposed animals are the sign manual of the Mohawks. There is a hill on Rice Lake, Canada, in the Province of Ontario, mounted by a strange snake-like trench and four round mounds, one at either corner. Here, some two centuries ago, the fathers of the peaceful Indians that live in the little villages about this lake fought, defeated and slaughtered some hundreds of the invading Mohawks. They buried the slain warriors, these victors, the Ojibways, or the Mississaugas, as this branch of the great tribe is called, they buried them in a long, sinuous grave on the crest of the hill and in four round graves at either corner—to mark to posterity, by literally signing it on the earth with the totem or sign manual of the vanquished—the great victory the Mississaugas had obtained over their enemies the Mohawks.

In travelling over this broad continent I have met with many terrible serpents—in stories as told by the observer—for instance.

We emerged from a swamp in which we had been studying the great bittern in time to meet two country lads, armed with guns. I asked them why they carried shotguns in the close season and one briefly answered "Snakes." "Milk snakes, sir!" said his companion, "as long as my gun and as big around as my arm, sir! It milks our cows every day and we're just going to shoot it. Yes, siree! ye bet we've seen it. It's a kind of a gray-black or maybe a bit brownish and it hisses like a duck and sends its stinger out six inches."



Sluggish Blacksnake

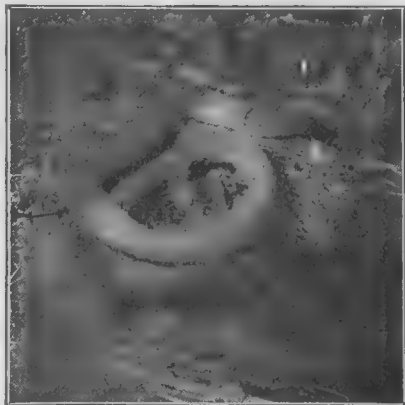
Later that afternoon these two lads appeared at our tent. "We've killed it, sir!" they exclaimed in chorus, and I present to you the illustration of the common black snake, very far from dead, half coiled on the stick's end—a perfectly harmless, always beneficial snake, one that eats thousands of harmful insects' eggs and grubs every week. Open its mouth and look carefully—there is the dreaded "stinger"—the tongue, the similar tongue that all animals have (not quite so vitrolous as our own). Of course, when a great animal like a man, six feet in height, appears with a small tree all ready to kill the inoffensive snake out comes the tongue, but that is only a bluff to try and frighten the big animal away.

It is remarkable the ignorance displayed about this harmless tongue. We were reading a novel by one of the best-known modern writers in England, and he tells where the "snake protruded its tongue and stung the girl." Needless to say that book lies unread. Again—that dreadful "Hoopsnake."

I once came across three young men in the hills of Missouri and they calmly told me that last night, as one of them was trotting up the hill to the camp he saw a loose bicycle wheel coming down the hill, but when it jumped the rut and started to run down his side he took another look. "A Hoopsnake as sure as you stand there. I turned old Bess and off down-hill we went. I pulled her sharp up on to a cut-off and saw that snake, with his tail in his mouth go rolling by just like a hoop, sir!" Mark Twain finished this sort of yarn in one of his works by having the snake strike a wagon wheel as it passed, and tells how the rim swelled up and bust the tire, but these three youths were just plain, unvarnished liars.

And, oh! those dreadful Puff Adders! Don't let us forget them. I have met men who soberly described the awful, loathsome smell of the air they emitted

from their mouths, and how the head swelled up as big as a ball—well, as he did not say what kind, let's give him full measure and call it a football. Is it not a pity how blindly I have gone through life? I have been in pursuit of Natural History notes and photographs all over the U. S. and Canada and never

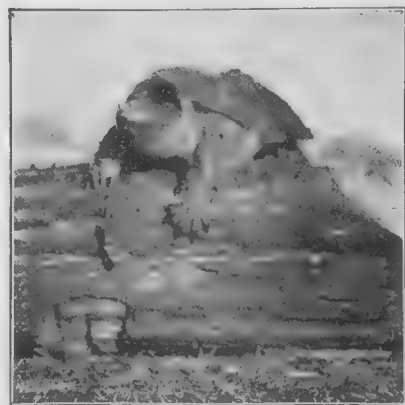


Black Snake

saw one of these evidently very common Milksnakes or Hoopsnakes or Puffadders. No, and furthermore, although I have come upon cases of people that have been bitten by the Rattlesnake I have never yet met a medical man that had attended a case of a fatal bite.

In this glad, old Ontario, of course, we have Hoopsnakes and Milksnakes and Puffadders. Ask any country boy, and he has seen at least one of these dreadful things; but all I can find in Ontario are the harmless Blacksnake, the equally innocent Gartersnake, the little red-bellied viper, and I can assure you that never a specimen of any of these three has a fang. Let me explain. Before a snake could poison you it must have a hollow fang tooth at both ends of the top jaw, teeth that lie along the gums, teeth that are never in action unless the snake is angry; then tiny muscles draw the teeth to a perpendicular position, the snake bites, the flesh presses the vein or channel behind this fang, and the sac above at the root exudes a very powerful acid that acts seriously upon the heart of the bitten animal.

Look at the big, sluggish Blacksnake in the picture. It lay day after day on the edge of the bog. We, passing in our canoe on duck shooting intent, often stopped and studied the sluggish thing. We have dissected these big Blacksnakes and from a female have taken as many

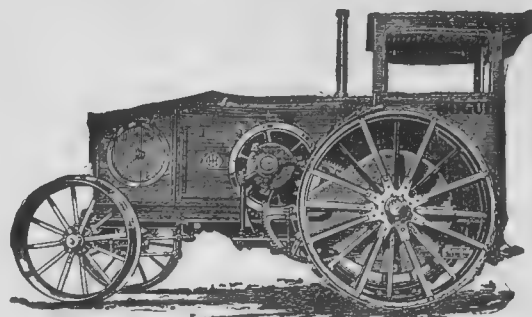


Snopery Turtle

as 43 young sac inclosed snakes. From the Garter we have taken 14, but as these were with her in the nest I do not know that she gives birth to the snake alive, as some of the snakes actually lay eggs—and none of them swallow their young to put them in a place of safety! When they swallow them it is to put them in their stomachs, for snakes, especially in captivity, are noted cannibals.

I once saw a Blacksnake and a Great Blue Heron dead in a most remarkable position. A schoolmaster near here, walking one day along the marsh, came upon a Blue Heron lying upon its side

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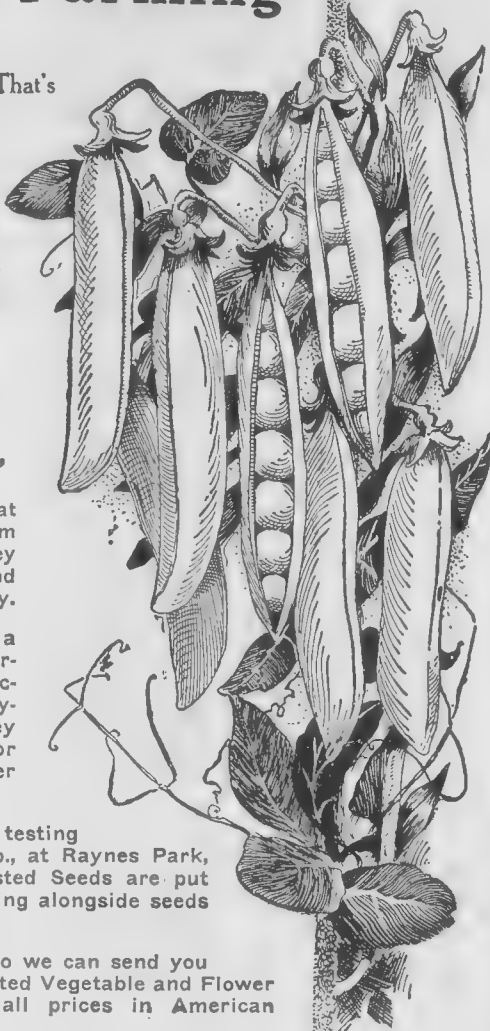
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## NOTICE

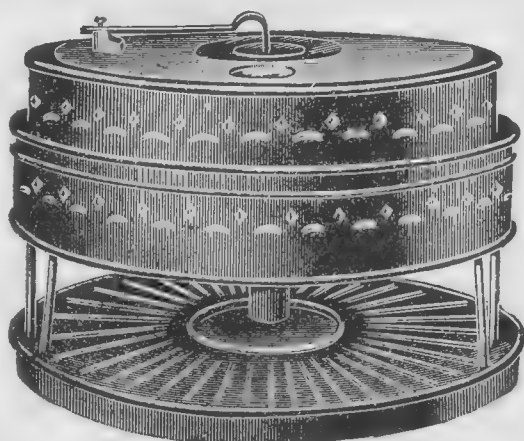
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We carry in stock incubators from 50-egg capacity to 1,200. Model Improved Sanitary Hovers, Model Colony Brooders, Bone Mills, poultry fencing.

The Firs,  
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October 20th, 1913.

C. J. Daniels, Esq.,  
Mgr. Model Incubator Co.,

Dear Sir:—I am sending you a few lines to let you know that I had very good hatches with the Cycle Hatchers I got from you. I hatched out over 600 chicks, had an average of 44 chicks from every 48 eggs set—that is what I put in—48 eggs in each machine. I will want a few more machines—will send for them soon if you are still in the business.



Holds 50 eggs. Constructed entirely of metal except insulation. Is self-Regulating. Requires no Supplied Moisture and will last a life-time.

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Dear Sir:—Please ship me as soon as you can 4 Cycle Hatchers by freight to Milner, B.C., same as the last you sent me. Money order enclosed.

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The Model Incubator Co., Ltd., 196 River Street, Toronto, Ont.

and coiled about its legs a big Blacksnake. From the position it would appear as if the Heron had been fishing and the snake, evidently mistaking the long legs for sticks, had essayed to swim between them. Down like a flash came the Heron's long bill, catching the snake just behind the head. Swiftly the reptile threw coil after coil around the long legs and thighs, and the Heron, losing balance, fell over and perished in a few days from exhaustion and starvation. The snake was not quite dead when found, but was comatose.

We have in our marshes and streams many specimens of two of the commoner turtles — one usually called the mud-turtle is with us in thousands; but the old chap I picture, the so-called Snapping Turtle (I see the U.S. authorities call all fresh-water Chelonians Terrapins, all the land ones Tortoises and sea-going ones Turtles). Anyway, we have taken this huge Snapping Terrapin of many pounds weight, over thirty, and with parasitical moss upon its back long enough to make it a nice green overcoat. Then there are the soft-shelled turtles of our rivers, the ones with the leathery-edged shells and long, thin necks. The picture of the old chap on the log is of a big "Snapper." The eggs, however, in the picture, just falling out of Fritz's net, are from the Muss-turtle, or Mud-turtle. This chap that burrows in the mud and sleeps through our Northern winters emerges in spring-time and lays a number of yellow-white parchment-like eggs on the sunny slopes of the island and river banks, but he leaves a trail to and from the nest that invariably shows its location.



The ever changing Chameleon

Now, look at our pet—the Chameleon. We bought it from a loud-voiced street fakir, and a most interesting little pet it is. Its natural color, if it can be said to have one, is a light pea green; change it to your khaki coat from its resting place on the grass, and it slowly becomes greyish-yellow, and as near the new-fangled color khaki as its readily excited pigments will allow it. Place it from there upon a reddish tinged cloth, and, lo! the strange little lizard slowly becomes of a reddish shade. All the day long he kindly imitated the different colors he would rest upon.

"I think I can puzzle him," said my assistant, Fritz, as he produced a black and white checked coat. "He will burst himself trying to get that shade." But Mr. Chameleon had a trick or two of his own. Slowly he faded from the green of his last imitation into a bronze, then into a dirty yellowish black — this took fully ten minutes. We had given him a combination that the Chameleon family were evidently unacquainted with, but he was doing his best. Now the delicate, little body was almost all black; the tip of the tail and the head were quite black.

"See the white lines coming!" burst out the excited lad. And, sure enough, the poor, little lizard could not work out the puzzling checks, but he did the nearest he could, and so, as we gazed, we saw his slim, little body all black interlined with tiny white stripes.

How truly wonderful are the ways of Nature!

"Really, Mr. Johnstone," said a Scottish lady to a noted humorist, "there is no end to your wit!"

"Well," he replied, "I would be sair putten aboot to think I was at my wit's end!"

## "Alone, Yet Not Alone"

Very often, as Virginia Mallory read in her Bible, she wondered just what meaning lay behind the words, "Ye shall leave me alone, and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

She was not alone, for she had her mother; but these two had sat hand in hand and had seen father, brother and two sisters slipping away from them, and they were alone, yet not alone, for they had each other. How would it be if either of them should die and leave the other?

The time came at last. The mother died. Virginia was glad to have lived to minister to her mother, glad she had not left her mother alone; but now she was face to face with what all the years she had looked forward to and dreaded. She was alone, and all alone.

For sixteen years she and her mother had made their scanty but independent living in a city remote from their former home. Modest, almost timid, keeping their own counsel after the old New England way, cutting their coat according to the cloth, they had lived their self-respecting and well respected lives. People wondered how they managed to live, for both were frail, with the inheritance of feebleness which had carried all the other members of the family into early graves. But they continued in comparative health, although with no large reserve of physical vigor.

"Tell me," said the minister, after the mother had closed her eyes, "just how you are to meet this expense. There will be the journey back to the old home, and there are bills to be met at once, I know. Your friends will be glad to make you a loan."

"I think I can manage it," she replied. "I thank you, but I do not think I shall need to accept assistance. We have a little, and that will meet the expense of the journey. While I am back at the old home I shall try again to sell a piece of real estate that represents the little my father left us. It is unproductive, and the taxes have been a burden, and I could not sell it for anything like what we gave. I hope to dispose of it now."

"Have you friends back in the old home?"

"I am afraid all who knew us have gone. We lived quietly there. We had a great deal of sickness, and could not make many acquaintances."

"I will write to the minister, and he will meet you when the train arrives, and conduct the service at the grave," said the pastor.

When the train entered the depot, bearing Virginia and the cherished dust of her mother, the minister, who had never known her, was there. And with him were three others, who had recognized the name when he announced it in prayer-meeting the night before. And when they stood at the grave an hour later, eleven others whom she had known stood with her.

When she spoke of going to a hotel, she found arrangements already made for her in the home of an old friend, and there she spent some days and rested.

A lawyer, who as a student, had rented a room at their home, called to offer his services, gratis, in probating her mother's will, and through his help, her experience in court lasted not more than ten minutes. His examination of the papers showed the situation of the real estate, and he called into counsel another friend of hers, a real estate man, who found the property in a more hopeful condition than had been supposed, and adjusted matters with prospect of immediate return of a considerable part, if not all, of the money invested in it.

From every side these old friends rose up to help her, and she said, "I could not have imagined that so many people would have remembered me after all these years."

After a week spent in her former city, Virginia returned and took up her work again. The world looked strangely bright, as she saw it through her tears. She had something to do, and was able to do it. She had money enough in sight to pay her honest debts, and had no need to accept charity. She had held her mother's hand to the end, and had heard her constantly repeated word, "You've always been a good girl, Virginia." And besides all this, she had found friends at home and back in the old home, friends whom she had not known to be such. She had been left alone, yet she was not alone; for the Father was with her, and the Father's children were kind.

## Exploration and Surveys

Written for The Western Home By Henry H. Wickstead, Chief Engineer Eastern Lines, C.N.R.

THE surveys for this long stretch of line, from Montreal to Port Arthur (1023 miles), extended over a period of eight years, although most of the work (and that the most difficult of access) was completed in the last four years, previous to the commencement of construction, which has just been finished. From Montreal to Sudbury the country was fairly well

parties could be kept in touch with one another and completely under the control of the division engineer. The plan worked on the whole remarkably well, largely on account of the personal ability and experience of the two divisional chiefs, H. T. Morrison and J. F. Rose.

The parties worked winter and summer, enough supplies being brought in during the late summer by the water



Along the C.N.R. route between Port Arthur and Montreal

mapped and had been worked over by the lumbermen. Supplies could usually be taken in by wagons within a few miles of the camps. From Capreol Junction to Lake Nipigon, on the contrary was almost a terra incognita. A half-dozen of the main canoe routes had been traversed by the Geological Survey, and laid down on the maps. Other information was misleading and generally worse than useless. One whole summer and parts of other summers were spent in mere exploratory work, and rough track and micrometer surveying. These established supply routes, elevations of lakes and rivers, direction of drainage, and the character of the surface geology.

From the information gained, a general route was laid down through governing points, only one or two of which have been abandoned as the result of fuller information. This being done, the regular survey was started and carried continuously forward from either end. The methods were rather different from, and it is believed an improvement on, the usual practice. The district was divided into two parts under as many experienced division engineers, probably the very best men for the task to be found in the country. To each of these was assigned two full parties averaging from 13 to 17 men each. One of these

routes to convenient points, at which "caches" were made, and from these they were distributed as required by dog teams to the various camps. These caches were placed as far as possible ahead of the work, rather than behind. The moral effect upon the spirits of the men owing to the feeling of security thus engendered was of marked value. As a matter of fact, there was no real privation at any time through the shortage of food, practically no sickness and very little accident. Some men mutinied at one point, tried to find their way out alone and got frostbitten and half starved; two others were drowned, but in neither case was anyone but themselves to blame. One died from the effects of alcoholic poisoning on his way in. One engineer came out of the woods to die of a disease contracted years before. These represent all the casualties.

On the other hand, the standard of comfort was maintained to practically the same level as on similar work nearer home. The tents were roomy and well heated and the food was the best which could be obtained. A special mail carrier was attached to each division and made regular trips (by canoe in summer and on snowshoes in winter) over the seventy-five to 150 miles gap, which separated the parties from the Canadian Pacific Railway. Fresh meat was often



A Birch bark canoe carrying C.N.R. surveyor on his way.

parties ran traverses and rough exploratory lines ahead of the other and kept from 15 to 25 miles in advance of it. The other followed with trial lines and location.

The object of this was threefold. (1) That the locating party should always have a knowledge of the country ahead, sufficient to prevent their running into a cul-de-sac and having to back out again with much loss of time. (2) Both parties were kept on the same supply route and attended to by the same gang of packers and canoe-men. (3) Both

obtainable and fish almost always, except in midwinter.

One remarkable exception to the general standard of comfort was on an expedition organized by the western divisional engineer, through an exceptional inaccessible belt of country, which it was urgently desired to finish before the spring breakup. Mr. Rose discarded all his white staff, except those absolutely necessary for the instrumental work and retained seventeen Indians of the country. Tents were abandoned in favor of enough canvas to cover a wigwam.



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Heating and cooking were done on an open fire in the centre

All the camping impedimenta and provisions were carried on the backs of the men at one trip. It is sufficient to say that in spite of temperatures lower than 50 degrees below zero the party emerged from the woods three months later in the best of health and spirits and with the work satisfactorily finished

In one respect the survey parties in this north land had a great advantage over the Antarctic explorers, about which so much has been heard lately. Fuel and shelter from the wind were always within reach. On the other hand is incomparably more difficult to hand the light fleecy snow of the north travel on than the windswept wastes of

matter on the portages. A still later arrival and one coming into general use is the canvas canoe. I believe this came originally from Maine, and it is now brought to considerable perfection. The construction, except for the canvas skin is very like that of the Indian; but the white man's tools and metal fastenings give him a great advantage over the native, and wonderful as the Indian's work is, considering his facilities, the civilized product is better. The canoes for the Canadian Northern Railway surveys were built in Fredericton, N.B., but its models were rejected in favor of that of the aboriginal craft, and both models and construction were a decided advance on anything previously used.

Tents were also experimented with.



An Indian and his squaw making birch canoe.

the south pole, and one is led to wonder whether the British sailor is after all the right man to carry through successfully such expeditions as those of Captain Scott and whether the north country Indian or Esquimaux, under competent leadership, is not the proper person.

The half-breed runner has been known to make 100 miles in 24 hours on snowshoes. The writer has made 70 miles and 40 to 50 miles was an ordinary day's work a generation ago. But these men were brought up to it from childhood. No man however strong could hope to keep pace with them, unless after years of practice. They travelled with the simplest and lightest outfit and it was such men as those who accompanied Doctor Rae to the Arctic and men of a kindred race who went through with Peary to the pole. Nansen made one of the most remarkable journeys in history in comparative comfort, because he had studied their methods and modes of life during the years of residence with them.

There are still waste places on the earth to be explored and mapped, and the explorers will do well to attempt merely to improve the methods which have enabled the natives to live and thrive under the local conditions, not to revolutionize them.

### Equipment and Camp Outfit.

The outfit of these survey parties was an interesting study in itself. The principal consideration, of course, was transportation. The northern wilderness is for the most part a hopeless jungle of growing and falling timber, with precipitous rocks, swamps or muskegs and lakes and rivers intersecting it in every direction. Continuous travel on foot is difficult and exhausting, and the use of pack animals impracticable. But the numerous lakes, ponds and streams afford good (though broken) navigation and the universal means of travel in summer is the canoe. At first this was the birch bark canoe of the native Indian, a wonderful construction built entirely of the products of the local forest but extremely delicate and unfit for use by any but practised white men. Next came the basswood or cedar canoe, built roughly on the Indian models. It was much stronger and more speedy, but also heavier, and weight is a very serious

and a number of different styles were tried. Here again lightness was essential. The final evolution was a roof of best 8-oz. duck, with back, front and walls of light drill. Shelter being almost always available and windage unimportant, the walls were made unusually high (5 to 6 feet) adding much to available room inside

Bedding for summer consisted of the inevitable woolen blanket but in winter the extremely low temperatures render these insufficient for the ordinary man

the place of the canoe. Experiments have been tried with broadrunner sleighs similar to the Kometic of the Esquimaux, and under certain circumstances they are admirable. But they need a broad open road and a fairly hard one and this they only get on the larger lakes. The portages are too narrow and generally too soft, and the flat narrow flexible toboggan is the only thing which is universal in its adaptation. It is generally made of the native birch and is another Indian creation which has been little improved on by the white man although steel screws, tire bolts and even steel wire rope have of late entered into its construction to replace the lashings of rawhide.

The hard wood gives a minimum of friction in cold weather but towards the breakup of winter the wet snow not only makes them difficult to haul, but roughens and rags up the wood. Low wooden rudders shod with steel are then sometimes used as an adjunct, but they are awkward things to carry about during the long winter and the period of wet snow is so short that they are often omitted. Dogs are used for the long distance work and rapid traveling.

The most important part of the winter outfit is probably the snow shoe and it has been one of the hardest to get of serviceable make. The snowshoe the Indian makes for himself is good, but those he makes to sell are the reverse and those sold by the dealers in civilization are almost useless. The Fredericton firm have taken up this branch of manufacture of late and is supplying a very good article.

Cooking outfits have also been the subject of much study and experiment. For light flying expeditions the open fire is all sufficient but for the large party requiring a variety of food it is difficult in these days to find a cook who is willing to operate on one.

In stormy weather his job is not an enviable one, the baking of bread being especially difficult. Further the open fire necessitates a very large quantity of dry wood which is only obtainable anywhere by virtue of much chopping and hauling and sometimes not at all. In any case it takes a helper's whole time to keep the cook supplied. Sheet-steel cook stoves have been brought to a fair state of efficiency but they are still cumbersome and heavy.



Indian mending the canoe

### The Suburban

Two residents of the suburbs, says the New York Sun, were discussing the Olympic races which were then taking place in London.

"The Olympic runners have done some record work," declared one.

"H'm!" rejoined his companion, scornfully. "I notice they didn't run with a cup of coffee in one hand and a breakfast roll and the paper in the other."

Sermons are to be measured by their strength, not length—Professor Leacock.

### The Value of Sleep

By Charles A. Clouting, M.D.

Sleep is a necessity for human beings, as much a natural appetite as hunger or thirst. In fact, the craving of the body for sleep is even stronger than its cry for food. A man can go for forty days without food; it has been done. He can exist for seven days, occasionally longer, without food or water, but without sleep he can scarcely drag along for seven days.

All living things must sleep to live, and the animal that does not sleep cannot live. Marie de Manacine, of St. Petersburg, who has written the best work on sleep, has proved by her experiments on puppies that animals suffer more from want of sleep than from want of food or drink, and if kept from sleep even for forty-eight hours will die; and Professor Patrick and Dr. J. A. Gilbert, of the University of Iowa, experimenting on men, showed that want of sleep had a very serious effect on the health. But no one needs to be told that being deprived of sleep makes a person feel out of sorts; everyone knows this from experience. A healthy man who cuts off his amount of sleep even for a short time does not possess his usual energy and vitality; he is slack and languid. But if he continues to do without a proper amount of sleep for some time he will break down.

How much sleep does a person require. The answer to this question is not easy to give. No one can lay down a hard and fast law. It depends upon age, occupation, and habit; also upon the make-up of body and mind. Some people can get along with much less sleep than others and be in excellent health. Napoleon the Great is said to have slept but little; Humboldt, the well-known naturalist, is reputed to have never slept longer than four hours out of the twenty-four, and lived to be more than eighty; and many other renowned men are stated to have lived in good health to old age with an extraordinarily small amount of sleep. However, the ordinary, everyday man or woman cannot be guided by the example of such men, and while the amount of sleep required varies in different persons, yet tables have been drawn up by authorities on the subject which show in a fairly reliable manner how much sleep the average child, man or woman needs according to age. For grown-up people, up to the age of fifty, it is generally considered that about eight hours is enough. A philosopher once said that the twenty-four hours should be divided into three parts; eight hours for work, eight hours for amusement, and eight hours for sleep, and this seems a good division. An old English distich says, six for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool; and another old saying goes as follows:

"Nature requires five,  
Custom gives seven;  
Laziness takes nine,  
And wickedness eleven."

Dr. Clement Dukes, an authority on the matter, gives the following tables: Under ten years of age, eleven hours' sleep; under thirteen, ten and a half hours; under fifteen, ten hours; under seventeen, nine and a half hours. The younger the child, the more sleep required, but the time required decreases from infancy to grown-up life. In old age, sometimes more sleep is needed; and sometimes less, it depends upon the state of health of old people. If vigorous and active, they require less sleep, and if decrepit and weak, they need a great deal of slumber, like young children. If you see a healthy, smooth-faced old man, you may be certain he has slept well throughout his life. It may be said, then, that if a man or woman is healthy the wear and tear of the work and amusement of the day is repaired in eight hours of slumber. When a person crowds sixteen hours of work, whether it be hand or brain, into eight, or eight hours of dissipation into four, and flatters himself that because he is working or playing harder, he will consequently sleep better, he is deceiving himself. There are few men, and still fewer women, who are able to lead such a life for a considerable time and only a few.

The average man or woman who does not give body and mind sufficient time to recuperate by sleep, is draining himself or herself of the natural forces and is drawing an overdraft on the bank of life, and it will be only a question of time when disaster will come. Sleeplessness is the first danger signal of a breakdown, and if long continued, will result in the wrecking of the mental and physical powers.

But, the question of chronic sleeplessness is too big to be discussed in a short article, and it is only brought in to show the harm that the lack of sleep may produce in a healthy man or woman, and to emphasize the value of or rather the necessity of enough sleep. There never has been a time in the history of the world when long and deep sleep was so greatly needed as now, and there never has been a time when civil-

ized man was so little able to sleep well. So many people at the present time live in big cities where it is rush and hustle all the day and almost the same throughout the night; although the city dweller becomes, to a great extent, accustomed to such a life, and even misses the city noises when away from it, the strain tells on him and inability to sleep properly is often the result. The way we live has made of us a nervous, restless race who seem to have forgotten how to take things calmly and reposefully. This tendency has much to do with the habit of drug taking, which is said to be very prevalent in this country.

The value of sleep can in no way be so clearly gauged as in the case of an invalid, or of one who is suffering from a serious, acute illness. When a physician is attending a fever stricken

patient whose brain is wandering, or who is raging in delirium, he knows that the only hope lies in a natural sleep.

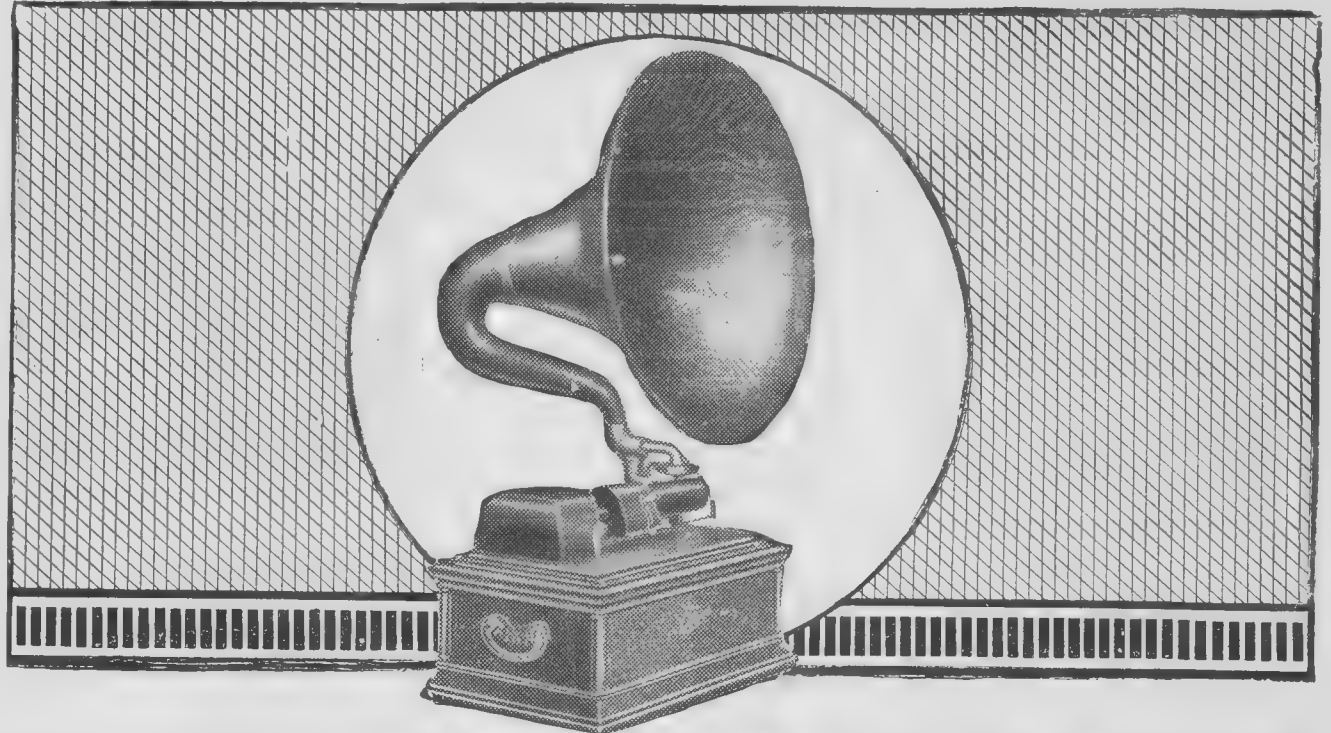
### Very Careless

A bright little five-year-old while driving one day with her father in the Park, came upon the Zoo. Her curiosity and interest were at once aroused, and one question tumbled out after another regarding the creatures that they saw.

"Father," she asked, "what is that black animal over in the corner?"

"That, Miss Inquisitiveness, is what is known as the Buffalo."

"Oh," she exclaimed, regretfully. "Why didn't they call it a New York; it's so big."



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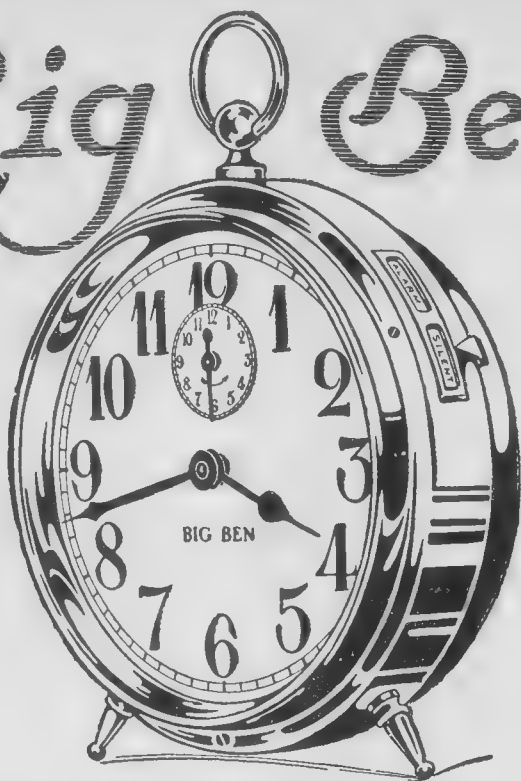
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## Household Suggestions

### Good Bread

Getting at this subject from an analytical point of view and determining the exact why and wherefore of each result obtained, Mr. George A. Olson, chemist of the Washington Experiment Station, after several years of experimentation and observation has arrived at the conclusion that good bread can be made from virtually any kind of flour. He says that success or failure in bread-making depends almost wholly upon the methods practiced by the individual. In the course of his study Mr. Olson made an extensive observation of the experiences of persons who made bread. With no exception he found that those who succeeded in making good bread all the time did not depend upon fixed recipes.

"The first requisite for successful bread-making," he says, "is good, active yeast, and it makes little difference whether the source is compressed or

cess water. Upon mixing, if the dough is too stiff it is possible to overcome this by adding more water and working it gently and thoroughly.

"Mix one pound of flour with all of the yeast and water, either with a spoon or a bread-mixer. Let it stand for a few minutes, and then gradually work in the remaining two and three-quarter pounds of flour. Never force the flour to take up the water. If the hands are used the dough should be partly lifted and half turned toward or away from you. The mixing operation should be continued until all the ingredients have been thoroughly mixed. The same precaution should be exercised in kneading the rising dough. Knead gently and thoroughly until all the large gas pockets have been worked out. A thorough mixing followed by two gentle kneadings is best with some flours, whereas with others the mere handling in the last kneading to shape into loaves gives the best results. If the mixing,



Government trail near Jasper, Alta.

dried yeast cake, or a 'starter.' The main thing is that it should be active and not soured by chills or draughts. By using good, active yeast and proper methods, good bread can be made from any flour. The best temperature for the development of yeast is from about eighty-two to ninety degrees Fahrenheit."

The method given by Mr. Olson for the preparation of yeast is as follows: Grate a fourth of a pound of potatoes, add a quart of boiling water and stir thoroughly. Next, add three ounces of sugar, an ounce of salt and, when the temperature has fallen to blood heat, add one cake of crumbled dry yeast cake and stir. Cover snugly, set aside in a warm place away from air currents, and leave it there to ferment. The following morning this mixture should contain much yeast foam on the surface. Strain and add enough water to meet the required absorption of the flour.

If a "starter" is used, instead of the above proportions use four ounces of sugar and one and a fourth ounces of salt, and follow the above directions. The next morning save out half a pint and place it in a fruit jar, which may be set away in a cool place ready to use as the starter. The remaining pint and a half of yeast preparation is strained and diluted with the required amount of water.

### The Danger of Rough Handling

"The use of too little water is the most prevalent cause for failure to make good bread," adds Mr. Olson. The dough should be almost slack enough to cling to the hand. A stiff dough is slow to rise, and in case fermentation is prolonged it will sour and never spring in the oven. Dough of proper consistency will rise rapidly and develop into "well-piled" loaves of good texture when baked. It is better to use too much water than too little, for in the former case the time of fermentation can be shortened and baking prolonged to dry off the ex-

kneading and other operations are done with force there is danger of lessening the activity of the yeast, in which cases the dough fails to rise. On the other hand, over-fermented doughs, when placed in the oven to bake, will fall. In such cases it is advisable to re-knead and let the dough rise again, although the quality of such bread will be more or less impaired."

Since a measure full of one flour will weigh more than a measure full of another, it should be weighed, not measured. Also, it is more satisfactory to weigh the water. The proper amount of water must be determined for each lot of flour, and it is therefore preferable to purchase flour, not a sack at a time but in barrel lots. Mr. Olson adds that flour generally improves with age. Inasmuch as scientific methods to determine the amount of water a flour requires are impracticable for household purposes, he suggests the following simpler plan:

Using a fairly accurate scale and a small apothecary's graduate, weigh out three or four lots of flour of four ounces each. In one lot add two ounces of prepared yeast preparation; in another, two and four-tenths ounces; and in a third, two and eight-tenths. If the one with two and eight-tenths ounces is too soft, while the one with two and four-tenths ounces is a little too stiff, mix the fourth lot with two and five-tenths ounces of the yeast preparation. Mix, set aside in a warm place and let rise until light; then bake and observe which combination gives the best results. The one which, according to your judgment, gives the best results indicates also the required amount of yeast solution to use. The quantity of yeast preparation used for four ounces of flour multiplied by fifteen will give the quantity required for five one-pound loaves of bread; or, multiplied by three, will give the quantity required for each three-fourths of a pound of flour to make a one-pound loaf of bread.

### A Fine Candy

One of our college girls treated several of us to a kind of home-made candy, which looked and tasted unusually well; she called it marshmallow fudge and said that it was simply our old friend, chocolate fudge, poured over marshmallows. It did not seem quite so rich and sweet as the fudge alone, and several of us thought this a great improvement; it also looked very attractive, since the white of the marshmallows contrasted well with the brown of the chocolate. She allows a quarter of a pound of marshmallows to each cup of sugar, and it does no harm if the marshmallows are a little stale and dry, since the hot candy is sure to soften them. My friend cuts the marshmallows into four or five pieces and spreads them thickly in a small buttered tin; one about six inches square is very good, since this candy is much better when thick, as it keeps moist longer. To make the fudge she adds five tablespoons of thick cream and one square of unsweetened chocolate to each cup of sugar. She boils this amount five minutes, or until a white line appears on the side of the dish when

rooms with ornamental knickknacks; the German's apartments are bare, with much less work for servants. So where the English-speaking family would keep two or three maids, the German family would have only one—on small wages at that.

Then the German wife looks closely after domestic details, with the result that food is not wasted in a well-managed German kitchen, and the family does not suffer from the abominable cooking which depresses life in some other countries. But it does not demand, either above or below stairs, the "three square meals" a day.

Coffee and rolls suffice for breakfast. The chief meal is the midday dinner, which is generally plain and perhaps a little monotonous. Coffee, with rusks, about four o'clock, takes the place of the English afternoon tea, and the supper is a comparatively simple meal.

The German family of this class plans that when all calls have been met there shall remain about eighty dollars for holiday expenses. Perhaps one mistake English and Americans make is to allow for the holiday first.

English-speaking people would speedily



Cacomia Beach, St. Lawrence River.

stirred, and, after it has cooled a little she adds a tiny pinch of salt and a teaspoon of vanilla. She stirs the fudge until partly cool and then pours it over the cut marshmallows, carefully coating each piece, then she sets the tin away for four or five hours, since it must not be cut until the marshmallows have had time to harden a little, because if cut too soon the marshmallows would be very sticky and the squares would not keep their shape. My little friend always uses cream for her fudge and says that the fudge is much better and no more expensive than to use milk and then add a little piece of butter.

### German Housekeeping

Living is cheaper in German cities than it is in the cities of England or America. The way in which a German family saves money is interestingly told by Mrs. Alfred Sidwick in the Cornhill Magazine. She takes as an example the class of people having an income of twenty-five hundred dollars. A German will save one-tenth of his twenty-five hundred, either for investment or insurance. How, then, does he use the rest of his income?

Rents are high in the larger German towns, and a flat is chosen for cheapness, but even that will cost not less than four hundred and fifty dollars. The German income tax is high, and with municipal and other "rates" such expenditure will probably amount to three hundred dollars.

So far as indirect taxation goes, the German probably has no advantage. He lives, however, near his work—often in some neighboring street, and sometimes over his shop or office. His daily saving in car fares is considerable, and he avoids the wear and tear of regular travel.

The great difference between Germany and England or America is due to the different scales of living. The Englishman or American furnishes his house rather luxuriously, and decorates his

become less cramped for ready money if they would be content to live a little more simply. Too many make the mistake of imitating the style of those whose incomes are twenty-five per cent. higher than theirs.

### Useful to know

When a young fruit or shade tree stops growing and looks as if it were about to give up the struggle for existence, the trouble may often be traced to its being bark bound. In this case a long perpendicular slit in the bark will enable it to resume its natural growth.

Patent leather shoes and boots, when fresh and new, should be wiped over after every wearing and put away in some place secure from dust, where the air is neither too hot nor too cold. Extremes of temperature injure the leather. When the shoes begin to show signs of wear, they should be wiped over with a sponge and warm water, and, after being carefully dried, should be brushed over lightly with patent leather varnish sold for the purpose. Never put patent leather near the fire.

To clean velvet there is nothing better than naphtha, and even that should not be used except on silk velvet of fast colors. First sponge the velvet with the naphtha until it seems quite clean. Then let someone hold it down over a basin of very hot water in such a way that the steam must find its way out through the velvet, while it is brushed gently in the same direction that the nap lies. Continue the brushing until the nap stands evenly over the whole surface.

Cut glass should be carefully treated when cleaned. It should be washed in warm water to which have been added a few drops of ammonia. Having thoroughly rinsed it, brush each piece separately with a soft brush dipped in whiting. When the white powder is washed off polish the glass, which should drain for a minute or two, with tissue paper, which gives it a splendid gloss.



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(508)



# The Best out of Three

A Comedy of the Links, by M. Gertrude Cundill

IT HAD been a tiring day. One of those warm, damp days in midsummer when one recalls memories of snow-drifts and a north wind with absolute pleasure.

Miss Grace Barclay was just completing a round of golf and was quite tired and rather cross, which attitude of mind and body she ascribed to the weather, but playing alone, however improving, is never inspiring.

So she felt more aggrieved than really the occasion required, when, on driving, her ball shaped its course in some to her inexplicable manner, and disappeared in a group of young maples and thick underbrush.

Leaning her new brassie against a rock she followed its line of flight rapidly, using her iron to clear a path among the bushes. It was hot in the undergrowth and the leaves treated her to impromptu showers.

"If I stay here till midnight," she murmured, "that ball is going to be found. A brand new one shan't escape me in this way." So further in she plunged, and in about five minutes emerged, somewhat disheveled, but triumphant.

"Now, where did I put my brassie?" She stood for a moment. "Oh, yes, leaning against that great gray—"

In dismay, she stopped short.

There, in the act of picking up her brassie, was a tall young man, not only picking it up, but stowing it away in his bag.

Then Miss Barclay hesitated no longer. Running was one of her many accomplishments, and she put it into practice.

The man, although aware of her approach, was deliberately sauntering on. "Stop!" she cried, authoritatively.

He obeyed, looking a trifle amused, but in no way abashed.

It is difficult to look dignified when one pulls up after a fifteen yards dash.

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Barclay, freezingly, "but I am afraid you are making a mistake."

"Ah, really," said the culprit, lifting his cap. "May I ask in what way?"

"You probably think that brassie—ah—is lost—I'd better put it mildly, she said mentally) but it is not."

"I assure you I thought nothing of the kind. I was merely replacing it among—" he replied.

"Replacing! Well, may I ask you not to 'replace' it. The fact is I only laid it down there while I looked for my ball, and as the brassie is a new one, I should like—" She stretched forth her hand meaningly.

The man looked completely nonplussed, but replied: "It is you who are mistaken, I fancy. Why, I only this moment dropped it while I tied my—"

Miss Barclay endeavored to make her laugh sarcastic; the situation was becoming too absurd, and she added somewhat excitedly: "When I tell you I leant it against that identical stone, not ten minutes ago—how can you—" Desperately, "I am sorry to appear rude, but there is no—"

"No, I know there is no name. You needn't tell me that—"

She would not permit him to finish his sentence.

"I know there is no name, for Thompson only finished it yesterday, and the leather as you see is new; everything about it is new; the shaft not scratched. And, oh dear, what is the good of arguing? I am sure you only meant to keep it till you found the owner, and as you have found her—"

There were no signs of withdrawing it from the bag.

"I insist upon having it at once."

Till now he had been smiling, but he began to look annoyed.

"Upon my word," he said, "it is the first time I have been held up for petty theft, but if you insist. Well, I can't very well fight a lady—" There was

a slight emphasis. "So you had better take it. Only I should have liked to be allowed to explain."

"Explain!" said Miss Barclay, who had completely lost her temper. "I hardly see what there is to explain."

Solemnly he took out the brassie, solemnly he presented it; then, with a grave bow, he took up his bag and walked off.

"Well," said Miss Barclay, as she slowly followed in his wake, "I suppose if one is caught red-handed it is better to add dignity to impudence. But he really looked rather nice."

Without another look at the cause of her trouble, she stowed her clubs in her bag, and her sister calling for her just then, she drove home up the road, without catching sight of the would-be-club-snatcher.

He, however, was surveying her from a dressing-room window.

"Of all cool hands!" said he. "Really, a woman will accuse one of anything. But when she finds out—that will be sufficient recompense for me."

The very next afternoon, as Miss Grace Barclay was on the gallery, her cousin, George Carruthers, joined her. She had not seen him for some time, and they had much to talk about.

But, as he was leaving her to get his clubs, he recollected something.

"Oh, Grace! There is such a nice chap I want to introduce to you. His name is Sleyden, and he does not know many people. May I get him?"

"Of course, George. Is he a good player?"

"Ripping! I shan't be a minute."

In a moment he came out of the men's club-room followed by—the club-snatcher.

"I might have known," groaned Miss Grace, and she scanned the distant scene.

But from the corner of her eye she saw Carruthers and his friend stop short, then abruptly the club-snatcher turned on his heel and returned to the house.

Carruthers, looking slightly perturbed, rejoined her. He was a man rather given to be sympathetic.

"Ah!" said he, with much originality.

"Ah, Grace."

Miss Grace gave no assistance.

"Care for a round with me?"

She looked at him.

"So he was not 'pleased to meet' me."

Was that it, George?"

"Of course not! He had forgotten an engagement, or rather some fellow called—"

"Oh, George, dear! Ananias is not the role for you. I think I understand why he wouldn't."

"He said you would, you know—that it would be mutually unpleasant," Mr. Carruthers said quickly.

Grace Barclay, in spite of her displeasure, laughed.

"Did he say that? Well, I agree with him. But you need not ask any questions, for I don't want to prejudice you," and she walked into the house.

"To think it should be the Mr. Sleyden all the girls have been talking about. But I am glad he had the grace to feel ashamed."

It so happened that for nearly a week various pleasures and duties prevented Miss Barclay from even looking at her golf clubs.

And when at last the free day came, she walked up to the dressing-room with an eager step and threw open her locker.

"I won't take the bag," she said to Miss Hanbury, who was waiting. "Just two clubs will do. Isn't this new brassie a good one?"

She handed it out for inspection.

"Yes, very nice. But I think the leather is put on rather raggedly."

"Oh, do you? Now, I always think Thompson so particular about that—which reminds me—I want to write my initials on the end."

She took out a pencil.

"They are on, Grace," said Miss Hanbury.

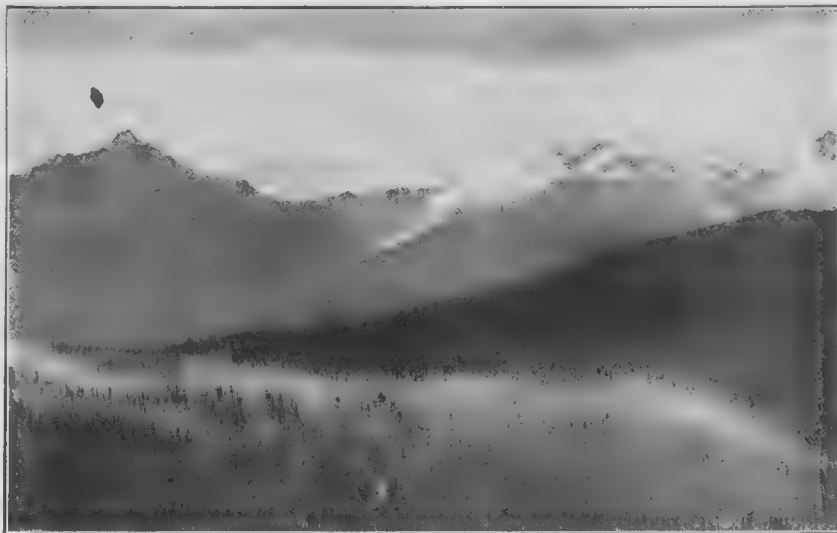
"No, dear. I only wish they had been," Grace replied.

Miss Hanbury, on the point of contradicting, turned to the light.

"What does 'J. B. S.' stand for?" she asked.

Grace Barclay gave a shriek. If she had a fault, it was that she was a little noisy.

"J. B. S." I don't believe it. Let me see!"



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# Columbia

307

"The Columbia Store"

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She saw. And the color flooded her face.

"Mr. Sleyden! So I have stolen his club. What shall I do! Oh, Gertrude, what shall I do? What must he have thought of me?"

Ignorant of the facts, Miss Hanbury found it difficult to reply. But when she had heard the story and had ceased to laugh—"Well," said she, "the man must be remarkably stupid to let you calmly help yourself to his property."

"My dear girl, he tried to explain. I wouldn't let him. You know my unfortunately decided and dictatorial manner. Now I shall have to apologize."

"Oh, simply write a little explanation on a card and leave it with Conlan to give him, with the club."

"I won't write a note."

"No, of course not."

And after some consultation the following was written: "Miss Barclay regrets that owing to a mistake, Mr. Sleyden's club has been in her possession for the past week. She hopes that her detention of it has caused no inconvenience."

"I think," said the writer, "that is very neatly put. It does not make me apologize at all. Much better never to own yourself in the wrong. You see, I don't say I made the mistake."



On the way to Pyramid Lake, Alta.

"But he knows you did."

"Oh, that does not matter! Now, the question is, where is my own club?"

So the disputed brassie was left with Conlan, the steward, and the girls went out to look for the lawful property of a too-confident lady.

But neither high nor low could it be found.

It was after six before their round was over, and as they walked from the last hole, Miss Barclay's quick eye detected Mr. Sleyden driving, at the first tee.

"How self-satisfied he is feeling now" said she, and looked the other way.

As she rested in a huge rocking-chair, out came Conlan, the steward, suave and smiling. He carried a club.

"It is to be returned to you, Miss Barclay. The gentleman gave it to me; and he said as how, Miss, he was sorry, but the club did not belong to him. So he returns it, if you please."

"But I don't please, Conlan. Of course it is his."

"Well, Miss, those were his identical words. But if I may make so bold, I heard Mr. Sleyden remarking to a gentleman as those were not his initials 'J. B.' you see. And Mr. Sleyden's name is Charles, begging his pardon."

"Very well, Conlan. Leave it in the gentlemen's rooms somewhere. I have nothing further to do with it."

Conlan withdrew, much interested and mystified. So in truth was Miss Barclay.

"I don't believe his name is Charles," said this interesting young person. "He only refuses to take it, to make me feel uncomfortable."

And out on the green Sleyden was chasing the sheep from about his hole, saying, as he did so, to Sherburne, "What object has that girl in sending me somebody's else's club, do you sup-

pose? As long as she had to acknowledge her mistake, she might as well have given me my own again. Gad! though, she is stunning looking."

Now it was just at this time that the President of the Ladies' Golf Club had presented two prizes, to be played for in mixed foursomes, the winners playing off until the final pair won. And the prize in each case consisted of a set of four clubs of the best make. All who wished to enter had been giving in their scores of the past week.

Quite a number of people appeared at the links on the appointed morning. They flocked on the gallery, they strolled on the green, and they chatted outside the window, where the committee was settling matters which should have been settled before.

Miss Barclay and Gertrude Hanbury sat in a hammock, teasing George Carruthers, who could stand it well enough when the latter young lady was his cousin's assistant in persecution.

Grace was criticising his costume, from his tie to the way he laced his boots, yet he only smiled.

"Fire away," said he. "That is the worst of fencing with a woman. She can always be rude with impunity, because a man isn't privileged to fight her on equal terms."

"My dear boy, it is for your good, and Gertrude would say more, only she has not made a study of your bad points as I have. My dear! I hope we will play together."

"My dearest! I hope we won't."

"Don't be stupid, George; I didn't mean you. But it would be jolly if we three started together with some other nice, or rather nicer, man!"

Carruthers jumped up. "I'll go and see what they are at, those hovering committee people."

In a moment he came back radiant.

"You and I, Miss Hanbury, are to play together. Hope you don't mind."

Miss Hanbury's looks belied her if she did.

"Where am I put, George?" asked Miss Barclay.

Carruthers laughed, restrainedly.

"Oh, you are in our foursome, too. I am afraid you won't be pleased, Gracie, but—well, confound it, they have stuck you down with Sleyden, and nothing I could do would change them."

"Did you try hard?"

"Of course. You know my persuasive arts. But I say, Grace, keep cool. He is a very decent chap. And there is this! If you don't get him, you'll play with Monty Reynolds."

Now Monty Reynolds was her pet aversion.

Miss Barclay's expression was tragic.

"What can my sins have been, to deserve such punishment? However, silent contempt is easily expressed; and I shall adopt that crushing mode."

"Oh, but don't necessitate your own punishment. It will be harder for you than for us."

"No it won't. For when I don't talk my play is superb. He can converse with you and Gertrude as much as he likes. I shall not open my lips."

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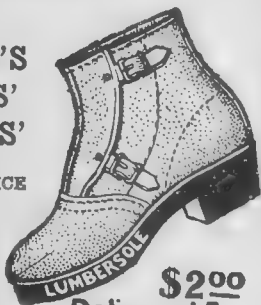
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"Good morning, Carruthers," said a  
voice at her elbow. "I believe I'm in  
your foursome. Jolly, isn't it?"

Carruthers agreed, and forthwith in-  
troduced him. Miss Barclay bowed—  
after a manner, at all events.

Sleyden seemed quite unaware that he  
was received only on sufferance.

"We are to play second, I think," he  
said. "Let us go over to the tee. The  
first foursome is just setting out. By  
George! that girl drives well."

"She's not supposed to be so very—"  
began Miss Barclay. Then she coughed  
most opportunely. Her cousin choked  
explosively and bent down to untie his  
boot—for, as it was securely knotted,  
that must have been his purpose.

This particular foursome was well  
watched. Miss Hanbury was slightly  
weaker than Miss Barclay, and Sleyden  
almost imperceptibly behind Carruthers.  
Though he drove farther, his approach  
was often poor and here he fell behind.  
But his putting was irreproachable. It  
was clean and sure: like all his move-  
ments, full of decision.

When three out of four do a fair  
amount of talking, the fourth voice is  
not indispensable. Miss Barclay was  
quite discomfited to find her silence was  
unheeded.

A very small amount of advice was  
proffered by Sleyden to his partner.  
Evidently he preferred to take the  
chances of independent play. But he  
came behind her once as she was select-  
ing a club.

"If I may suggest," he said, "you  
would do well to use a brassie."

Miss Barclay's glance should have  
made him quail.

"I have not got one," she vouchsafed.  
Then added: "Perhaps you will lend me  
yours."

"Unfortunately, Miss Barclay, mine  
has been mislaid."

There was some stress upon the word.

"Indeed! I can't easily understand  
that, for I always think one's clubs seem  
to possess an individuality. One can  
always tell one's own."

"You surprise me. I should not have  
thought that was your experience."

"No?"

"No. It is not mine. So I always try  
to have my name clearly written on the  
shaft."

"Though even that is apparently not  
of much service. Your initials appar-  
ently vary."

Sleyden raised his eyebrows.

"That sounds mysterious. What makes  
you say so?"

"Why should I explain what you al-  
ready know, that that club is yours and  
no one else's?"

"Miss Barclay, my name is Charles  
I didn't name myself, so I won't apolo-  
gize."

"Then, Mr. Sleyden, why do you put  
'J. B. S.' on your clubs? Is it a nom de  
guerre? A golfing sobriquet?"

"May I ask why do you insist on my  
receiving stolen—er—other people's prop-  
erty? Willingly would I take back my  
own, but until then—"

"Until then, please don't speak to me  
again."

"Not even to advise? It seems a pity  
to lose the match when it means a  
prize."

This stopped the altercation, but they  
did lose the hole — for the playing of  
neither was up to the mark. Before the  
round was finished, Miss Barclay be-  
came reckless—she drove regardless of  
the direction. In short, her temper  
seemed as erratic as her game. Finally  
she had a three-inch putt and missed  
her hole.

Sleyden threw himself on the grass  
complacently.

"I love to see anyone so singularly  
devoid of love of gain," he said. "Now,  
some people are so keen about pot-hunt-  
ing that it annoys me. Why bother to  
win even clubs, when you can buy them  
or procure them in other ways?"

"On the contrary, I was most anxious  
to win," she retorted. "Nothing I like  
better than prizes. It is provoking I am  
off my play."

"Can you account for it all? Per-  
haps if you had drawn another partner,  
one, for instance, you could have talked  
to more freely—"

Miss Barclay was at a loss how to  
treat this man. In some astonishing  
way she seemed to have lost her identity.  
As a rule, it was she who dictated or  
made sharp speeches. But, to all in-

tents, she had met her match. All he  
said was uttered in a grave, dignified  
manner, so that it left no suspicion of  
impertinence or trespassing upon such  
recent acquaintance.

Grace Barclay was dispirited and sub-  
dued. But, though she knew it not, it  
was of no small benefit to her to be thus  
"hoist with her own petard." She re-  
fused to stay to lunch, and seemed re-  
lieved when her small brother called for  
her in the pony-cart.

Though in no way encouraged to do  
so, Mr. Sleyden stood bareheaded in the  
blazing sunshine, tucking in the linen  
duster.

"After all, I confess I am a little dis-  
appointed at being knocked out of it al-  
together," he said.

Miss Barclay unsuccessfully tried to  
look supercilious.

"What! Still keen about clubs?" she  
said.

"No! But now any further chance of  
playing with you is at an end," he re-  
joined.

"That I should think would be to your  
advantage, considering how little we  
'worked together for good' this morn-  
ing."

"Do you—are you ever in need of a—  
somebody to play with?"

"Never!" brightly. "Miss Hanbury is  
always ready."

The pony sprang forward, Sleyden  
stepped back.

"Unless I am much mistaken,"  
soliloquized Sleyden, "after this morning  
Carruthers will expect that agreeable  
young lady to be ready for him. And  
now, if that brassie really was the same  
she relieved me of, where on earth did  
I get it?"

He went in to have some refreshment  
after his exercise.

A stout, ruddy young man was also  
enjoying something long and cool.

"Hullo, Jim! Your arm all right  
again? You should have played this  
morning."

It was Carruthers who hailed him.

"Let me introduce Sinclair, Sleyden."

The young man extended his left hand.

"Sprained my wrist badly. Haven't  
played for two weeks. No: it isn't  
quite well yet."

Sleyden wore a preoccupied expres-  
sion.

"I say," said he, "is it possible your  
initials are J. B. S.?"

Sinclair laughed. "They are. Have  
you got some of my washing instead of  
your own?"

"No. But have you missed a club?"

"A brassie? Yes, I have, have you?  
For when I pulled out my things just  
now a wretched old brassie fell out, and  
mine was a jolly new one."

Sleyden smiled.

"Then I have stolen yours. But how  
the exchange took place I don't know."

He told the story—even to his being  
"held up" by Carruthers' cousin.

"I can explain it," said Sinclair. "I  
was in a mischief of a hurry the last  
day I played; grabbed up some clubs  
from the table, and chucked them away  
in my locker. You came after and took  
what I left. Not playing for all this  
time I never discovered my mistake."

"But what about my cousin? She  
would not have insisted on appropriating  
yours, unless she had lost one herself,"  
said Carruthers.

"Of course, she mistook the place  
where she had left it. Probably by this  
time it has turned up."

"No; for she told me this morning  
that it had disappeared."

"From first to last it has been a most  
tangled-up affair," said Sleyden. "And,  
by the way, ask Conlan for your club,  
Sinclair, or it will be losing itself again."  
He stood leaning against the door for a  
while, wrapt in thought. Then suddenly  
he went over to a writing-table and  
pulled out some paper.

"Now," said he, but to himself, "I'll  
apologize. Exactly what for I don't  
know, for Carruthers, of course, was not  
such an ass as to tell her I would not be  
introduced. But girls always like apolo-  
gies; and, for that matter, she had as  
much claim to the club as I had. I am  
beginning to feel quite an affection for  
that brassie."

Accordingly he dashed off what he  
considered satisfactory:

Dear Miss Barclay:

Perhaps I am hasty in assuming that  
you will be interested to learn that my

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Write to The Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto,  
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wives."

own particular brassie has turned up. What is more, I have discovered as well the rightful owner of the one you so kindly returned to me, and which I find I had been unlawfully using, as you endeavored to prove. Therefore, when you claimed it, your right to it was as great as my own.

I understand you have not yet found your club. If I could be of any assistance in tracing the deserter I should be only too happy.

May I call to-morrow afternoon and talk over the situation from an amateur detective's point of view? Believe me,

Yours sincerely,  
Charles M. Sleyden.

Not even Miss Hanbury was made cognizant of any of the details concerning that note, its reception, or the reply it evoked. Yet everyone, including that young lady, were appraised of its results without exercising their powers of observance to any large extent.

If golf was neglected by any members of that well-organized club, Mr. Sleyden and Miss Barclay were not among the number. And the discovery that they played golf well, together, led to the further discovery that they rode and drove better in each other's company. In truth anything, even an afternoon tea, participated in by both, immediately turned out successful. Though, as they often took pains to point out to each other, sentiment and romance were unknown to their practical minds.

"Indeed, Miss, I'll make him give it up. Hold your tongue, you little thief you, or I'll give you something more," said the stern Thompson, tightening his hold.

"Oh, go easy, Thompson! Here, Batiste, or whatever you call yourself, take a dollar and cut. Will that satisfy you?" said Sleyden, waving a clean bill temptingly.

The small black eyes gleamed. There was a momentary hesitation. Then one grimy fist closed over the coveted money, the club fell from the other, and two bare legs made short work of the distance between his captor and the road home.

The instructor, too, disgusted at such leniency for further parley, strolled away.

There was silence. Then Grace, in her usual impetuous fashion, seized the brassie and swung it about her head. "Hurrah!" said she. "the mystery is cleared!"

Simultaneously Sleyden uttered an expletive too spontaneous to be studied.

Then, apologetically, "By jove, that was my eye you tried to drive-out!"

The other eye was pouring with sympathetic tears, and the one struck drooped mournfully from the force of the blow caught just by the eyebrow.

Apologies were not behindhand. Together they descended to the stream, now low in its bed, to bathe the injured member.



Loading the golden grain in Alberta.

But through it all, and in spite of their endeavors, the whereabouts of Miss Barclay's long-missing club had remained a mystery.

One afternoon they were seated somewhat precariously on the huge roller that rested from its labors up by the stream, when Thompson, the instructor, broke in upon a conversation that threatened to become personal. By the collar he gripped a much dishevelled youth, whose face bore traces of recent tears—tears wiped with a dusty hand.

"Excuse me, Miss Barclay," said he, "but you know that brassie I made for you six weeks ago. Well, I found this here little wagram practising with it just now behind my shed. He was playing uncommon well, and I stepped out to watch. Says I, 'Where did you get that club?' Says he, 'Mr. Sleyden give it me.' Says I, 'No, you don't!' for I saw it was my own make, and, begging your pardon, sir, you've never seen fit to order one. Then I examined it closer, and I saw it was the one I made for Miss Barclay. The shaft having a peculiar mark on one side, I remembered it. The young chap says, swearing like the—excuse me, Miss—he found it up in the field near the second hole."

"And so he did, I expect," said Miss Barclay; "that is where I left it."

Sleyden looked at her. "Did you really?"

"You know I did! But, Thompson, do let go his collar. Did you really find it?"

"Oui, Man'selle—I don't lie. It was all bad with the wet grass, dirty, rusty. I make it good, and"—he looked defiant—"it's mine."

"How much will you sell it for?"

A small cambric handkerchief steeped in unquestionably unfiltered water, and applied frequently, evidently possessed infinitely soothing properties. Where the blow had fallen there was already an angry lump, but the eye was unscathed.

"Oh, dear! I am so relieved," said Grace. "You can open it, can't you?"

It was closed instantly.

"No. At least not very well. It hurts!"

"I'm so sorry."

"I'm not." No explanation was invited.

Sleyden sat down on the stone beside her.

"Did you ever hear an ancient law regarding the putting out of a man's eye?"

"No," with decision. "I am sure there isn't one."

"Then I will tell you about it."

"Oh, please don't. I think I remember."

"Well! What have you to say?"

"Say? Nothing!"

"Are you willing, then, to let the law take its course without trying to defend yourself? For I assure you I shall take an action."

"Oh, why are you such a goose! As if it needed a law to make me—"

"Well, what?"

"If you don't know, then neither do I."

Sleyden took her hands prisoner.

"Grace," he said, "if you'll marry me, I'll endeavor to forget that you tried to make Love—what he is popularly supposed to be—blind!"

And though much of this story became public property, there are people who still wonder why Sleyden keeps a brassie always lying on his study-table.

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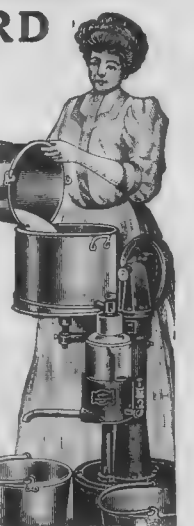
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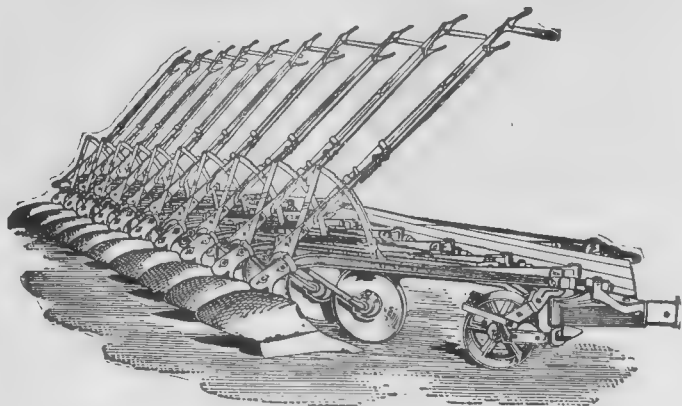
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## The Ambush

A War Story, by F. N. Friend.

**T**HE following is a story of a convoy which was proceeding from K— to H—, in the Orange Free State, during the last Boer War. You will not find the tale in any history of that same war.

Hardacre's Scouts—the name is as good as any other—of which I was a corporal, were doing the scouting duty for this convoy, and we were, on this momentous morning, stretched out in half-sections at some two hundred yards interval, over an expanse of wintry veldt, about half-way on our journey. Immediately in our front, and flanking each side of the road along which the convoy was moving, lay two low, undulating kopjes, between which could be seen, about fifteen hundred yards further on, another kopje, rather rocky, and covered with short scrub or brush.

It was a "trappy" looking place, but the Intelligence Department had reported the country clear of Boers for twenty miles, which was satisfying—that is, to all but those who had learned by bitter experience.

hour ago, and they are sure to be here still. I saw a man or two just show on the sky-line for a second. That is what I went over to tell Hardacre, begging him to let me go back and warn the convoy. All I could get from him was a sarcastic remark about old women's tales, that I was to obey orders and not frighten the men, that he had it on the best authority (mark you!) that there were no Boers within twenty miles, and that I was to go back to my place and not talk moonshine."

Holford began to look a trifle impressed.

"Holford," I said, "I have a little plan of my own, of which I am going to take the sole responsibility. Even if they hang me afterwards, I mean to try it now. Just you ride to the half-sections, right and left of us, and tell Tyndale, and one man of the other half-section, to come to me."

He went off at a canter: we had nearly got through between the kopjes by now.



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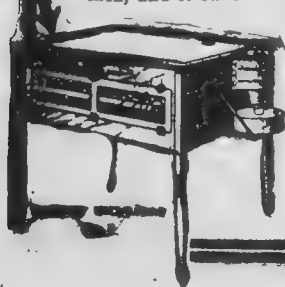
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"Well," I said to my other half-section commander, Holford, as we began to pass the two low hills, "to continue our discussion. You are only just out from England, presumably, by your air of stubborn 'Britishness,' and don't know much of Johnny Boer's funny little tricks as yet; consequently you have bagsful to learn." He smiled, feebly. "Now," I went on, "I'll give you a few hints. When you see a high, impregnable-looking hill—apparently just the place for a good stand—you may be fairly sure that there is nothing there, however much you may expect it. The real danger lies in these innocent-looking, low kopjes like those which we are passing. I shouldn't wonder if there were Boers on them now, and I am quite sure no one has troubled to go up and see."

"But they would fire on us here," said Holford. "Besides, the Intelligence Department have reported 'all clear'; so there is no need to look." This with an air of finality.

"Oh, wise young judge!" I answered. "Did you never hear, in your misspent youth, of scouts being allowed to pass through, so as to surprise the convoy? And as for your Intelligence Department, what do you expect of an institution at whose head is a young subaltern, out here just five minutes, with a brand-new commission, and with old Reilly, a drunken old Kimberley digger, who knows as much about this business as he does of drinking water, as brains-carrier? Another thing, when the Intelligence Department reports 'all clear,' look out for squalls!"

Holford was silent, but still obstinate and unconvincible. "Now," I continued, "don't look round too much when I tell you this. There were Dutchmen on these hills half an

Presently the men I had sent for came up to me.

"Boys," I said, "these blamed Dutchmen have let us through so that they may surprise the convoy. It's no good going back; we should be stopped and captured. A shot or two might not warn the convoy; they mightn't notice it. Hardacre won't believe me, but will you come with me and carry out a plan to circumvent them?"

"My oath," said Tyndale, a tall Australian.

"It's against orders," I continued, "but I alone am responsible. Well, then, you see that hill in front? It commands the road. I'll bet my life there is a gun and five or six men planted there—I hope no more, but we must risk that. The Boers will probably be nearly all on those other two hills, ready to swoop on to the convoy. You, Tyndale, must take your half-section round the right of the kopje; Holford, I, and this other half-section will come round on the left. We are going to take that gun, and turn it on their own little trap."

"When you get round the hill, keep your eyes skinned for a sign of horses, probably hidden behind rocks or scrub. We must seize the man in charge before he can give the alarm, so must go cautiously. If successful, we can tell from the number of horses how many men are on the hill, and act accordingly, but if they have an escort, or any number above six or seven, we shall have to give it up and try to get back to warn the convoy. See?"

They nodded assent.

"Be very careful," I concluded, "till you locate the man with the horses, and then rush him, but no noise."

"I understand," said Tyndale, as he took his half-section off to the right of the hill.

See Page 3 For Big Prize Offer In Our 1914 Catalog, Open To Users Of McKenzie's Seeds

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## Special Onion Seed Offer

YELLOW GLOBE DANVERS SEED and LARGE RED WETHERSFIELD SEED Per Pound 95c

As per our offer on page 20 of our 1914 seed catalog, which we will mail upon request, a post card will bring it.

| PRICES POSTPAID            | oz. | 1/4 lb. | 1/2 lb. | 1 lb. |
|----------------------------|-----|---------|---------|-------|
| YELLOW GLOBE DANVERS ONION | .10 | .30     | .55     | .95   |
| RED WETHERSFIELD ONION     | .10 | .30     | .55     | .95   |

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|                                           | oz. | 1/4 lb. | 1 lb.  | 4 lbs. |
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|               | 25 lb. | 50 lb. | 100 lb. |
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| CALGARY PRICE | 3.50   | 6.50   | 12.00   |

## Western Rye

|               | 25 lb. | 50 lb. | 100 lb. |
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## Northern Grown Alfalfa

|               | 25 lb. | 50 lb.  | 100 lb. |
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|               | 25 lb. | 50 lb.  | 100 lb. |
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We crept gradually closer. We passed the flank of the hill and halted in a bunch of scrub; then worked quietly inwards towards the back of the hill, looking carefully about.

There was no sign from the top. They ignored us.

Suddenly I saw some bushes wave violently, and then Tyndale rose up and came quietly towards me, on foot.

"Bagged him all right," he said softly; "bound and gagged him."

"Good for you, old chap," I replied; "you were quicker than we."

"Saw a horse's head through the scrub and drew my own conclusions," he answered.

"How many horses?"

"Only six besides the gun horses; that makes five men on top."

"But how did they get the gun up with five men?" I asked.

"Took it up with horses. There is a fairish road round on the other side."

"Ah," I said, "and they were so short of men they had to send the horses down again to save wasting another man to look after them. Besides, they might have shown on the sky-line. Anyhow, I suppose they didn't think there would be much hurry in getting away. Now," I went on quickly, "we won't sample the roadway; we'll climb up just here. Be quiet and take cover as you climb, in case any one is on the look-out. Tyndale, take these two men with you and keep to the left; Holford and I will take the right; Shelton must remain here to look after our prisoner and horses. Put your knife into him if he's troublesome, Shelton. Now, Tyndale, when you reach the top, move gradually round as close as you can get to the men, taking shelter behind the scrub. We'll each take the men nearest to our own sides, get as near as possible, and then rush them. No firing, mind. I'll wave my handkerchief when to dash in."

We began to climb.

Slip, climb, creep, slip, all the way up. We reached the top at last.

I peeped over.

Good. A twelve-inch gun, seemingly one of our old captured ones, and four

men lying about on the ground smoking, with their rifles leaning against the rocks some distance off. The gun was, presumably, loaded, and they waiting for the convoy to appear; the fifth man was on the lookout towards the road, leaning over a large stone.

The fates had delivered them into our hands.

"Holford," I said, "take him in the blue shirt; I'll take one with the beard. Jump on your man, kick him, anything, but bring him down as quickly as possible."

I then waved my handkerchief, and rushed.

The Boers were taken completely by surprise.

I jumped with both feet on my man's chest—he was lying down; Holford fell on the top of Mr. Blueshirt; and Tyndale and his men soon had their lot in subjection.

I couldn't quite see how, owing to my own pressing affairs.

My man was knocked out, so I left him, and collected their rifles. Then we tied the lot up with the gun's drag-ropes and stacked the cursing bundles in a corner near the gun. We didn't trouble to gag them; they couldn't be heard anywhere that would matter. The gun was ready loaded, and sighted at seventeen hundred yards.

"When the firing begins, Tyndale," I said, "or when the convoy appears, lay the gun on the top of the left-hand kopje, and wait till I give the word to fire."

Tyndale had had some artillery training in Australia, in fact, he was the only one present who knew anything about guns, to speak of.

Then we stood and waited. The country lay still and peaceful. Who would dream of the scene so shortly to be enacted in this pastoral surrounding?

Suddenly, klick-klock, klick-klock from the Mauser on the hill in front.

Almost at the same time the head of the convoy swung into view.

The firing increased rapidly, and we could see the convoy's escort doubling out in ragged line right and left of the

road towards the kopjes, firing hurriedly. Men and oxen were falling, and the convoy stopped suddenly in a confused panic. We could see officers and conductors riding rapidly up and down among the waggons.

"Ready!" I shouted.

Tyndale, the gun-layer, slipped back and seized the lanyard, drawing it taut.

"FIRE!"

Crash! bang!! The gun leaped back, and in a second or two a little cloud of yellow dust appeared just on the very top of the kopje.

"Good shot! Run up and reload," I yelled.

Ah! The fire had slackened on that hill, and almost stopped for a moment. I could see men jumping up and down and waving something white towards us.

"They don't understand yet," said I, grimly; "think their own men have made a mistake. Ready....FIRE."

Crash! bang! again.

Another little dust cloud.

"Good; same place. Now trail round and give the other hill a show."

But there was no need. On the kopjes the Dutchmen were running to and fro like little ants. Our men, who had been falling back on the waggons, again began to come forward. Then, suddenly, the Boers streamed down the reverse side of the hills, mounted and fled off, left and right.

"Give 'em one more, for a stirrup cup," I shouted, wild with delight. Bang! again. Into the flying mob crashed the shell. Not much damage, but a wholesome moral effect.

The escort of the convoy had by now crowned the hills and were waking up the flying Boers. The convoy began to resume its cumbrous crawl.

"By gum!" whispered Tyndale, as our Commanding Officer panted up.

"Well, of all the cheek!" was all he could say; "what the—"

"I told you they were up there, sir," I said.

"H'm, yes. What a fool I must be not to have listened! But, by Jove: you've saved the convoy."

"Yes," I replied; "and given the Boers what they call a good 'schirk'."

Besides which we've got a gun, six prisoners and fifteen horses."

"You were lucky to get so far ahead," said Hardacre, thoughtfully. "I turned our men back on hearing firing and would have tried to capture the hill, but when I arrived it was all over. Then I saw Shelton below and he told me."

Then he became suddenly regimental, a la Orderly Room.

"I suppose you know," he said, "that you disobeyed my distinct orders. But I must overlook it this time, now that you have saved the convoy—and my reputation. Instead of putting you under arrest, I think I shall recommend the lot of you for the Distinguished Service Medal!"

And that is how we got 'em.

## The Gopher

Original by S. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alta.



A shrill call from the wheat field green,  
And a heap of soil that's dried,  
And a flicking tail and bobbing head  
Tells you the gopher's spied.  
For the gopher is a robber of light artis-  
tic taste;  
Fat and furry, too, you'll always find  
him.  
He sleeps away the winter, and all sum-  
mer is in haste.  
And a spoilt crop is the trail he leaves  
behind him.



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## The Awakening of Priscilla

By Mollie E. Jamieson

### Chapter I

UNTIL Betsy, the maid of all work, entered the old ladies' employment, Priscilla, incredible as it may appear, had never so much as guessed that a birthday might, upon occasion, necessitate presents and present-giving. The old ladies were Priscilla's great-aunts, and had brought her up in accordance with their own early training. Law, not love, was the key-note of the old ladies' regime, and Priscilla was the chiefest sufferer thereby.

Into this maiden establishment, served long and faithfully by elderly Hannah, but lately espoused by a widower green-grocer, entered, like some unexpected gust of wild spring weather, Betsy, youthful, romantic, and red-headed. The old ladies would never have tolerated Betsy for a moment, had she not been Hannah's niece, and therefore recommended by Hannah. In time, with rigid rule and painstaking training, her mistresses hoped to transform Betsy into just such an exemplary handmaiden as Hannah had been before her.

ladies would have blamed Priscilla for over-garrulity—had confided as much to her sympathetic handmaid. "Jim Merriman, him that I've been walkin' out all winter, has promised me the tip-toppest pair of gloves when mine comes along, week after next. He asked my size last Thursday night when we were out."

For by this time, Priscilla, thanks to Betsy's loquacious tongue, knew all about Jim Merriman, the grocer's dapper young assistant, and of Jim Merriman's "penchant" for Betsy. Sometimes, carefully brought up though she had been, she had almost envied Betsy setting out so gaily, cheeks all aglow, on Thursday evenings, to meet the chosen of her heart. Not that Priscilla coveted the attentions of Jim Merriman—her well-brought-up young-ladyhood hardly stooped to that; but to be necessary to someone—it was that for which her starved heart seemed constantly to be crying out. Her grey eyes were strangely wistful as she looked up from the ironing table.

"It sounds nice, Betsy; but, of course,



A Western town springing up at the foot of the Rockies

But the training, the excellent moral principles, the more than excellent advice which had done so much for Hannah, had little or no effect on Hannah's youthful relative. Precept, advice, even the more severe forms of condemnation, slid like so much water off a duck's back, when applied to Betsy. Their incorrigible maid-servant was the despair of the old ladies' lives, and yet, for trusted Hannah's sake, they dare not summarily dismiss her.

But while the old ladies fretted, one member, at least, of the household rejoiced in Betsy's coming. To Priscilla it seemed as though the old house had suddenly wakened up from that deadly sleep to which the rigid rule of Hannah's mistresses, the exemplary serving of Hannah herself, had so long reduced it. Betsy, and even Betsy's erratic mode of work, gave just a tinge of color to a picture which had long been grey. Betsy, with her pink wrapper, her tousled red head, and merry, blue eyes, was to Priscilla an infinitely more attractive personality than the excellent chocolate-clad Hannah had ever been. Even the fact of the joint being over-done, and the potatoes under, was in some ways a change from the dull, respectable, everyday routine. When Betsy smashed one of the best dinner plates, it was something of an epoch in Priscilla's existence. Hannah, throughout all her long service, had never so much as chipped a saucer.

To Priscilla, descending to the kitchen to iron some of her aunts' finer handkerchiefs and laces, Betsy would chat away in the most artless manner possible. It was through Betsy's conversation that Priscilla obtained most of her glimpses of that outside world of which, thanks to her elders' stern upbringing, she knew so little.

"La! Miss 'Cilla"—Betsy would persist in calling her "Miss 'Cilla," much to the old ladies' annoyance. "To think of it bein' your birthday to-morrow, an' you never so much as lookin' forward to a present." Priscilla—no doubt the old

with me it's different. My aunts would possibly not—approve. Yet I wonder Hannah never spoke about how other people kept their birthdays. She must have known too."

"Aunt Hannah? She wouldn't bother herself about those sort of things," Aunt Hannah's niece averred with youthful scorn. "Never likely had a present from a sweetheart in her life, let alone anyone else. A born old maid, if ever there was one, and a born old maid she'll stay, though she was married fifty times over. It's the mistresses I'm wonderin' at, not doin' their best to make things cheery for you, and you the only young thing in the house," added affectionate Betsy, setting down the potato pot with a thud.

Subsequent conversation revealed the fact that Betsy had received a good many birthday presents in her day. Betsy's admirers had been many, and her swains' gifts varied, ranging from ties and gloves to chocolates and boxes of "bong-bongs." Priscilla, hearkening half enviously, suddenly realised that her own life was dull, monotonous, grey. Was it altogether the old aunts whom she had to thank for the narrow outlook upon life which she at present enjoyed? Had Priscilla herself, by her over-meekness and docility, no hand in the matter?

A ring at the door-bell upstairs broke in upon the handmaid's recital of past conquests. Priscilla, still ironing, was revolving many things in her mind when Betsy came clattering down again, her cap awry, having successfully admitted the visitor.

"A lady to see the mistresses, and Miss Maria says, will you please go in when the tea does, Miss 'Cilla? It's that old Miss Arrol from Bournville," added Betsy, seizing the kettle, and filling it at the kitchen pipe with altogether unnecessary din.

Priscilla and the tea-tray arrived in the parlor a quarter of an hour later, together. She entered softly—the aunts had taught her that young people ought to be seen and not heard, and, having

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shaken hands with the visitor, proceeded with her usual duties of pouring out tea. Miss Arrol, a merry old lady, as unlike the aunts as it was possible to be, glanced up at her with a smiling nod as she handed her her cup.

"Grown out of all knowledge, you seem to be every time I see you, child. Nineteen to-morrow, your aunts tell me you are. Ah! I can remember when I was your age. Little I valued my youth then, and now all the riches of the world can't give me one hour of that golden time back again."

Miss Jane frowned slightly. Miss Jane was the older aunt, and possessed the strongest objection to Priscilla being brought into prominence.

"Age has its advantages, my dear Agnes"—Miss Arrol's name was Agnes. "Youth, in its inexperience, may well envy those of riper years. You may go and sit down, Priscilla. You are only standing in Miss Arrol's light."

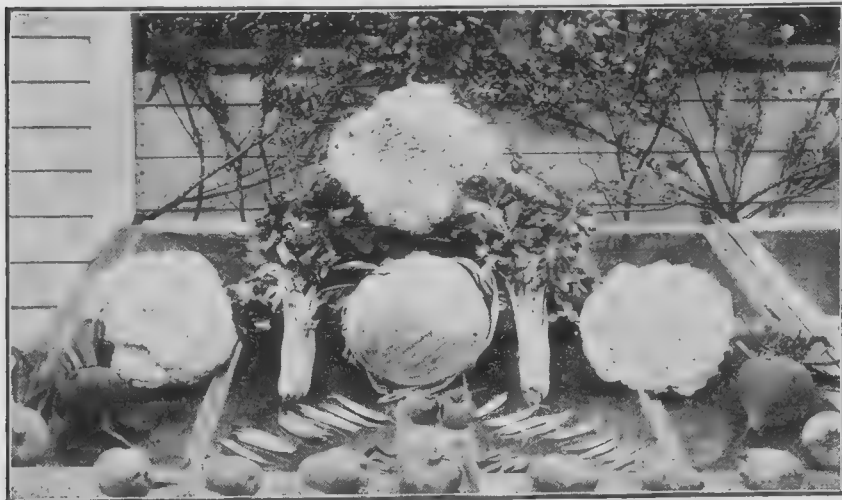
"Now, now, as though I didn't like to have her," the good-natured spinster said. "Often I've envied the two of you having a little girl like this of your own. You sit down by me, Cilla—once upon a time, long enough ago, I had a little sister of my own called Cilla—and tell me about all the birthday presents you're expecting to-morrow. Why, when I was your age, I'd not have been able to sleep for thinking of what I was get-

"Isn't it good of her? Can't I go along and thank her this very morning, Aunt Jane? And oh! I wish that I had something that I could take her in return, for a birthday present."

"Don't be ridiculous. Priscilla," Aunt Jane said in condemnatory tones. "Thank Agnes Arrol if you wish for her pretty gift; but pray do not endeavor to return it in any way. At her age, one endeavors to ignore a birthday rather than to remember it. Even when I was a girl, we had no time for such folly," added Aunt Jane, who certainly, at that period of her life, looked as unlikely a birthday-present giver or recipient as it was possible for anyone to imagine.

Priscilla, thankful to receive even so much permission, held her peace. But after breakfast was over, she hastened upstairs, and, donning her hat and coat, made a hasty exit from the house. There was always a certain fear lest Aunt Jane might repent of the permission already given, and recall her to some totally unnecessary household task. Priscilla, hastening down the faintly sunny street, reflected on the possibility of her being able to present Miss Agnes Arrol with any acceptable gift. At the florist's she paused, hesitated, and finally went in and bought a tiny pot of violets. Then she hailed the bus for Bournville.

Priscilla, though she had rarely visited Miss Arrol at Bournville before, found



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ting, and from whom. See what it is to be old. Though my birthday's to-morrow, too, same day as your own, no one would ever dream of sending me a present."

"No one has ever sent me a present either," Priscilla averred half shyly. "There are so few people that I know," she added sorrowfully and humbly. At that moment it almost seemed to her as though she had been cheated out of something in her life. Age might lay claim to experience, as Great-aunt Jane had declared; but how was experience to be gained if one had hardly even lived?

"We have always been most careful regarding Priscilla's associates," Great-aunt Maria said with dignity. "Young people are often heedless and rash as to their choice of friends; but, guarded as Priscilla has been, we have no need to reproach ourselves with any degree of laxity on that score. As regards the frivolous habit of present-giving upon birthdays or otherwise, that at least is one which we have always felt ought to be discouraged."

"Poor Priscilla," Miss Arrol murmured; but she said it so softly that only Priscilla, and not the aunts, heard it. "Never mind, if no one else will, I'll send you a birthday souvenir. It won't be much fun for you, I'm afraid, but it will at least be better than nothing. Nineteen only comes once in a lifetime, you know."

And the old lady nodded reassuringly, and gave Priscilla's hand an affectionate little squeeze.

## Chapter II

Priscilla's "present" from Miss Arrol arrived duly upon her birthday morning. Half a dozen embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, accompanying a card pretty enough to have emanated from the most adoring of lovers. Priscilla had no lover—had never had a lover; but this very tangible token of her kind old friend's affection for her was certainly next best. She looked up with shining eyes.

the house easily enough. One of a couple of villas, standing back a little from the road, and surrounded by a cheerful green paling. The maid who answered her rather timid ring, smiled, and invited her to enter, even before she had asked if Miss Arrol was at home.

"Missus has been expectin' you all mornin', though she's not just so well to-day, miss," she volunteered as information.

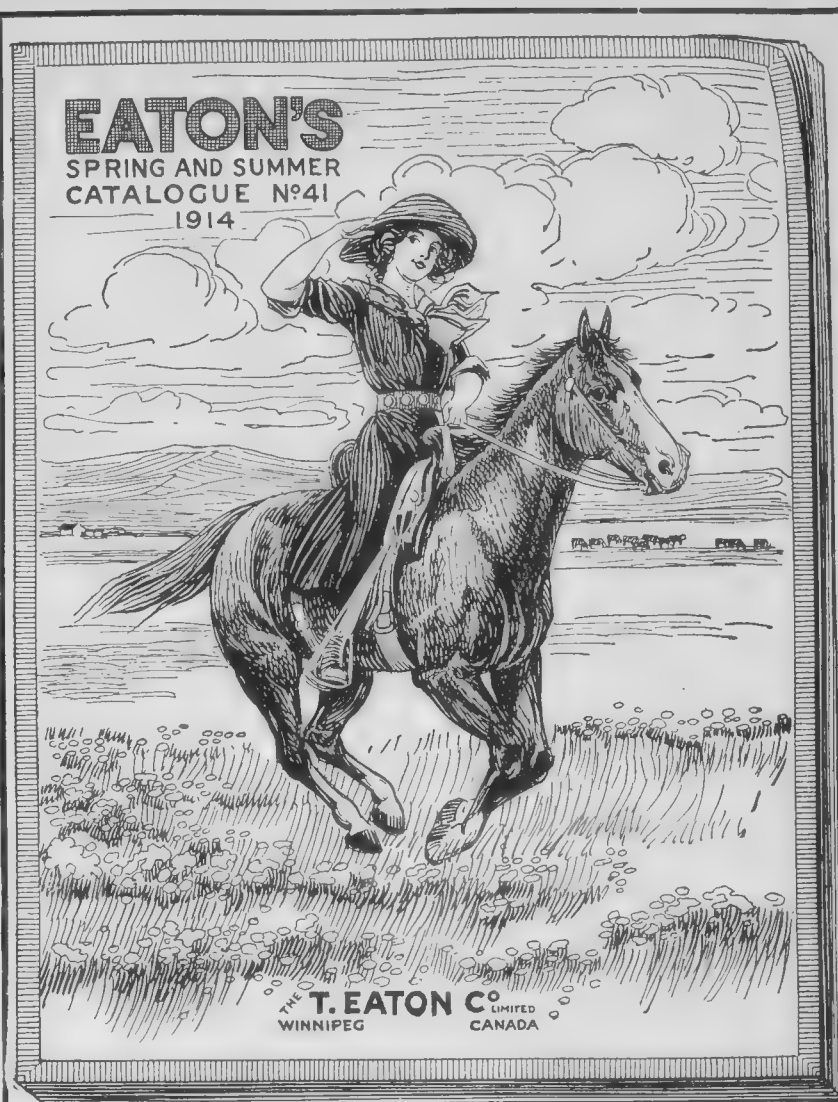
Priscilla laid her pot of violets upon the table, and sat down to wait in the comfortable little room; half parlor, half study, into which she had been ushered. She had not so long to wait after all. The door opened, and a rather gloomy-faced young man entered. The gloom did not even lift from his countenance at sight of Priscilla sitting there, her little pot of purple violets beside her.

"Good morning," he said briefly. "My aunt is indisposed this morning, and has commissioned me to see you in her place. She expected you rather earlier; but I suppose the delay was unavoidable."

"I came as soon as I could," Priscilla said in a very small voice. She was too meek to resent the old lady's evident desire for immediate thanks; though she could not help wishing that it had been Miss Arrol rather than her nephew who had been there in person to receive them.

"Oh! that's all right," he said easily. "It's only that my aunt's a bit nervous—thought there might have been a bus smash-up or something of that sort when you didn't make your appearance. You haven't been from home before, I suppose?" he added, not unkindly. That the little girl with the shy grey eyes was half frightened of him, Basil Norwood had realized on the moment, and this young man, albeit gloomy of countenance, did not care to be held in unnecessary awe.

"Never without one of my aunts," Priscilla informed him. "As far as Bournville, I mean. But I found the house quite easily. It wasn't that that



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kept me. I suppose we must just have had breakfast later this morning," added Priscilla, seeking still further to appease this austere questioner.

"It was hardly that I meant." He flushed all over his handsome face. "Staying from home, rather. I gather," flushing again, "from your appearance, that you are very young. It must only be quite recently that you have done with school."

It was now Priscilla's turn to flush. What a strange young man this was, to be sure. But perhaps, like Priscilla herself, he was shy, and the abruptly novel nature of his conversation might merely be the result of nervous "gaucherie." If such were the case, Priscilla felt that she could sympathize with him if anyone could.

"I never was at school. My aunts preferred that I should be taught at home. And I am not so young as I look. Everyone says so. Nineteen is not so very young, is it?"

"It is hardly a patriarchal age," he told her, smiling in spite of himself; for there was something in Priscilla's childish naivete which was unexplainably refreshing. "Forgive me for the impertinence of my inquiry. That is one of the things, I am told, which the twentieth-century young lady usually prefers to keep to herself."

"Why, I wonder?" For Priscilla, living far apart from the world and its wiles as she had hitherto done, was singularly ignorant on such matters. "My aunts are always telling me how young I am; but then, one of them is over eighty, and that is really old,"

added Priscilla, as though nothing short of the age of the renowned Methuselah could have in any way appealed to her.

And then she remembered the real purport of her coming, and lifted the little pot of violets from the table.

"'Twas the only thing I could think of. Your aunt likes flowers, doesn't she? And violets—I always think there are no flowers like violets."

"Violets." He smiled back at her, the gloom altogether gone from his handsome face. "Aren't they sweet, too?" He drew the little pot towards him, as though the better to inhale the fragrance. "They take me back to the time when I was a little chap. We used to grow just such violets as those in the dear old rectory garden at home. Such a time ago it seems, almost a lifetime, and I thought I'd forgotten. But there are some things we can't forget, hard as we try."

"But that—you'd always want to remember that," Priscilla's grey eyes were half wistful as she spoke. "I've nothing like that in my life—only always the same, the old house, the old aunts. Sometimes I think that it will never be any different. The world beyond, and me here—always here. Only perhaps when I grow old, like the old aunts, I shan't mind so much."

The man, still bending over the violets, glanced up. His dark eyes met hers with a sudden, answering, understanding flash.

"Not mind? Why, child, don't you know that it's the passing away of your own beautiful youth, above all, which will leave you broken-hearted? When

that is gone — so little else matters. We're so wearied, with no heart for the brave fight we might once have undertaken, had fetters not bound our hands. We are not content, not even resigned, only helpless. Surely there are bigger things to be got out of life than mere 'not minding'?"

"Oh, then you know—you know, too?" Priscilla stretched out her little hand, and, across the violets, their grasp met. "I had fancied that no one understood—knew. For life is beautiful, isn't it, and to be shut out from it all—that's what seems the very hardest. Not that it's the aunts' fault; don't imagine that for a moment. It's only that they can't will never understand."

And then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, Priscilla stood up, blushing furiously. To confide thus in an utter stranger those thoughts which as yet she had hardly realized she possessed whatever could she have been thinking of? Only, he hardly seemed a stranger now. Those later confidences had brought them very near together.

"I must be going," Priscilla said, a little stiffly. "Will you tell your aunt how sorry I am that she is—indisposed." "But you must come up and see my aunt," he said, almost eagerly. "It was only those — preliminaries that I was commissioned to arrange. She would naturally prefer an interview with you herself."

"I thought you were never coming, Basil. It is quite half an hour, I am sure, since I heard the door bell ring. Give the young woman that chair where I can see her face."

But Priscilla did not at once accept the chair the nephew, thus commanded, proffered her. There was a startled look in her grey eyes as she met the searching glance of the irate old lady. For the moment the girl felt not unlike Little Red Riding Hood of the children's fairy tale, who, coming to visit kindly Grandmamma, finds Grandmamma mysteriously vanished, and the snarling wolf in her place.

"What are you staring at, may I ask, child?" the wolf inquired sharply. "One would think you had never seen a sick woman before. You may leave us now, Basil. I shall arrange matters with this young—ahem, person myself."

"Oh, no, don't go away." Priscilla turned desperately to her one friend, now about to desert her. "It's all a mistake, and I don't know what's the matter. It was Miss Arrol I came to see—Miss Arrol, who sent me my birthday present. Oh, I am afraid that there is some very terrible mistake," poor Priscilla said.

Then the wolf did a very extraordinary thing for a wolf to do. The wolf began to laugh. The nephew was very far from laughing. He was too much concerned over Priscilla's grief for mirth.

"Why, the poor, dear, silly child has somehow got herself into the wrong house," said the wolf, who, upon closer acquaintanceship, did not seem to be such a bad old wolf after all. "Miss Arrol stays next door, and I suppose, the two houses being so much alike, you somehow wandered in here instead. Fooled that brilliant nephew of mine too, most successfully. He undertook to interview an intending 'companion help' who promised to call this morning, and this is the result. He must have conducted his interrogations very cleverly to keep you in the dark so long."

"Oh, I see," Priscilla said slowly. She raised her eyes to the nephew's face, the dawning of a smile chasing away their distress. The nephew, who had been looking singularly discomfited, thereupon smiled too. Perhaps he recalled the pleasing fact, that, though in that interesting category of questions which he had put to Priscilla, he had asked her several things, after all, Priscilla had told him even more than he had asked.

"You've got to forgive me," he told her now. "I thought my aunt was in luck's way for once; but it's evidently not to be." The nephew hardly acknowledged, as he spoke, that the regret was as much on his own account as on his aunt's.

"I'm an old woman, and though you're not to be my companion, I'd like you to come and see me now and again, my dear. Agnes Arrol will bring you, and vouch for my respectability too, if you care. I like your face, and it isn't often that I take a fancy to a face. What are you standing glowering at, Basil? You can come back in half an hour, when we've had our chat out, and show this young lady the way next door."

But, after all, Miss Arrol never got her carefully chosen birthday present. Priscilla left her violets on the table of the sick old lady to whom she had been so strangely introduced — left perhaps also a memory, even sweeter than the violets, to brighten her own and her nephew's joint lives. Agnes Arrol nodded and smiled inscrutably as she watched the young man from next door a little later, showing Priscilla "the way" to her own abode. "The way" necessitated a good deal of showing. It even necessitated, on his part, an entrance into Miss Arrol's own particular parlor.

"It's an age since I've seen you, Miss Arrol, even though I do stay next door," the nephew informed her unblushingly. Miss Arrol only smiled again inscrutably.

"And now I suppose I shouldn't have seen you either, if you hadn't stayed next door, and Cilla here hadn't thought that I did," she told him with equal audacity.

Which neither the nephew nor yet Priscilla could altogether deny. The nephew was smiling; Priscilla was smiling; Miss Arrol was smiling too. Perhaps the old lady, with her far-seeing glance, saw what as yet those two dense young people did not—that, where the servant Betsy had unlatched the gate, the nephew had pushed it ajar, and that the portals of the world were about to open even more widely for Priscilla, never, it might be, to close again on this side of time.

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## Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

IN this Northern climate of the Greater West, where the thermometer takes such icy dips at times and a snowy mantle covers the earth for months together, spring, in all its beauty, is hailed with more real delight than anywhere in the world. So keen is our appreciation of its pleasures, one of the spring ventures, affording much interest and pleasure to a real lover of chickens, is getting the hens set, an incubator started, fitting up the little whitewashed coops and brooders in readiness for the tiny yellow and black fluffy darlings of chicken life soon to appear from dozens of white and brown shells. In Manitoba and the Western provinces I consider the latter part of March quite soon enough to set any hens on an incubator. Early April is a good time to start the hatching process. The nights continue cold for most of our spring season, and unless hens are set in a very comfortable place eggs get chilled and hatches are poor. Then again, under ordinary conditions, the same very early chicks, are difficult to look after, either with their mother hens, or in a brooder. If the "guid man" will allow such a thing a warm corner of the cow or horse barn, makes a cosy home for half a dozen hens during hatchery, and if these hens are properly seen to and not allowed to wander about and worry animals, they give no trouble.



Exhibition pair, bred and owned by Mrs. Cooper.

If space will permit, a row of three to six nest boxes could be put together by the handy member of the family, covered with a lid, and an extension made in front of each, covered with mesh wire for Biddy to stretch her legs and feed and water herself. All setting hens should have a regular time of feeding. After three or four mornings I do not find it necessary to take them off. Just place the food in light grit and water and uncover the nest at a regular hour. Eleven in the morning is an excellent time for chickens to feed, and twenty minutes is as long as a hen should be off; sometimes they return to the nest in ten minutes.

After a little training the hens will see to their wants. A dust bath is often relished, and the caretaker need only look in to see all is right in half an hour's time. Then cover them up for another twenty-four hours.

Of course, no sensible man will allow a hen in his stable with vermin on her, providing she is "boxed up." But, then, no one has any right to set a lousy hen, and there is no excuse for hens having vermin upon them at any time. A chicken, in particular, should be thoroughly dusted with insect powder before she is set, and once a week afterwards during incubation. On no account set any hens in the laying pens, as the eggs will get broken. Other hens lay in that nest without fail when "Mrs. Chicken" is feeding, thus muddling up the hatch.

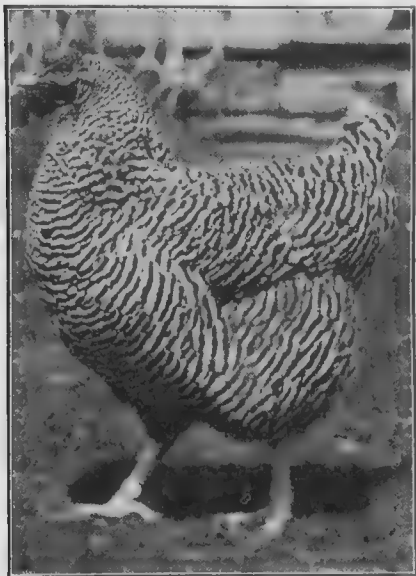
From the winter laying pen plenty of broody hens can be selected by April first, or some days before. These chickens should be made comfy in clean nest boxes half filled with chopped straw, chaff or soft hay with a sprinkling of insect powder all through the filling. Hollow out a nest and give her some sham eggs. I prefer a couple of

real ones, though, as "the shams" are such chilly things to ask a hen to cuddle. Select eggs for hatching purposes from the hens that have not been forced into early winter laying, mated up, as I directed in February's Chat. Pick out well shaped eggs, hard and smooth in shell. Rough-shelled eggs seldom hatch, I notice. Discard very small or very large eggs, and give each hen eleven eggs, quite enough to incubate in early spring. In May a large hen can cover and hatch thirteen to fifteen eggs, as danger from chilling has passed by that date. May is really quite an ideal month for hatching chickens anywhere, though it is splendid to secure some April hatches if conditions are right on the farm. But in May it seems so easy to set the chickens in any outhouse or handy corner. When the chicks come out, the coops can be placed on the tender green sward, where they get their own taste of green-stuff so necessary for the health of young chicks.

When sitting hens have been attending to business for sixteen or seventeen days, they will often become restless and require a little attention during the last week. Sometimes a Biddy will hop off her nest and cackle herself hoarse, and infect her setting sisterhood and the caretaker will find "a great ado" about nothing. Then comes the value of closed doors, because, if a hen gets out of doors when this fever of unrest is on her, a pretty chase she will lead you.

Eggs can be candled when set under hens in just the same manner as incubator lots of eggs. Many handy testers are on the market for a little price. A bright soda biscuit tin with an egg-shaped hole cut in the side with a can opener, and a small lamp set in the box makes a good tester, the bright tin reflecting the light well. Even a novice can soon learn to test eggs. A little practice enables the operator to see the embryo spot indicating the "chicken's eye." Seemingly there are tiny streamers attached to it, the tiny blood veins branching out from this centre. An egg with the eye spot fixed to one side is no good, as the mass should be floating through the whole egg, as it were. Then an egg with a blood-colored circle around it never hatches out. The clear, infertile eggs are very easy detected with just the yolk to be seen in the centre. Some thick shelled brown eggs are difficult to test at first, but at twelve to fourteen days the growth can be readily detected. The first candling is done from the seventh to eighth day. These tested out eggs make good feed when boiled hard and mixed with bread crumbs for the wee chickens later on.

When several hens are set at one time and the eggs tested at one week, usually one hen can be set on a fresh batch of eggs, when all infertiles are removed, thus saving a little time.



Exhibition hen, bred and owned by Mrs. A. Cooper, Treesbank.

In gathering eggs for hatching see that they are not chilled; in fact, it is best to collect them three times a day and place them in trays in a room about fifty degrees in temperature. Turn them every day or so, and set as soon as is possible. But when filling a machine a week or ten days must elapse to collect enough to start the incubator. When the faint cheep, cheep is heard in the

nest—the first sound of life which we eagerly look for—cover the hen carefully. When she has had her morning meal leave her quiet for twenty-four hours or longer until all the chicks are hatched. She is quite capable of throwing out discarded egg shells herself. Poking in the nest does more harm than good. Leave the hen and her clutch of chicks until they are what is called "nest ripe" before removing them to the



Exhibition pullet, bred and owned by Mrs. Cooper.

waiting coop. Then the hungry mother hen wants good feeding and a drink before she is put in to cuddle the young fry for another twenty-four hours, when they are ready for their first feed of crumbs. I cover the coop over with a sack for the first day to keep them quiet.

A few remarks in regard to Turkey breeding may be useful to The Western Home Monthly readers. Turkeys should be mated in early spring, not later than March 1st to 15th. In selecting "a Tom," a bird of medium weight from twenty to twenty-five pounds is to be preferred to a huge creature of thirty to forty pounds, as a large gobbler sometimes will kill a turkey hen. One Tom to eight or ten turkey hens is the limit for a breeding pen. Except in the coldest weather, turkeys need all the liberty they can be given with safety, as they are wild creatures in habit. Early in April they will begin to lay, and I find if good roomy nests, such as an old barrel staked and placed on its side, half filled with straw, etc., are placed in the turkeys' winter quarters, the hens will probably make use of them. Of course, if there is a straw stack or hay rick in the stable yard the hens will likely nest there, as they dearly love to steal their nests away from the watchful eye of man. However, in the damp spring-time most of the turkey eggs can be found. I often save 9 or 10 turkey eggs and give them to a large broody common hen to hatch and bring up with good success.

If a turkey hen begins to lay very early in the season, she can be broken up easily. When becoming broody and after a couple of weeks will lay another quota of thirteen eggs. Turkey eggs are generally most fertile, hatching well. Care must be used in mating. The Tom and hens must not be akin at all for best results in breeding.

#### Social Centre of the Rural School

If young people are to develop naturally, if they are to make full use of their social as well as their intellectual powers, if they are to be satisfied with their surroundings, they must be provided with suitable opportunities for social mingling and recreation in groups. This is nature's way; there is no other way. The school might and should afford this opportunity. There is not the least reason why the school building, when it is adapted to this purpose, should not be the common neighborhood meeting place for all sorts of young people's parties, picnics, entertainments, athletic contests, and every other form of amusement approved in the community.

Such a use of the school property would yield large returns to the community for the small additional expense required. It would serve to weld the school and community more closely to-

gether. It would vastly change the attitude of the young toward the school. It would save much of the dissatisfaction of young people with the life of the farm. It would prove a great safeguard to youthful morals. It would lead the community itself to a new sense of its duty toward the social life of the young, and to a new concept of the school as a part of the community organization. Finally, this broadened service of the school to its community would have a reflex influence on the school itself, vitalizing every department of its activities, and giving it a new vision of its opportunities.

The first obstacle that will appear in the way of such a plan is the inadequacy of the present type of country schoolhouse. And this is a serious matter; for the barren, squalid little building of the present day would never fit into such a project. But this type of schoolhouse must go—is going. It is a hundred years behind our civilization, and wholly inadequate to present needs. Passing for later discussion the method by which these buildings are to be supplanted by the better ones, let us consider further the details of the plan for making the school the neighborhood center.

First of all, each school must supply a larger area and a greater number of people than at present. It is financially impossible to erect good buildings to the number of our present schools. Nor are there pupils enough in the small district as now organized to make a school, nor people enough successfully to use the school as a neighborhood center.

Let each township, or perhaps, somewhat smaller area, select a central, well-adapted site and thereon erect a modern, well-equipped school building. But this building must not be just the traditional school-house with its class rooms and rows of desks. For it is to be more than a place where the children will study and recite lessons from books; it is to be the place where all the people of the neighborhood, old and young, will assemble for entertainment, amusement and instruction. Here will be held community picnics, social entertainments, young people's parties, lectures, concerts, debating contests, agricultural courses for the farmers, school programs, spreads and banquets, and whatever else may belong to the common social and intellectual life of the community.

The modern rural school building will, therefore, be home-like as well as school-like. In addition to its class rooms it will contain an assembly room capable of seating several hundred people. The seating of this room may be removable so that the floor can be cleared for social purposes or the room used for a dining room. One or two smaller rooms will be needed for social functions, club and committee meetings. These rooms should be made attractive with good furniture, rugs, couches and pictures. The building will contain well-equipped laboratories for manual training and domestic science, the latter of which will be found serviceable in connection with serving picnics, "spreads" and the like. The entire building should be architecturally attractive, well-heated and ventilated, commodious, well furnished, and decorated with good pictures. In it should be housed a library containing several thousand well selected books, besides magazines and newspapers. The laboratories and equipment should be fully equal to those found in the town schools, but should be adapted to the work of the rural school.

The grounds surrounding the rural school buildings can easily be ample in area, and beautiful in outlook and decoration. Here will be the neighborhood athletic grounds for both boys and girls, shade trees for picnics, flowers and shrubs, and ground enough for a school garden connected with the instruction in agriculture. Nor is it too much to believe that the district will in the future erect on the school grounds a cottage for the principal of the school and his family, and thus offer an additional inducement for strong, able men to devote their energies to education in the rural communities.

Now, contrast this schoolhouse and equipment with the typical rural building of the present. Adjoining a pros-

perous farm, with its large house, its accompanying barns, silos, machine houses and all the equipment necessary to modern farming is the little schoolhouse. It is a dilapidated shell of a rectangular box, barren of every vestige of beauty or attractiveness both inside and out. At the rear are two outbuildings which are an offense to decency and a menace to morals. Within the schoolhouse the painted walls are dingy with smoke and grime. The windows are broken and dirty, no pictures adorn the walls. The floor is washed but once or twice a year. The room is heated by an ugly box of a stove, and ventilated only by means of windows which frequently are nailed shut. The grounds present a wilderness of weeds, rubbish, and piles of ashes. It is all an outrage against the rights of the country child, and an indictment of the intelligence and ideals of a large proportion of our people.

If it is said that the plan proposed to remedy this situation is revolutionary, it will be admitted. What our rural schools of to-day need is not improvement but re-organization. For only in this radical way can they be made a factor in the vitalizing and conserving of the rural community which, unless some new leaven is introduced, is surely destined to disorganization and decay.

#### Grandfather Time

John Drew, the actor, told the following story at the Players' Club:

A young married couple were moving from her mother's to a cozy apartment three blocks away. The bride said to her husband, "John, dear, I simply cannot trust the vanmen to carry grandfather's clock. You will carry it for me, won't you?" John demurred, but consented finally. The day was hot. When John reached the first corner he found he was being followed by a man. It irritated him, but he kept on, the perspiration trickling down his cheeks, the six-foot clock held tightly between his arms. The same man was watching John at the next corner.

"Why are you following me?" yelled John. "Why," said the stranger, "I'm trying to figure out why you don't carry a watch instead."

Happiness is in relish, not in things; it is by having what we like that we are happy, not in having what others like.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—Elbert Hubbard.



#### Give Me A Chance to Cure Your Rheumatism FREE

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## The WINNIPEG BONSPIEL

### THE ANCIENT GAME OF CURLING



IT is not without some justification that the Winnipeg Bonspiel is called the greatest sporting event in the world. To understand this, it is but necessary to visit the Granite Rink on the opening day of the great competition. Outside the rink will be seen a dozen sleighs and a small army of men,



Mr. J. Robertson, the veteran secretary of the Manitoba Curling Association, and father of the Winnipeg Bonspiel

who are loading and unloading the "rocks." Crowding into the building are scores of jolly-looking men—bright and enthusiastic—many of whom have come to participate in the fun; others to observe the play from points of vantage in the spacious galleries. At the ring of the bell there appear on the ice seventy-two stalwarts, each armed with

the customary broom. Then, after scraping the rocks and marking them with tags and ribbons, the word is given to begin. Pandemonium reigns! None but a devotee of the game can make anything out of the strange expressions. "In turn!—Tee weight! Take a little more ice!—Keep your eye on the broom!—Now, just a light back!—Don't throw yourself off! Take this wick and be over! A long guard now, just over the hog! We'll sweep you!—Hold your hand, man!—Be canny!—Take him through the house!—Sweep, men, sweep!—Well tried!—Carry him through!—Just enough to change places!—Canny, noo!—Hold your hand!—Take the port and draw to the button!—Oh, you've caught a broom!—Good shot! Your salary's increased!—You're a braw curler!" So it continues for two hours and a half—without cessation. Men seem to be running everywhere, shouting, sweeping, now looking anxious, now exultant. Sometimes a stone comes down the ice slowly creeping, with men polishing the ice as if it were the costliest hardware floor, now running so fast that it looks like a bullet from a ship's cannon. And when the game ends there is a shaking of hands all round—a pious hope of another meeting—a kind wish that the winners may go through to the finals, then a drink of bovril and a sandwich, and a long ride on the cars to reach the next battlefield. For the Granite is but one of many rinks. Not seventy-two, but three hundred and twenty players are at work in the city during the first draw. These give way to another contingent, and these to still a third. Altogether there are about nine hundred curlers in this great bonspiel, and it is the hope of everyone that he may reach the finals in one or more of the competitions.

Who are these curlers and whence do they come? From Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie, from every town in Manitoba, from the cities and towns of Saskatchewan and Alberta; from far-distant Yukon; from Fort William and



T. E. Poole (2) H. L. Turner (3)  
Thos. Johnson (1) J. A. Johnson (skip.)

McLaren Cup—Won by Johnson of Baldur, Man



W. N. Budge (1) Geo. Richardson (2)  
A. McConaghy (skip.) Geo. Richardson (3)

Eaton Trophy—Won by McConaghy of Neepawa, Man.

Port Arthur, from the towns and cities of Ontario, from Duluth, St. Paul and other American curling centres—yes, and sometimes from the parent land where the first curlers were bred, and where they still play the game in the spirit of true sportsmen. It is the canny Scotchman who is ever the real enthusiast in this best of games.

And why the best of games? Because it is clean and sociable; because it develops many qualities; because it is a game for old and young, rich and poor. It is the most democratic and the most aristocratic of all the games of men. It is clean, in that it will tolerate no gambling, no cheating. And when players are at work, drinking is almost wholly unknown. It is sociable because it draws together in a friendly way all classes, creeds and nationalities. It develops many qualities because every man has always a good word for every good shot and an encouraging or sympathetic remark for every bad one. The occasional "grouser" who appears is regarded with amusement. He provides diversion—that is all.

And when one remembers that every year the whole of Canada meets here in friendly rivalry, that these friendly relations are extended in equal measure to the visitors from "across the line"; when one sees a rink of "veterans" playing against a rink of "kids," or fathers playing against their sons; when they see city lined up against country, or district against district—there is born out of it all a feeling of friendship that time cannot obliterate. For it is a remarkable thing in this curling that most of these players can recall all the critical shots of all their games. They can talk them over when they go home, and explain them all to their children. Aye, it is wonderful how many games would have been different, only, if—

There are four great competitions and several minor ones. At the end of a week the great majority of the rinks have fallen by the wayside and the more enduring are left to battle along, husbanding their strength, preserving their form until the finish.

And who could describe the finish of one of the great competitions? A gazing crowd of sympathizers, a hush as each stone comes down the ice, a criticism or approval of each play—all this from the spectators. And as to the players—they are tensely in earnest, heeding every admonition of the skips,

now planning plays, now cautioning and encouraging each other. Nor is there any cessation of interest and no concession of victory until the last stone is thrown and the shouts go up for the winner.

If it should be urged that there is great loss of time when 900 men spend ten days in useless sport it has only to be pointed out that for many of these 900 men this is their only holiday. Most of them are hard at work in offices or in businesses of various kinds throughout the whole year, and here they get their necessary opportunity for relaxation and for mingling with their fellow-men in a non-commercial pursuit. And what a relief it is from office strain and business worry to spend a couple of hours on the ice! There are 192 stones thrown every game. The interest is shifted 192 times. The whole attention is given to the stone during its course down the ice. The players literally forget home and friends; they forget business and politics. They are in the game for all it is worth. They are children once more. No one can measure the mental rest that is found in playing a series of games under such conditions as prevail at Winnipeg, and the work is so strenuous that the physical benefits are admitted by every curler.

When the curlers come to town they bring with them a host of friends. Probably four or five thousand visitors are in the city. It is a time of conventions and meetings of all kinds. Though Winnipeg is now a fairly large city containing over a quarter of a million people it would hardly be expected that the presence of a few thousand people would be felt. But so great is the interest in this national winter game, and so much attention is devoted to it in the newspapers, that there is a positive loneliness about the city after the last game has been played, and the curlers have returned to their homes.

The plans for the Bonspiel and the carrying out of the details, involve a great deal of labor. For months beforehand the various districts in Western Canada have been playing down the primary games. Strong committees have been at work making all arrangements for ice, transportation of rocks, the housing of the players, and the order of the competitions, and all this has been done under the direction of the veteran player and Honorary Secretary, J. P. Robertson, who has been identified with the

Bonspiel since the early days and who is always accorded the honor of leading off in the veteran's game.

So clean is the sport, and so honored by the players and the people generally, that it is considered by wealthy men of the community and by high officials to be an honor to present cups and prizes. Yet the curlers seem to set little value on these prizes except as mementos. Whether it be a gold watch or a lady's fan it is all the same to one of the contestants. He is happy if he can only take home some symbol of victory. There is scarcely a town in Western Canada that does not possess one or more trophies. When young curlers look at these and then think of the fellowship and the joy of competition that go with

the winning, it is no wonder that they place it among the first of their ambitions to go some day to the big city to take part in the annual bonspiel.

#### Every Man is Necessary

Remember, we are all pretty much alike. That is to say, although we differ in appearance, we are the same in substance throughout. Go a moment, in imagination, to an orchestra during the interval while all the instruments lie on the seats deserted by the players. Look around upon those mute creatures of brass and boxwood, of ivory and silver. Some are plain and cheap, others are gilded and costly. Some

are worn with years, and some are new from the maker. Even now you have a kind of suspicion that the less showy ones may be the more valuable. How curious their shapes, how skilful their construction! Yet with all the measureless variety, and all the marvellous range of intricate combination they have each the same limit of reach.

All the music is produced from the mere eight notes to the octave. You think there are too many of one kind or too few of another. But when the performers return, and the grand chords begin swelling again, you are convinced they were grouped by a wisdom higher than yours. They are all necessary to each other. They cannot afford to be jealous. And so, no matter

whether the harmony is strung for the plaintive dirge or the brilliant song—all are obedient to the rod of the master musician who guides them. It takes everybody to make a world. We are all more alike than unlike, and are all necessary to the making up of history and human work.

O mountain-crested Scotland! I marvel not thou art  
Dear as a gracious mother unto thy children's heart!

I marvel not they love thee, thou Land of rock and glen,  
Of lake, and strath, and mountain; and more, of gifted men!

—Mary Howitt

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# The Hoarding of the Waters

By Frederick Hall

JOEL HART folded the letter and placed it in his inside pocket. It read simply:

"I leave for Denver, Friday, and will stop at Morris, to talk things over with you."

But to him those words meant much: for one thing, they represented almost the only secret that he had ever kept from his mother.

He stopped a moment at the barn door to look across the corn and wheat fields, withering beneath the fierce heat of the July sun, then he saddled Pinto and started on the ten-mile race to Morris.

Two great events in Joel's life had come the year that he was seventeen: one the death of his father and the other a change within his own heart. He sometimes thought the one had come at the time it did that he might have strength to bear the other. For Joel loved his father, and the loss that had left the home so empty had laid upon the boy's young shoulders a heavy load of responsibility.

It was chiefly for Ephraim Hart's health that the family had moved into the West, and the clear, dry air of the plains, which had done so little for their crops, had given added months of life to the hopeful, failing man. It was that which had kept up their hearts during those first two years of drought, when hundreds of settlers had given up and gone back East.

"It doesn't matter," Mrs. Hart would say, "so long as father keeps well and happy."

Joel never failed to nod assent and neighbors said:

"Well, maybe the Harts can stick it out. They've got money back East."

But only Joel and his mother knew how meager were those eastern resources, or how heavily they had been drawn upon.

Then came their year of plenty, with its generous rains, when the father, in his wheel chair upon the porch, could look across fields ripening to an abundant harvest and, in a voice which grew each day weaker, would talk of the good times which were coming, when he should once more be well and strong; the years of drought had plainly been exceptional, the soil was as fertile as any in the world, prosperity had come to stay; and Joel and his mother, who saw only too clearly the end that was coming so quickly now, encouraged him in all his hopeful prophecies.

The autumn's rich harvest had been gathered in, winter had passed and then had come exactly such a spring as they had known those first two years. Dry winds swept for days across the prairies; there was scant rain in May and almost none in June. When July came, they could see that nothing but speedy and abundant rain could save even a fraction of their crops.

"We'll be ruined if it doesn't rain," Joel said to old Dr. Cameron, to whom he had gone for advice and comfort. "We couldn't sell for the cost of our buildings. It isn't myself; I'm young and strong and I can earn a living anywhere; but mother hasn't the health she used to have, and Ruth and Sadie, they're little. They can't work, and it can't be that they are to lose all that their father saved for them when he was well and strong. And then, at the worst, we are better off than others; there are dozens, yes, hundreds who will suffer more than we shall."

"Have you ever read of the men who are cultivating parts of the Sahara?" said Dr. Cameron, suddenly looking up at the boy. "Now these western plains they may have been meant to be irrigated, or they may be best adapted to crops that you have not tried."

"It's all so new," answered Joel. "No, I never looked at it that way before. I'll—I'll have to think it out. It—" he hesitated—"it shows me up some. It's like the parable in the Bible about the houses, somewhere the floods have come and the winds blow. Of course my house has got to stand, all right, only—" his voice died out and for some moments he sat silent.

Dr. Cameron had had a hurry call to

the next town to see a patient, and Joel walked with him to the station, shook hands with him and stood watching as the train pulled slowly out. On the rear platform two men, apparently tourists, were standing, and as they were whirled past, a scrap of their conversation reached his ears:

"—Simply depends on whether dry farming—" and the rest was lost in the rumble of the train.

But the half dozen words stuck in his memory and all the way home, whenever he was not pondering what Dr. Cameron had said, he was wondering what "dry farming" might mean.

"Mother," asked Joel, as he sat down next morning at the breakfast table, "what's dry farming?"

"I don't know," she answered. "What makes you ask? I don't think I ever heard of it before."

not best for them to buy he received with a quite surprising good grace and forthwith rose to go.

It seems to have been a pretty bad year for crops, all through this section," he remarked, as he descended the steps. "It's a lack of rain," said Joel.

"How much have you had?"

"None to speak of since May."

The stranger took out a little note book and consulted it.

"You've had fourteen inches in the last year," he said.

Joel made no reply.

"Twelve inches are enough to grow forty bushels of wheat to the acre," he went on, "and in that field it doesn't look as if you'd get ten. You haven't used the rain; you've wasted it."

The stranger ended with a smile, or Joel might have retorted angrily. After his months of unremitting labor, it was not pleasant to find himself accused of being the author of his own misfortunes. "How have I wasted it?" he asked.

The stranger replied by putting another question in a quick, nervous tone: "Did you ever write to the Agricul-

tramping the country and selling books to pay expenses."

"Come in, and have some supper," said Joel.

Eldredge Brewster accepted the invitation and stayed the night. Every moment that was not spent in sleep was spent in earnest conversation, and when he left next morning, Joel walked with him down the dusty road a mile or more.

"I'll send you the books and the tool catalogues," said his new found friend, at parting. "You'll want to read it up. It would help too if you would come to the college and see one of our model farms. If ever you get 'stuck' write to me and I'll come or send some one, but in the main, all you need is to remember a few simple things. There's rain enough, this section has always had rain enough, if only it is kept from running off the surface and evaporating. To save it you must keep your sub-soil packed and your surface, your soil mulch, pulverized. Begin in the spring, as soon as the ground is dry enough to let you on it, follow your plow with the sub-soil packer and the disk harrow. Harrow after every rain. Save the water, don't let it get away from you, that's the secret of the whole thing. Keep the work up all summer and if, as you say, you have the money to skip a crop that year, and give your time and energy to getting your soil into the right condition, there isn't a reason in the world why, after that, you shouldn't have good crops every year. You won't need to depend on the weather. The work will be hard and steady, dry farming was never invented for a lazy man, but you and your hired man will be able to do it, with perhaps another horse. It is the results you are after, and when you come to try it, you will find that you use less seed and get bigger crops than you did the old way, even in the best years. Of course the irrigation ditch would help even a dry farmer, but, as you say, you won't get that for some years yet."

They shook hands and Eldredge Brewster set off down the road. Then, when he had gone a half dozen rods, he turned and came back.

"Just one thing more," he said, "don't be talked out of this. If it wasn't so pathetic, it would be funny, the way the old line farmers stick to the notion that methods which were good in Illinois, and Ohio, and New England, must be good here, and never stop to consider that there they had twice the rain fall. I've talked to such men, and men who know ten times what I do about dry farming have talked, and lectured to them, and shown them results, and still they keep on in the same old way, year after year, and fail. The hope of the country is in the young men. Don't give this up, or be talked out of it. I'll pay the expenses if you fail; only if you do as I say, you won't fail. Good-bye."

And this time he was really gone.

Joel set to work as soon as the books came, reading them evenings and at odd moments. His mother joined him in the study and later, after their fields had been harvested, and, as anticipated, had proved almost a total failure, she insisted that he follow Mr. Brewster's suggestion and visit the Agricultural College and model farms, at Wapahoe.

That week's trip was to Joel a revelation. Going over the grounds of the college, with his friend, he saw corn, wheat, sorghum, potatoes, and sugar beets, all of which had grown luxuriantly under weather conditions exactly similar to those upon his own farm, seventy-five miles away. He saw, too, class rooms and laboratories in which were studied sciences which he had never known to have any bearing upon farming and, before he returned home, his last doubts had been vanquished and he had placed his order for his new tools.



Winners at the Winnipeg Bonspiel.

C. R. Hudson (2)

H. J. Kellberg (1)

A. N. Fidler (3)

G. M. Hudson (skip.)

Governor-General Cup (grand aggregate)—Won by G. M. Hudson of Kenora, Ontario.

"I heard two people talking about it yesterday, and I thought maybe it was something that would help us."

"I think it's chickens," announced Sadie.

Joel and his mother laughed, for it was a family joke that the poultry always paid, no matter what the season, but the answer did not satisfy Joel.

"I wonder if Uncle Frank would know?" he asked.

"I'll ask him the next time I write," his mother promised.

But when the answer came it proved that Uncle Frank knew nothing whatever about dry farming. He could only guess that it must mean farming without water, which was, of course, quite absurd; and meanwhile Joel's inquiries among the neighbors had met with no better success.

About two weeks after his talk with Dr. Cameron a stranger called at Joel's house. His costume was a dark gray knickerbocker suit and leggings. A pair of glasses extremely concave made his eyes seem to protrude like those of some great insect, and the resemblance was heightened by his large head and slight, wiry figure. He was canvassing for a book, and, because strangers were rare, he was made welcome and sat for twenty minutes discoursing upon the merits of his volume. The decision that it was

tural Department about your troubles, may I ask?"

"No," answered Joel. "Len Stewart said it wouldn't do any good."

"Ever visit the Agricultural College at Wapahoe?"

"No."

"Ever visit one of their model farms?"

"No."

"You've a hired man?"

"Yes."

"Do you use a sub-soil packer?"

"No."

"Dry farming?"

And then of a sudden Joel fell upon that book agent and seized him, as if he feared that he might take to his heels and escape down the road.

"See here," he exclaimed. "What is dry farming? I've been trying for months to find out."

They sat down on the steps and talked.

After a while they rose and walked about from one part of the farm to another, inspecting and discussing it, not heeding the time, while the sun sank lower and lower in the western sky.

"Where did you find out all this?" asked Joel, as the twilight began to close about them. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm a sort of missionary—in disguise," answered the stranger. "I teach at Wapahoe. This is vacation time and so I'm

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# The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

## A TELEPHONE TRAGEDY

He was a successful business man—married, respected and loved by his family. She was an office girl—modestly neat and considered a clean, moral young woman. They met during the noon hour in one of Winnipeg's popular lunch rooms. He happened to sit across the table from her. Twice their eyes met, and then the acquaintance began. They met by appointment the next day at the same place. The third day they met again and made a date for an hour or two during the afternoon. Every day the two spent some time together. It was harmless pastime, and they enjoyed the flirtation, besides the wife could not possibly discover their friendship, since she was obliged to stay home to take care of the children. She believed that woman's place was in the home—so did he for reasons obvious. He was playing the double game. The wife trusted him and their home-life was supremely

so the broken-hearted wife resolved to try to bring her family up in a House of Lies—for their neighbors believed the home was happy. The children, however, could not thrive spiritually in an atmosphere of deception; they were handicapped for life.

And what became of the young woman? She married a noble young man, who, when he learned that his wife was a second-hand creature, left her alone in poverty and misery to suffer the penalty of punishment required of the home-wrecker. It is never right to do wrong. Providence has created within the "still small voice" to warn us when danger is near, and if we allow the devil to deafen our hearing, we must pay the devil's bill.

## DECISIVE MOMENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE

The engagement is a period full of decisive moments. Every girl should



A quaint French village on the St. Lawrence

happy. In the meantime the young woman dreamed of his flattering compliments and felt a thrill of pride that she had the power to attract men. Besides, one must have a little fun in life. There were times that the "still small voice" beat against her breast in anxious warning and her heart burned hot, but the music of the orchestra smothered the troublesome conscience, and the burning heart sent a fascinating flush to each cheek.

One morning his little girl called him up over the 'phone. It was her first telephone message. She was very proud of her accomplishment. She did love her "Daddy." But "Daddy" was too busy to talk to her, and the hot tears burned her eyes as she turned from the 'phone. That same noon his wife called him up, but Central made a mistake, and the wife listened to a conversation between "him" and "her." For a moment the wife trembled in a fearful chill as the truth dawned. Her hand clutched the receiver with a deathly grip. He, in tender tones, was solicitous of "her" welfare. "She" felt that she was taking a risk and relied on his judgment. He told her that she had no need to worry. They ended by promising to meet at four o'clock. The conversation was long. He was not "too busy." When the conversation ended the wife stood stunned, petrified to the heart; every muscle in her body was paralyzed, every nerve lifeless. Finally, dropping the receiver, she paced back and forth moaning: "Has it come to me? Has it come to me?" She had always believed their lives were to one another an open book. The little ones tried to comfort her by "What's the matter, mother, dear?" and they kissed her over again and again. They had never before seen her in tears. Their home happiness was blasted. She could not leave him because she loved her children, and Manitoban laws protect the father by giving him the children. And

take time to decide. S. S. McClure was in love with the daughter of Professor Hurst. In speaking of her dismissal of him he says: "Although my last interview with Miss Hurst was a definite dismissal, I did not entirely give up hope. People never do when they desire anything greatly. Since it was against her father's wishes she considered the proposal seriously and did not rush into the step with a head-strong spirit of revenge."

McClure speaks of her decision thus: "After she once made up her mind it was the right thing to do, I knew that nothing could alter her decision."

What strength of character to inspire so much confidence in the young man who trusted her!

Rule your man friend in the name of virtue and piety. Men need counsellors whom they can trust.

The experience of love in an engagement should be a desire to elevate not to degrade. There is no woman in French history of whom France is prouder than Heloise. There never was a time when Frenchmen were not bowed down to cultivated women. To her came Abelard and they are known as the immortal lovers, because their love survived all changes.

After Queen Victoria had chosen her husband she said: "When I had made up my mind, I sent for Albert. There was no hesitation on his part, but the offer was received with kindness and affection. I told him I was quite unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy to spend his life with me. How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part."

Then there is the decisive moment of Rebekah at the well. The two lifted up their eyes and saw one another. They had been guided from a distance by the finger of God to be united. May not a



## The First Taste

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Watch them. Note the wonder—the delight with which they greet these foods.

They will see whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. They will find them crisp yet fragile, bubble-like and thin. And they'll taste like toasted nuts.

Note the surprise. Nobody has ever seen or tasted other cereal foods like these.

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Try serving in bowls of milk. The grains will float. They are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread.

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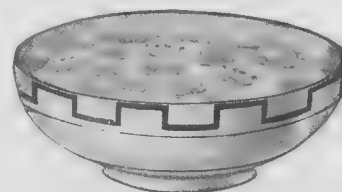
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This new system which is called the Numeral method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

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young woman pray that the soul which is her own counterpart may be led by God to her side? The story of Rebekah teaches us that young men and women are not to leave this great event of their lives to chance but are to recognize the guidance of providence.

Dante says to Beatrice: "Oh, woman, in whom lives all my hope, who hast deigned to leave for my salvation thy footsteps on the throne of the Eternal—thou has redeemed me from slavery to liberty; now earth has no more dangers for me. I cherish the image of thy purity in my bosom."

The sublimest declaration of love in human literature Shakespeare wrote:

"Love is not love that alters  
When it alteration finds."

The greatest compliment that man has ever paid to the woman he adores is in these lines of Shakespeare:

"And those eyes, the break of day  
Lights that do mislead the morn."

The greatest play outside of the Bible is Romeo and Juliet—a symphony in which all music blends. The heart bursts into blossom. She, who reads feels a divine perfume. God stations policemen to guard the castle of a girl's soul. Her soul is eternal. Young woman, shall yours stain a man's character, or shall it make him soar to heavenly heights? You are that young man's keeper.

### IN THE WHIRL OF SOCIAL CONFUSION.

In a new book entitled "The Girl and Her Religion," by Margaret Slattery, is a chapter on Twin Idols. They are Fashion and Pleasure. She mentions a girl who bought ball room finery and went without warm boots and a rain coat. To be well dressed means to be appropriately dressed. Many women and girls are caught in fashion's cyclonic whirlwind and do not realize the cost till they are wrecks physically, mentally and morally. I hear continually: "I am so busy going to teas, balls and bridge that I have no time to help at home!" When in the future a woman listens to the phonograph of her past life she will regret the hours spent in useless social intoxication.

The famous queens of society in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were exclusive. They reserved their talents for social reunions, where among distinguished men and women they poured out the treasures of soul and mind—where they could inspire and draw out the sentiments of those who were gifted. We hear of cards or dancing—but there were frequent parties to the country, walks in the woods and opportunities for mental improvement.

French society at that time was brilliant. Women raised the intellectual tone and this inspired veneration for woman. Women really determined the affairs of France.

Madame Recamier was the social queen and when her husband lost his fortune, she sold her jewels and her fine hotel and cheerfully took up her abode in a small apartment. This won universal respect so that her friends were increased rather than diminished. She did not lose her social prestige and influence. Money was not the highest test of social position.

### THE MISUNDERSTOOD GIRL

The girl who has my sincere sympathy is the daughter in the home who is passing through the trying teens—especially in the beginning. I have known many girls in country homes, where there was no opportunity for recreation and where no attempt was made to make her home life attractive, who have been treated by their parents most cruelly because they were misunderstood. Many times unfeeling fathers and mothers have tried to whip them into their way of thinking. This is pitiable. If at this age an attempt were made to give the girl some privileges such as a musical instrument, books and pretty things for her room, she would develop into strong, womanly character. But many times these girls are scolded,

pounded and horribly treated until they run away or settle down in abject misery. I have seen this occur many times and my heart aches for these misunderstood girls. At this age they are passing from girlhood into womanhood, and they long for something different. The physical body is changing—hence the mental—and if careful attention be not given the moral tone change. In nine cases out of ten changes in home recreations will go far toward making her contented and happy. If there is something to keep her mind actively engaged she will be tided over this trying period. She cannot be whipped into line. I know a bright country girl who at this time was refused by her parents to leave the home for months at a time to keep her from company. She had a bare room, and seldom was a kind word spoken to her by her father or mother. Often a strap from the harness was used by her father to whip her. At these times he was furious and her body trembled from fear and nervous exhaustion. She developed a hatred for him that she could never overcome. Later in life, when he had made his fortune and longed for the daughter and her children to visit him, they never came. Not all the money and attention he could bestow on her could win back her respect for him.

The young girl hungers for parental attention and kindness at this age and not all the dollars a farm can yield can equal the value of a daughter's respect and gratitude. Sometimes parents do everything but think. A few hours thought might save years of suffering from a fallen daughter's deeds. Make the daughter love her home. It is not so difficult a task as it may seem. Farming is going to be a popular profession for women. Buy for the home library reliable works on farming. Scientific methods are the only way to farm with profit. Women are capable managers of farms. They grow to love the work—it brings them nearer to nature, and their work is a constant reminder of the goodness of their Maker. One woman farmer says: "I have done everything that can be done on a farm, from hoeing potatoes to stacking hay, and there was no task, however heavy, but was lightened by the thought of His touch having been there before."

Interest the girl in some feature of farm work. Allow her to keep the proceeds of her work. It may be canning vegetables for town consumption, or she may care for a special calf or colt, she may raise chickens, make butter, or have an acre of land to cultivate. If parents would make it possible for her to earn money at home, our city employment places would not be crowded with girls from the country looking for work.

Girls are the same as they have always been. The sudden opening of the parents' eyes to their power will give them courage and ambition to become womanly women. Their dispositions are such that they grow to love their work and their home if kindly directed. I love these beautiful girls and when they bring their troubles to me I find so many hearts broken by cruel parental hammers.

### REAL GIRLS

There are two types of girls—the kind a man will allow his sister to recognize and the kind he will not allow with his sister.

My little six-year-old girl went with me to hear a group of girl musicians. On her way home she exclaimed: "Mother, I thought they would be 'real' girls!"

The girls were artificial products of paints and wigs and the little six-year-old recognized the imitation—Imitation Girls.

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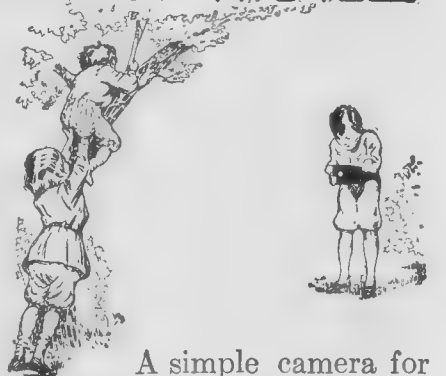
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Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

# The Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

The women Grain Growers of Saskatchewan are now a definitely established body and no doubt much valuable work will be done by them in the coming year. When the convention was held in Saskatoon in 1913 a committee was appointed with a view to permanent organization, but it was not possible to really undertake this work until the constitution of the Grain Growers' Association had been amended to permit of an auxiliary organization of the women, which, while not separating them entirely from the men's organization, would still leave them free for work of their own.

A good deal of quiet work has been done during the year, particularly by the women who were on the committee. When the time for the Grain Growers' meeting came round this year F. W. Green, Secretary of the Grain Growers' Association for Saskatchewan, was anxious to have "Lillian Laurie" and "Nellie L. McClung" go to Moose Jaw and take charge of the women's convention. Both of these women, however, realized that in doing so they would be doing an injustice to the women of Sas-

their reason for asking for money from the central funds, rather than asking for the control of their own fees, was that they wished to remain an integral part of the general association. They had questions of their own which could best be discussed in meetings of their own, but they wanted to feel that the men were behind them in their undertakings, also they wished to feel that they could be of some assistance to the men's organizations also. Miss Beynon followed along the same line, and Mrs. Thompson, of Netherhill, endorsed what they had said. They had asked for ten minutes in which to present their case; all the speeches, however, did not occupy quite five minutes. As soon as they had finished speaking the resolution was put and carried with only one dissenting vote.

Personally, I was extremely proud of the delegation. They spoke clearly and distinctly, and could be heard in every part of the large church in which the meeting was held, and which seats over two thousand. They stated their cases clearly and without a waste word, and President Maharg, of the central organization, said the men might take a lesson from them.



Home sweet Home. A shack on the Prairie

katchewan; it was not giving the committee appointed by the women a fair chance and they declined. Miss Frances Beynon undertook to help the women, and the convention in that of the Grain Growers' Association was duly called. There was a good attendance and it was very representative. On the second day the men's body finally got round to the amendments of the constitution and added a sub-section, which states "wherever ten women members are enrolled in any local association they may form a women's auxiliary for the purpose of studying and discussing ways and means for dealing with women's questions and work. They may call such meetings as they desire, appoint officers precisely in the same manner as the local association, they may provide for their own financing, and administer the same, independent of the local association fund, providing they are all members of good standing in the local. As soon as this amendment passed the women organized their own central association, electing Mrs. McNaughton, of Piche, Sask., as president.

They felt, and rightly so, that they could not get very far without a paid secretary, and they appointed a delegation to wait on the men's association, and asked for grant from the general funds for this work. These delegates asked for ten minutes in which to state their case; they were introduced by C. A. Dunning, the retiring vice-president. In moving that they be heard, he moved also that they be granted \$500 from the general funds to carry on their organization work. This resolution being promptly seconded. The women addressed the meeting. Mrs. McNaughton spoke first, stating very simply that

At the meeting in Saskatoon last year there were a large number of women present who were members of the Home-makers' Clubs, and at that time they were very anxious to have the women Grain Growers unite with them, but a few, at least, of the women were wise enough to see that this would not be for the best interest of their organization. The Home-makers' Clubs have their place, and a very important place it is, in the life of the women of Saskatchewan, but they are, to a considerable extent, under the control of the University and the Department of Agriculture, and therefore, political questions may not be taken up in their gatherings, that means that such important reforms as "Votes for Women," "the Dower Law," and better protection of women and children cannot be taken up or advanced. The women Grain Growers will be absolutely free in this respect, and as the men Grain Growers have repeatedly declared themselves in favor of votes for women, there is no doubt that this will form an important part of the projected work of the women's auxiliary and they will have ample support from the men in carrying out anything that will further this reform. They will also be able to engage with greater activity in the propaganda for co-operative trading and many things that will go to improve conditions for themselves and for their children.

I was not able to personally attend the women's meetings, being obliged to be present at those of the men, but I saw and talked with a number of delegates, and at the last session I was able to be present for a few moments, and



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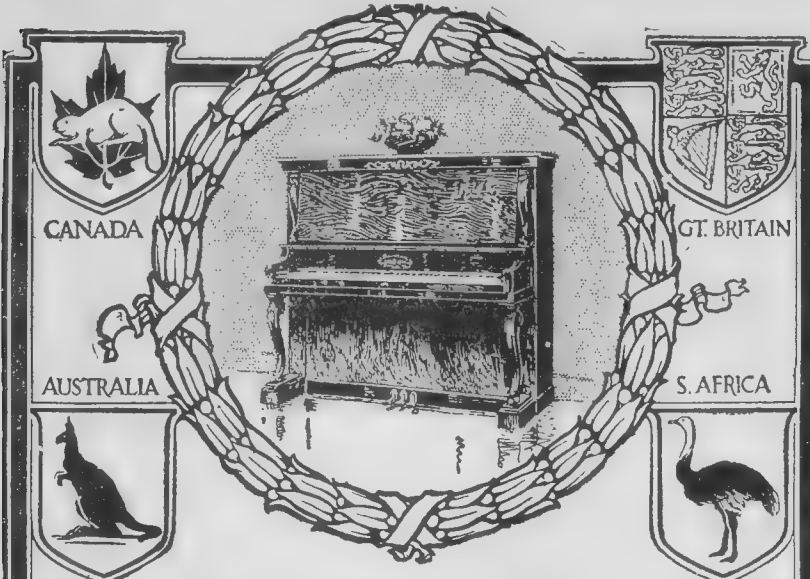
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at that time told the delegates that I would be pleased to have them write to this page, and would be glad to give them any help in my power. Let me now repeat that invitation. The page is open to the women Grain Growers as it has always been open to any other women in the Canadian West who felt that they could be helped in any way by writing to it.

In addition to Mrs. McNaughton, as president, Miss Irma Stocking was elected secretary-treasurer. Owing to the fact that the representation was not very well distributed over the province, it was impossible for the convention to appoint directors for all the districts, but the election of directors, so far as it has gone, stands as follows:

District 1—Mrs. S. V. Haight, Keeler.  
District 3—Mrs. Grant, Redvers.  
District 4—Mrs. Hilton, Colfax.  
District 6—Mrs. Hawkes, Percival.  
District 7—Mrs. Flatt, Tantallon.  
District 8—Mrs. Ames, Hanley.  
District 9—Mrs. Anderson, Sutherland.  
District 13—Mrs. Irene Thompson, Netherhill.  
District 15—Mrs. McNeil, Expanse.

\* \* \*

The Department of Agriculture of Manitoba has had printed for the Home Economics Society a very fine course of lessons on Nursing, Personal Hygiene, Cookery, Foods, Laundry and Home Sewing. There are six or eight lessons in each subject.

They are put up in such a form that it is possible to follow them with the greatest ease. They may be used either as regular lessons in connection with the meeting of a home economics society, or they may be taken up personally and studied at home. They can be obtained by writing to the Department of Agriculture, or to the Home Economics Section of the Manitoba Agricultural College.

The one on nursing will be especially timely, following as it does the short course on nursing which has proven extremely popular. The cost and adulteration of foods and the theory of foods will be found of very general interest, while, I am sure, when a woman finds herself confronted with the task of doing her own washing for the first time she will derive much help and benefit from the lessons of the laundry. The personal hygiene, which takes up the human body as a machine, should serve to impress on every woman who studies it the common sense of keeping her body in a wholesome and healthy condition. The whole course should help to make the Home Economics Society very interesting and at the same time serve to draw many women into this society who otherwise may not be attracted to it.

\* \* \*

There is a great significance in the prominence which is given at the present time by governments, educational institutions and the press to all questions affecting women. I am

**The Woman Question** sure it is no exaggeration to say that to-day there are twenty columns in the newspapers devoted to women's work and problems compared to one five years ago, and while women who strive for definite reforms are often discouraged at the little progress they seem to make, the world is moving slowly but surely into the light, and women are coming to their own. The appointment of Mrs. Jamieson as a judge of the Juvenile Court in Calgary is an immense step in advance. Five years ago this would have been an utter impossibility. During the month Lethbridge has appointed a woman as City Clerk, another innovation, as she is the only woman in Canada to occupy that position.

The assistant City Treasurer of Winnipeg has for many years been a woman, and nothing but prejudice prevented her being made City Treasurer when a vacancy occurred a few years ago. Probably by the time Winnipeg wants another City Treasurer, women will have come into their own in this respect. Everywhere the dawn of a better day is breaking.

Nothing ought to lessen the satisfaction we have in ourselves so much as seeing that we disapprove at one time what we approved at another.—George Bernard Shaw.

## The Lament of the Old Buccaneer

(First Prize Poem)

Said the shade of Henry Morgan to the shade of Captain Kidd:  
"Oh, we lived about three hundred years too soon;  
Though we pirated with pleasure,  
Just to get a little treasure,  
Now they beat us to a very different tune.

"There are modern buccaneers who make their money out of ships,  
Though not just the same as we did on the main:  
For their method isn't gory,  
Yet it's quite as full of glory,  
And it doesn't bring the fear of ball and chain!  
"Once we lived upon the water in a restless, reckless way,  
Daring knives, and guns, and winds, and waves, and rocks;  
Now landlubbers get the treasure,  
In a more extensive measure.  
While they calmly live on water in the stocks.

"When we raked the Spanish galleons in the Caribbean Sea,  
Little thought we, as we stowed our wealth galore,  
Men would work a little take-off  
By another sort of rake-off,  
And make larger coffers cough up all the more!  
"As for war, and fire, and pillage, when we sacked the Spanish towns,  
We admit it was a rather wanton way;  
But the town-boss, without sacking,  
Has a more substantial backing,  
For he owns the town, and makes the people pay.

"True, we never cared for method when the money was in sight,  
And we never let the trusty cutlass rust;  
And we never, never wrangled  
When a foe was to be strangled;  
Now they do it more genteelly, with a trust!  
"Now they talk a lot of margins—well, we had some narrow calls.  
And the dangers paid for all the treasures borne;  
But the margin's not so risky  
When the "lambs" so gay and frisky  
Answer to the call, and come up to be shorn.

"Talk of captains of industry! We can put them all to rout,  
For in history-making we have had our share;  
But for lucky speculation,  
And for great accumulation,  
We weren't in it with the modern millionaire!"

W. E. Gilroy.

## The Pursuit of Pleasure

Much is said, and justly said, against the pursuit of Pleasure. It is because pleasure is followed too often and almost universally as an end in itself and not as a means of contributing to the higher good. Moreover, what is named Pleasure is called so falsely, and Pleasure must bear the reproach which fastens to any pleasurable excess which becomes confirmed as a vice. Real pleasure, lasting pleasure, pure pleasure, has its springs not in the senses, but in the emotions. Anything which feeds upon physical senses must eventually decay and nauseate. That which feeds upon the emotions waxes fat and strong and young by exercise and by being fed. Neither music, oratory, pictures, nor any form of art falls upon the taste, but rather delights the more it is seen and heard and appreciated and admired. And yet these are only aesthetic emotions which art awakens, but if we pass to the higher level of morals and religion it is still more apparent that real pleasure springs from the emotions and not the senses. What pleasure is more sweet than that which springs from the memory of an act of love, especially when it has been accomplished against inclination or self-interest.—R. H.

## Temperance Talk

### Our Sins and Ignorance

Harold Begbie, the well-known religious novelist, has written in story form a remarkable exposition of the place liquor occupies and the evil it does to the lives of certain classes in London:

Three men stood one summer night in a doorway in Piccadilly Circus, looking at the crowd. It was the hour when theatres and music halls disgorge their multitudes, and when restaurants and taverns open their doors as wide as possible to lure the last shillings of the day. The air was filled with luminous mist; damp pavements reflected blurred light; roadways flashed with the gliding lamps of incessant vehicles. On every side of the clamorous streets thousands of people were passing by, their bright eyes, pale faces, and the finery of their raiment lit up in a startling intensity by the glitter of all this artificial illumination.

One of the three men in the doorway was an inspector of police. He wore plain clothes. Policemen catching sight of him as they passed, visibly braced themselves, but did not salute. Of the other two men, one was a famous physician, and the other a novelist.

The police inspector was revealing to these two men certain mysteries in the

The inspector said quietly as the cab moved away, and the crowd went forward again. "He's more lucky than most. As a rule, these gentlemen, up from the provinces for a day or two's business and pleasure, fall into criminal hands, and wake up in the morning to find themselves cleared clean out of watch, chain, pocket-book, purse, even studs and links. It's the best weapon a criminal can use, this alcohol."

The novelist said to the doctor, "that laugh was horrible, wasn't it?"

"My dear fellow," answered the doctor, "that laugh was the worst thing that has made me sick and angry to-night. It's worse to me than vice and crime. What does it mean? It means ignorance." He turned to the inspector. "The worst enemy you have got to contend against," he said, "is ignorance—the mad ignorance of rational human beings."

"The worst enemy," said the inspector, "is drink."

They walked away, and when the streets were emptying went to the police station and sat for a few minutes in one of the waiting rooms. The door of this room's door open, and as they sat there they saw men and women brought by constables into the station and



Chicklets

tide of iniquity which flows through the central streets of midnight London. Vice and crime mix in that tide, vice of the most atrocious as well as of the most weak and human character, crime of the most perverted as well as of the most simple and ordinary nature. There are many well-dressed men in that crowd who deserved penal servitude, many young girls and boys who were guilty of the grossest iniquity.

Suddenly through the close-packed multitude there lurched a broad-shouldered man, dressed in a grey flannel suit, with a straw hat pressed over his eyes. The crowd opened before him, and he staggered here and there, his legs crossing over each other, his feet pausing in the air, his body overbalancing to this side and to that, as he staggered towards the pavement. Some of the women caught hold of him, certain evil-looking men jostled him, the driver of a motor-cab jumped down and eagerly opened the door to receive him.

"That's the cause of all the mischief," said the inspector.

"You mean drink?" said the doctor.

"It's at the bottom of everything," replied the inspector.

A policeman made his way to the drunken man, thrust aside the people who were thronging him, asked a few questions, and then helped him into the cab. The man sprawled helplessly upon the floor.

Through the noise of the street came the sound of laughter, women's loud and hilarious laughter, and on every side of the cab the faces of the watching crowd suddenly shone with the merriment of smiles.

"God in heaven!" exclaimed the doctor; "that people should laugh, that men and women should laugh at such a spectacle!"

charged with drunkenness, violence and stealing.

"It's like this all over London," remarked the inspector, grimly; "and every night of the week. As I said outside, the cause of it all is drink."

"But behind the drink," said the doctor, "is something else. The real menace to civilization is not drink; it's ignorance."

"If the public knew what it costs them in pounds, shillings and pence," said the inspector, "they'd do something more to master this traffic. Why, if it wasn't for drink the prisons would all be empty, and most of the workhouses could close their doors."

"And the lunatic asylums," added the doctor.

"Yes, I suppose so," consented the inspector.

The doctor got up and began to walk about the room. "There are two aspects of this matter," he said quietly, thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself. "There's the religious aspect, to begin with, the aspect in which drunkenness appears as something wicked. No drunkard, says the scripture, can enter the kingdom of Heaven. I suppose that is true. Certainly, if religion is a fact, drunkenness is a sin. For a creature blessed with a God-given reason it is surely a sin to degrade, corrupt, and finally destroy that great gift. But for how many centuries have religious men preached against drunkenness, organized their forces against drunkenness, and enrolled special armies to make war upon drunkenness! With what effect?"

"Well, it's less prevalent," said the novelist.

"That's true," said the inspector. "I don't believe it!" cried the doctor, with sudden animation. "No; I don't believe it. Certain classes have become

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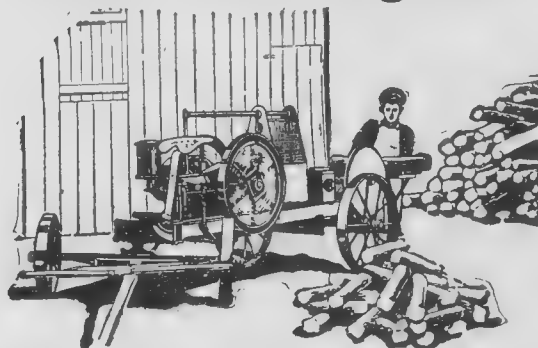
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less gross in their habits; gentlemen don't get drunk at the table; drunkenness is now unknown in clubs, messes and ward-rooms; but the drunk habit has spread from the upper to the middle and the lower classes—and is spreading among women. Go into Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bristol—any large city you like; you will find that great masses of women, once the strength of the country, have taken to the insane habit of drinking, have contracted this most deadly disease of alcoholism."

"It's quite true about the women," said the inspector.

The doctor studied his face for a moment, nodded, and then went on: "Religion has fought bravely, but it has not yet conquered. If it still can be proved that drink is responsible for three-fourths of the crime, disease and lunacy of the country, how can we find consolation in a table of statistics which proves that the consumption of beer is something less? No; the battle is still against us. And, believe me, if we are not to be wiped clean out by this enemy, we must fight with other weapons."

He approached the inspector. "You say that drink is the enemy; I say that behind that is the greater enemy of ignorance. People don't know—they don't know—that alcohol is a poison. It's the scientific aspect in which we must show this evil of drink to our ignorant multitudes. Parson and doctor must unite. Let the parson show that a man loses his soul by alcoholism; but let the doctor also show that a man poisons his blood, destroys his tissues, and corrupts the whole fabric of his organism by the same means. Let the doctor show that a drunkard, even a regular drinker who never gets drunk, commits a crime against the race—that his children suffer, that disease is spread by him through all generations."

At that moment a couple of policemen entered the station with a young man between them who was well dressed and of a handsome appearance, but disordered and excited by drink.

"For God's sake," he exclaimed to the sergeant in charge, "don't ask my name; don't take the charge; let me pay something."

The doctor turned to the novelist. "Do you see?" he asked quietly.

"It's the social exposure he fears. There's not a thought in his brain of the crime he has committed against his own blood and the blood of his unborn children. Ignorance in all classes. calamitous ignorance!"

The sergeant will keep him for an hour or two in the cell," said the inspector, "and then let him go, if he's quiet. We don't take half the charges that come in every night."

The doctor said, "I applaud such mercy; but a man who gets drunk is as criminal as the wretch who snatches a watch."

"There's only one real hope," said the novelist.

The other two men looked at him.

"Well?" asked the doctor.

"Faith in immortality and the sense of God."

"That's religion," said the doctor.

"And science," answered the novelist.

As they walked home together through the almost deserted streets, they saw a woman dressed like a hospital nurse speaking to a young girl in a doorway and offering her a white flower.

"That's a rescue worker," said the novelist. "She saves hundreds of lost girls every year. Do you know how she does it? By love. And her love is inspired by Christ. But for Christ she would not be here every night of the week walking these hateful pavements, and pleading with these women who simply disgust the ordinary virtuous woman. Religion is something that science can neither explain nor surpass. I agree with what you said just now, but the devil will get it his own way, in spite of all the science in the world, until every man and woman realizes the immortality of the soul, acknowledges moral responsibility, and apprehends—"

The doctor turned and looked at him. "Well?" he asked.

"Perhaps I shall shock you; but truly I believe that there is no hope for the human race until it apprehends all that is meant by that phrase, 'The Judgment Day.'"

"If I believe in anything at all," said the doctor, "I believe in God's reckoning. We are morally responsible: we know the difference between right and wrong. Certainly we shall have to give account."

"Make men realize that," said the novelist, "and the battle is won."

The doctor said, after a slight pause, "Perhaps the day may come when men of science will be recognized as servants of God, even as stewards of His mysteries."

"Yes," said the novelist. "When they are seen, like that good woman, seeking and saving the lost."—Scottish Temperance League New Year Tract.

### Nursery Rhymes Revised

Mistress Mary, wise and wary,  
How does your money go?  
With Temperance sound, many a pound  
We've got in the bank to show.

Poor Mrs. Horner sat in a corner,  
Saying with many a sigh,  
He's into that den, drinking again,  
What a sad wife am I.

Hi diddle diddle, the fool's in the middle,  
A crowd gets round very soon:  
The little boys laugh to see such fun,  
And the drunkard apes the baboon.

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see a fat brewer get on a fine horse,  
Rings on his fingers that every one knows  
Had to be paid for by somebody's woes.

Daddy got drunk and climbed on a wall,  
Daddy got drunk and had a great fall,  
All the King's horses and all the king's men  
Couldn't get Daddy to touch liquor again.

Dicky Dunn, the Piper's son,  
He got drunk and tried to run,  
Tripped his toes and broke his nose,  
Silly Dicky Dunn!

Sing a song of temperance,  
A pocket full of gold,  
Four and twenty bank notes,  
In a cupboard rolled,  
When the door is opened,  
Out the notes we bring;  
Tell me where's the drinking man  
Can show you such a thing.

The Brewer's in the counting house  
Counting out his money,  
His wife is in the parlour  
Eating bread and honey,  
The drunkard's in the tap room,  
Dressed in ragged clothes,  
Soon may he be made to see  
The cause of all his woes.

—British Temperance Advocate.

### The Cap Fitted the Hatter

A temperance lecturer once visited the shop of a hatter and asked him to give something to "the cause." The shopman coldly replied that he had no interest in it. "I am sorry to hear that," said the lecturer, "for it shows me that you are not acquainted with your own business."

"If you are more familiar with my business than I am," said the man with spirit, "I shall be happy to take lessons of you." "Well," said the lecturer, "you deal in hats, and intend to make a little money on every hat you sell?"

"Yes." "Whatever sends customers to your shop and increases their ability to buy promotes your interests, doesn't it?" "Certainly."

"Whatever makes men content to wear old, worn-out hats, does you an injury?" "Yes."

"Well, sir, if you and I were to walk along the wharves and through the streets and lanes of this city, we should see scores of men wearing on their heads miserable slouch hats which ought years ago to have been thrown into the fire. Now, why won't those men come and buy hats of you?"

"That is not a difficult question to answer; they are too poor to buy hats."

"What has more influence than liquor in emptying their pockets, and not only that, but injuring their self-respect, so that they are willing to wear old clothes?"

"Nothing," said the man hastily. "There is a donation for your cause. I am beaten."—Alliance News.

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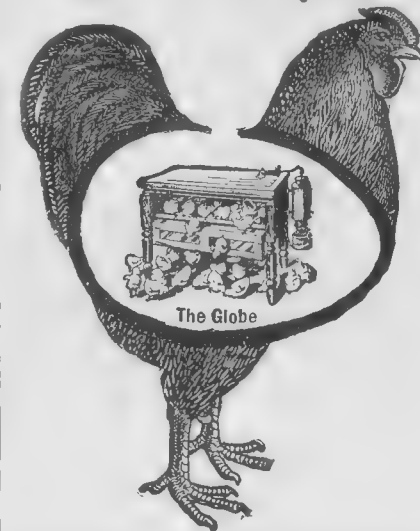
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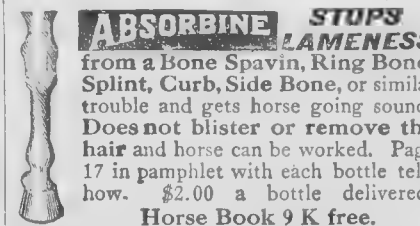
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## Scotch Column

### Farewell to Bonnie Teviotdale

Our native land—our native vale—  
A long, a last adieu!

Farewell to Bonnie Teviotdale,  
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,  
Ye streams renowned in song;  
Farewell, ye braes and blossomed meads  
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye blithesome, broomy knowes,  
Where thyme and harebells grow;  
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,  
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

Home of our love—our fathers' home—  
Land of the brave and free—  
The sail is flapping on the foam  
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,  
Beyond the western main;  
We leave thee to return no more,  
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—  
A long, a last adieu!

Farewell to Bonnie Teviotdale,  
And Scotland's mountains blue!

—Thomas Pringle

Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, had always an eye for the grotesque and the puzzling. When I sent him eighteen words which a Highland acquaintance had picked up among the Ojibway Indians, and which he said were the same as in the Gaelic, Blackie replied: "I have carefully looked over your list of words, but am not prepared to swear by it. Etymologies are very slippery things, especially in the hands of a half-trained Highlandman." The words were undoubtedly all names of things the Indians had got in trade from the Gaelic agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha'.

To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;—  
Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast o' a' the town,  
I sighed, and said among them a',  
"Ye arena Mary Morrison!"

—Burns

In Schools. The Aberdeen School Board are introducing (on sanitary grounds) "bubbling fountains" in the schools. Some of the natives describe the arrangement thus: "The drinker soaks it up without needin' a cup!"

### To Wag the Tongue in Scots

Easy keepin' the castle that's no besieged.

Get yer rock and spindle ready;  
heaven will send the tow.

Muckle water rins by the miller disna ken.

Some ane has tauld her "she was bonny."

The bird maun flicker that has but ae wing!

The De'il's a busy bishop in his ain dioce.

When my heid's doun, my hoose is theekit!

There's nane sae weel shod but may slip.

Never a bad but might be waur.

Aye sorrow at somebody's door!

Naething is ill said that's no ill ta'en.

Nae woo' sae coorse but will tak' some color.

There ne'er was a hill but had a hoose at its fit!

A Lost Ring. The six-year-old daughter of a grocer found a gold diamond ring at the head of Loch Fyne. The father learned from neighbors that a ring had been lost and searched for years ago, and communicated with a lady at Johannesburg in South Africa. The ring was found to be hers, lost sixteen years ago. The ring was restored and a reward sent.

Alexander Macpherson, of Killen, was one hundred years old on the last day of the old year. A hardy, old Highlander! He had many congratulatory letters and telegrams, one from the King and Queen.

Shale Oil. Oil-burning vessels of war are apparently all the vogue now in Britain. In Linlithgowshire the manufacture of oil from the beds of shale—a kind of bastard coal formation—is likely to have a great "boom." It is being very extensively manufactured.

Why weep ye by the tide, ladye?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye shall be his bride!

And ye shall be his bride, ladye,

Sae comely to be seen;

But aye she loot the tears down-fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean!

—Scott

Edinburgh University. In the past year the students were 3,261, of whom 549 were women. "Master of Art" degrees conferred, 276; "Doctors of Science," 8, one a woman. The University had many legacies and gifts of money during the year 1913. The population of Edinburgh is now 321,200.

Professor Blackie used to tell of a great occasion, when a speech was demanded of him respecting Burns. The programme was long, and he was near the bottom of it, and he saw that the company were weary, so he just proposed "a coast" and sat down. But next day the papers had a long speech interspersed with "hear, hear!" and "applause"—a speech he never delivered.

The difference in latitude between London and Edinburgh is indicated by the fact that the possible sunshine—sunrise to sunset—was, for London, during the first week of this year, 54 hours, 36 minutes; for Edinburgh, 48 hours, 30 minutes.

Highland Mary. I have satisfied myself that Burns and Highland Mary (Mary Campbell) parted near Ayr on 14th May, 1786; and that she died at Greenock, between the 21st and 25th October, in the same year. And that her age was between 22 and 23. She had some brothers, but only one sister, "Annie," then 12 years old. — W. Wye Smith.

When the Cheviots cry to us out of the mist,

In plaid of the purple, or robes of the snow,

The whispering call of them who shall resist?

What heart shall not heed them, and go?

Sunshine and rain, and the sea-mists raw.

And the Bowmont's silent lute—  
The sun going down upon Hownam Law,

And the stars over Cocklawfoot!

Will. H. Ogilvie

Old Lady Perth and a French gentleman were discussing the merits of cookery in their respective countries. The Frenchman made some disrespectful remarks about some of the Scottish dishes. "Weel, weel," said the Countess. "some folk like parritch, and some like puddocks" (frogs).

Shooting Game. In Dunbar, Berwickshire, a turkey escaped from a butcher's shop and flew to the roof of a high tenement. As there was no other way of securing it, a sportsman was got to shoot the "game."

Afforestation in the Highlands is urged in many directions. In that moist climate there is no doubt the mountains—taken as a whole—were originally covered with wood, and could be so again. In half a century it would begin to bring wealth to the country, and from the first give winter-employment to many men in taking care of the growing forest.



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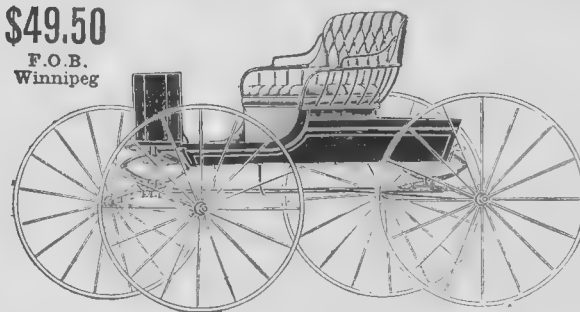
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### The Young People's Club: Its Possibilities

Marion Dallas.

Young people, whether in the city, town, village or rural community demand some form of social life. The lack of organized social activity among young men and women invariably leads to moral and physical and spiritual disaster. The questionable forms of amusement all owe their existence to the fact that those who should lead young people into right avenues of activity for mind and body do not recognize—or refuse to recognize—that man is a social animal and life and activity must express themselves in some way.

Social enjoyments foster refinement and the advantages accruing from young people's clubs are even greater than those which accompany the clubs for older women. The pleasure from companionship should be even greater and the club itself has the possibilities for a larger achievement. Those interested in the matter of organization should see last month's paper for full particulars.

#### What to Study.

This is always the leading question for a new club to decide. It is wise to begin with a subject about which every member knows something. A club should avoid scholasticism. Subjects of human interest will weld the members more than any one other thing. Every member should answer the roll call and every member each evening be given a definite opportunity to take part in the discussion. These are axioms for the successful club for young people.

#### Reading Clubs.

Ruskin tells us to read a good book every day. It may be a little poem or a choice bit of prose, but it opens up avenues for thinking and re-acts on the life and character. There is much to be gained by the solitary study of a book which cannot be gained in any other way. Young people differ in temperament. Some young people can

plan a course of study and carry their purpose to a conclusion regardless of other attractions; others find that they accomplish greater results under the stimulus of companionship. We all need the social influence to draw out the best in us and keep us from being narrow and unappreciative of the human atmosphere and environment. Reading clubs for young people supply these needs, especially in small communities where the stimulus of a large circle of intimate friends is lacking.

#### Simple Reading Club.

In a small town the teacher discovered that the boys of her class were loafing about the streets and gaining access to papers and books of a most harmful nature. She suggested that the boys spend one evening each week at her home and read some good book with her. Most of the boys responded to the invitation. They chose a play and she assigned a part or character to each member of the class. The history of the period covered by the play was read also. Gradually the group of young fellows began to gain an intelligent grasp of the true meaning of educative reading. The student instinct was awakened and new talents developed. Much latent ability was discovered and an eager spirit of enjoyment in an entirely new realm of life made possible. The boys were permitted to bring a friend—boy or girl—and the study period was always followed by a few minutes of social enjoyment. This particular club was carried on for a number of years and as the members moved to other communities other clubs were organized and proved just as beneficial.

The program followed in this instance was as follows: The first year they read "The Merchant of Venice," Lee's "Life of Shakespeare" and William Winter's "Shakespeare's England;" selections from Irving's Sketch Book, Stratford-on-Avon. The teacher procured picture post cards of all the points of interest. Sets may be secured from the larger book dealers made especially for this purpose; if desired may be used with the reflectoscope. A synopsis of the

plot and an analysis of the chief characters were emphasized in the study. A set discussion was held one evening as to "The Hero of the Drama." At the close of the first season one of the boys was overheard expressing himself as follows: "If the fellows could only be made to feel how interesting Shakespeare's plays are, they wouldn't waste time reading the books they have to hide when their mother is around."

#### Canadian Literature Club.

This club was organized to meet a two-fold purpose: to acquire a wider knowledge of Canadian literature and to develop the social life of the community. It proved a pronounced success in both departments.

One evening was given to the study of Canadian Songs and National Anthems. This field afforded an abundant fund of material for a musical evening.

A subject which was also most interesting and full of possibilities was "Wolfe in Canadian Literature." One talk was given on "Wolfe in Fiction." Reference was made to Thackeray's "Virginians" and Henty's "With Wolfe in Canada." Special attention was given to Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty." "Wolfe in Poetry" was supported by selections from Dr. Jackeway's poems. A closing tribute was found in the magnificent words of Charles Sangster to Wolfe and Montcalm.

"The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" was another subject, the historic and the romantic being strangely blended. "Canadian Dog Stories" brought to light selections from Marshall Saunders' "Beautiful Joe," and Edgerton Young's "Hector" and the history—simple and pathetic—of "Rab" by Dr. Brown.

This club met fortnightly in the homes of the members, and refreshments were served each evening and a social hour spent.

#### Canadian Indians.

The study of the early nations and tribes of Canada is well worth a winter's study. The origin and traditions of these peoples are fully treated in MacLean's "Native Tribes of the Dominion." Butler's "Wild Northland" contains a picturesque narrative of travels in the forests in the days of the fur trade. "The New North" by Cameron, describes a journey to the North by water to the mouth of the MacKenzie River. The paradise of the mountain climber is pictured in Wilcox's "Canadian Rockies." Prowse's "History of Newfoundland" is a thoroughly accurate history of the early inhabitants of that island Dominion. Dr. Grenfell treats the Coast peoples in his own unique manner.

#### Books Which Lend Interest to Canadian History.

Some people acquire their knowledge of history merely by studying facts, while others long for the blending of narrative or fiction rather than a bald statement of events and dates. For those who are fond of studying the history of Canada through the avenue of fiction, the following list of books will supply material for more than a winter's reading for any club.

Parkman tells the story of early Canadian life. "Old France in the New World" by Douglas, is a survey of the history of Canada in the 17th century. The romantic story of Quebec is graphically told in Doughty's "Cradle of New France." "Canadian Types in the Old Regime" by Colby, groups various aspects of French colonization around such characters as Champlain, Laval and Frontenac. The story of the French settlements on the shores of the Bay of Fundy is told by Hannay in his "History of Acadia." Wood's "Fight for Canada" is an accurate account of the long conflict between England and France in the New World. Bourinot's "Canada Under British Rule" emphasizes the political history of Canada from the early days to the present. Laut's "Canada, the Empire of the North," is devoted to the romance of Canadian history. Probably the best survey from the time of the conquest to the war of 1812 is contained in "The History of Canada" by Lucas. A work by the same author, "Canadian War of 1812" is the most reliable history of the war from the British side. Bradley's "Canada in

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the 20th Century," and Morgan's "Canadian Life in Town and Country," describes Canada to-day.

#### Canadian Folk Lore.

The character, legends and folk lore of the people of Quebec are sympathetically treated in Nicholson's "The French Canadian" and Frechette's "Christmas in French Canada" and Greenough's "Canadian Folk Life and Folk Lore."

The story of Murray Bay and the Seigneurs associated with that vicinity is told by Professor G. M. Wrong in his "Canadian Manor." Lisgar in his "In the Days of the Canada Company" describes the settlement of Upper Canada. Dawson's "The Saint Lawrence" is an exploration of Eastern Canada; Burpee's "Search for the Western Sea" explores the West.

#### Western Fur Trade.

The dramatic story of the western fur trade is told by Laut in "The Conquest of the Great North-West," and Bryce's "Romantic Settlement of Lord Selkirk's Colonists," gives us a reliable account of the origin and history of the Red River Settlements. "MacBeth's Making of the Canadian West" embodies the reminiscences of a western pioneer and covers the period of the Riel rebellions. Begg's "History of British Columbia" contains a summary of British Columbia to the year 1894. Morics' "Northern Interior of British Columbia" throws new light on the history of the Indian fur trade and gold mining.

#### Do it Now

When you've got a job to do,  
Do it now!  
If it's one you wish was through,  
Do it now!  
If you're sure the job's your own,  
Just tackle it alone;  
Don't hem and haw and groan—  
Do it now!

It doesn't pay to shirk—  
Do it now!  
If you want to fill a place  
And be useful to the race,  
Just get up and take a brace—  
Do it now!

Don't linger by the way—  
Do it now!  
You'll lose if you delay  
Do it now!  
If the other fellows wait  
Or postpone until it's late,  
You hit up a faster gait—  
Do it now!

#### The Little Master

The great hall of the castle was a wonderful place to play in. It was so long that when you were at one end the other end looked dim and shadowy even by daylight, though to be sure this was partly because the windows were small and high up, and there were not many of them. There was not much furniture. The great oaken table stood at one end, with the straight-backed chairs around it, and at the head the Baron's great chair with the wolves' heads carved on the arms. Then there was a high screen, covered with leather that had once been gilded, and a high-backed settle or two, and the huge sideboard or dresser where Duncan kept the platters and tankards of silver and pewter and the few bits of china, the Lady's posset-cup, and the flowered bowl from which little Elspat ate her bread and milk. And there was the enormous fireplace, with the black iron "dogs" and some wolfskins and deer-skins in front of it; and that was all, except—a very important exception, the Little Master would have said—the banners and weapons and old armor that hung on the wall.

We will talk about those another time, but now I must say again that the hall was a wonderful place to play in. You could run races, and it did not take many turns to put Elspat quite out of breath. Or you could be robbers or dragons and live in the Darksome Dens at the farther end, away from the table and the fire, and rush out on the people who passed through. When you were dragons you threatened to devour them, but when you were robbers you just carried them

to your secret hold and they had to tell a story by way of ransom. Most often it was Cripple Giles, the lame kitchen boy, who helped Duncan; but he was not a very interesting captive, for he only knew one story, and that was very short. This was it:

"Said the man to Sandy, 'Will ye lend me a mill?'"  
"Said the man to Sandy, 'Will ye lend me a mill?'"  
"Said the man to Sandy, 'Will ye lend me a mill?'"  
"Of course I will!" said Sandy.  
"And Sandy lent the man a mill.  
And the man had the loan of Sandy's mill."  
"Will ye lend me a mill?" said Sandy;  
"Of course I will!" said the man."

Duncan was usually too busy to play or tell stories—that is, he never would be a captive in the Darksome Dens; but sometimes, if he felt very well (Duncan had rheumatism a good deal), he would be a besieged garrison behind the tall screen, and he made a fine one.

One day the children saw him sitting on his high stool beside the dresser, polishing the great silver grace-cup with a bit of soft leather, and humming to himself—it was always a good sign when Duncan hummed. The children looked at each other.

"Shall we?" whispered Elspat.  
"Yes!" nodded the Little Master.

Down they went on hands and knees, and crept behind the great screen. It was wide as well as high, and they could creep along behind it till they were near the besieged garrison. The garrison sat all unconscious, polishing and humming, something with a refrain of

"With a hey lillalu and howl lan!"  
Suddenly a cry rang in his ears:  
"Sound out, trumpets! up scaling-ladders!"

In another minute the Little Master was on his knee, waving a flag, and Elspat had her arms around his neck, and both were crying:

"Yield! yield, or we put ye to the sword!"

"I yield me! I yield me!" cried the steward. "Have a care of the grace-cup, my Lord. Ye well-nigh knocked it out of my hand."

He set the cup carefully on the dresser and looked at it proudly.

#### The Little Pink Pigs

The little pink pigs have been rooting around,  
Rooting around all night,  
Though I warned them well they must slumber sound

Till the blink of the morning light  
I warned them well, as the owner I gowned

And snuggled them warm and tight.  
But though I told them they mustn't peep out,

The little pink pigs have been rooting about;  
I warned them one and I warned them ten,  
So now they must go in the sock-and-shoe pen,

The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe; it's nearly eight o'clock!

Lock the little pigs in the sock,  
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,  
Pen the little pigs in the pen,  
The pen of the shoe and sock.

The little pink pigs, with a wriggle and dive

All under the gown they run;  
While the owner watches me coax and drive,

And giggles a gale at the fun,  
And squeals as I swoop on a drove of five

And capture the five in one.  
O, the little pink pigs have been rooting about,

Though I warned them well they mustn't peep out;

So I capture five and I capture ten  
And drive them into the sock-and-shoe pen,  
The pen of the sock and shoe.

First the sock and then the shoe, and then the shoe and sock.

Lock the little pigs in the sock,  
Shoo the little pigs in the shoe,  
Pen the little pigs in the pen—  
Its almost eight o'clock!

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# THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

## RIGHT HERE

Don't go far to look for your work. The whole world centres at your front door. You can find "problems" without going to New York. You can find "foreigners" without going to Quebec. You can find "opportunities" without going to Winnipeg. You can find "a neglected spot" without going a mile from your home. There are men who should go to all the places indicated, but that man ought first to clean up the ground in his own immediate vicinity. So take a good look at your own premises. Fix up your own wood pile. Work the grass cutter on your own lawn. See to it that your back yard is half way decent. A notable saying by Joseph Cook was this: "That soul is nearest to God who is striking the hardest at the nearest duty."

## CREATIVE THOUGHT

Thought power is the only thing which you really possess. Everything else can be taken away from you. This only remains. You can think, therefore you are. You can think your way in, think your way through, think your way under, think your way over, think your way out and think your way on. The only creative force is thought. The more intense your thought is, the greater is your power. You have well nigh only one thing to do and that is—learn how to think. Thought is everything. "J.B." in the British Weekly remarks: "Thought is, after all, the only thing we really have; the only thing we really know. Mr. Pierpont Morgan was known the other day as the owner of the mansion in New York, the mansion at Prince's-gate; the owner of yachts; of vast properties, of museums, of priceless collections. What of him owned them? Plainly, just his thought. As soon as his thinking in this world ceased he had ceased to own anything here."

## AS RIGHT IS RIGHT

Steer by the stars. Pick out a few things which are fundamental. Tie up to the things which are vital. Whatever you doubt be sure of God, Right and Conscience. Let this be the trinity enthroned in thy soul. Righteousness is enwrought into the fabric of the universe as the warp is married to the woof. Righteousness works well in every part of God's universe. Righteousness has the promise of the years and fits into eternity. Be right. "It is related," say the editors of a volume just issued entitled "Essays on Liberty," by Lord Acton, "it is related of Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, that during one of his periods of intellectual perplexity he found that the only rope to hold fast by was the conviction: 'It must be right to do right.'"

## THE FAMILY FLASK

The family flask is a piece of furniture which is sometimes handed down from generation to generation. But, of a truth, it can be said that it seldom passes beyond the third or fourth generation, for the very good reason that the generation passes down and out and the flask is left as a lonely thing on the ash heap of human failure. The man who wishes a long life, or a family name, carried onward for successive generations had better fling the flask to the rear. A New England writer remarks: "When for three generations a family uses liquor in excess, nature registers the deterioration. His biographer tells us that the first Webster represented colossal strength and sobriety. This giant had a son, Daniel, who represented colossal strength and moderate drinking, while his son represented one who made the amusements of his ancestors to be his occupation."

## DON'T FORCE YOUR BRAIN

Get the little things out of the way, so that you can have room for the things which are worth while. Decide little questions off hand. Get them out of the way. What if you do blunder occasionally, the universe will not go to pieces. Save room, time and leisure for the things which are important. Never decide a great question in a hurry. Take time to think, cogitate, contrast and compare. Your mind will crystallize if you only give it time. Charles Kingsley says of Turner, the great painter, that he spent hours and hours in the mere contemplation of nature without using brush or pencil. An authentic story is told of how Turner was once known to have spent a whole day sitting upon a rock throwing pebbles into a lake. When evening came his brother painters showed him their sketches and rallied him upon having done nothing. He said: "I have done this, at least: I have learned how a lake looks when pebbles are thrown into it."

## HOW MUCH IS THERE IN IT?

Keep on good terms with yourself. Keep your conscience friendly to your memory. Remember that the highest type of respect is self respect. There is nothing which will bring you so much satisfaction as a pure life. The cleanest thing is a clean record. So, be straight. Do not compromise. Do not equivocate. Do not ask for a seat on the fence. Be flat-footed, outspoken, and easy of comprehension on all vital matters. Not so much for the sake of the world, as for yourself and your own peace and joy. Hold in mind the fact that you must live with yourself and die by yourself. When a man thinks, he is always alone. Be true to yourself. A popular writer remarks: "A London friend in the commercial world told me how a certain business matter had arisen between himself and an acquaintance, a man of the world. The latter slyly asked, 'How much is there to be for me out of this piece of business?'—meaning secret commission. 'That is not quite the way I do business,' was my friend's answer. 'But nobody need know—no one could find out.' 'Oh, yes, some one would know.' 'Who—how?' 'Oh, there's one who would know.' The man thought he scented a religious reference, and became sarcastic: 'Oh, is that where you are—is that the sort of man you are?' 'There's one man would know,' quietly persisted my friend, 'and there's no person whose good opinion I value as I value his, and that's myself; I'd always know.'"

## MR. SMOKER

We are not hard on the man who smokes, because we are convinced that if smoking were the only evil in the world the human family would be very happy. But for the chain-smoker we have small respect, and for the man who smokes during business hours we have no great admiration. About the worst introduction for a young man who is seeking to achieve success in the business world—is the odor of bad tobacco or the stench of an old pipe. Cut it out; to all such we commend the story of the eccentric but hard-working painter Whistler. Coming into his painting class one morning he found an English student smoking his pipe. "You should be very careful," Whistler said to him, "You know you might get interested in your work and let your pipe go out."

## THE REASON FOR FAILURE

It is an easy thing when a man fails to blame him; to charge his defeat to a lack of commonsense or, what is worse, to laziness or foolishness. But there are, nevertheless, scores of young men who are to blame for their own misfortunes. They invite defeat. They have all the circumstances arranged for a "slump." They carry about with them the signs and symbols of carelessness and indifference. In matter of dress, toilet, and sanitation they are decidedly objectionable. A shabbily dressed young man applied to the manager of a big department store for employment. "What can you do?" asked the manager. "Most anything," answered the applicant. "Can you dust?" "Yes, indeed." "Then why don't you begin on your hat?" The fellow hadn't thought of that. "Can you clean leather goods?" "Oh, yes." "Then it's carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean." The fellow hadn't thought of that either. "Well, can you scrub?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back."

## A FIGHTING CHANCE

Always give yourself a fighting chance. Have on board your ship as many strong anchors as you have room for. Tie up to the church, the Sunday school, the Y.M.C.A., and the business science class. Cut out the things which have been too much for other people such as tobacco, drink, gay companions and low born amusements. Give yourself a fighting chance. We clip the following from an interesting periodical: "Charles R. Ross tells of a young Western farmer who had been converted. It had been his custom when going to the village to tie his team by the hotel and visit the bar-room. After his conversion he still continued to tie his team to the hotel main hitching post. The trained and watchful eye of a good old deacon noticed this, and after congratulating the youth upon his new start in life, said, 'George, I am a good deal older than you, and I will be pardoned, I know, if I make a suggestion out of my wide Christian experience. No matter how strong you think you are, take my advice and at once change your hitching post.' It was sensible advice. If he had still gone to the old place, and got in with the old friends at the bar, who can tell but he would have been tempted to turn back, and perhaps in an evil hour had fallen." "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

## A NEW TYPE OF ORATOR

It is always easy to "hold a meeting." And almost always as easy to get a speaker. Of course when a man speaks we make an allowance and leave a margin for his temperament, the size of the audience, the particular occasion and also for the fact that we have asked him to speak. In fact, we ask men to speak, very often, in hope that under the pressure of platform enthusiasm they will be tempted to say more, or at least to speak with a greater emphasis than they would in ordinary conversation. Which leads us to remark that there is a demand for a new type of orator, namely the private orator—the man, who, wherever he is, in the street or behind the counter, will speak his mind with conviction and courage. Some one said concerning Hugh Price Hughes: "he was always expressing what others thought, and what they had not the courage to say."

## CROMWELL'S PICTURE

Don't ask for too much praise or accept it even if it is offered to you. If they compliment you on the size of your congregation, tell them that your church is "central." If they congratulate you on your large majority in the last election, modestly remark that you have lived three times longer in the neighbourhood than had your unfortunate political opponent. If you are congratulated on a stray speech which happened to be happily, "sane, comprehensive and practical" let it be known that it was a condensation of thirty years' experience in your special line of professional business. If men point to you with pride as an illustration of long life, business sagacity, commercial honor and public spirit, inform them that you are simply a favourite child of circumstance and "a chip of the old block." Not many men are so outspoken as Cromwell was when he sat to Cooper for his miniature: "Paint me as I am," said he, "warts and all."

## BE SWIFT BUT DON'T HURRY

Bustle is not hustle. The man who is "flying to pieces" is not getting there. The merchant who is in a swirl because he does not know "which way to turn" is not doing things. Mental excitement is not business execution. The man who is bringing things to pass is usually quiet, serene and self-composed. Nerve energy is too valuable to waste it in sighs, moans and useless exclamations. Study the successful man: how steady he is:—An eminent French surgeon used to say to his students when they were engaged in difficult and delicate operations, in which coolness and firmness were needed, "Gentlemen, don't be in a hurry, for there's no time to lose."

## BE STRAIGHT

In the long run nothing will help you so much with people as their belief concerning you that you are straight. Even those who are angry with you because you will not fall in line with their rascality, will have the greater confidence in you when their wrath has sobered down into a sober second thought. In the hour of emergency men turn to the man who has proved himself straight in spite of every trying circumstance. A capitalist wrote from the continent of Europe to a young merchant in England proposing a very questionable transaction and received the following reply: "I do not attend to business in that way." Some two years elapsed when the Englishman received from his former correspondent the request that he take his son in his office as a clerk, adding significantly, "I desire my son to learn how to do business in your way."

## TWO STANDARDS

There are two ways of looking at life—through red glasses or through blue. You can measure the distance between the base of the mountain and its brow and exclaim: "I have climbed it!" or you can measure the immeasurable distance between the highest peak and the nearest star and affirm that no airship will ever span such a stretch of atmospherical blue. King George of England, at the close of the Revolutionary War, in which he had lost thirteen colonies, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving because of the return of peace. His chaplain said to him: "For what would your majesty have us give thanks? for the fact that you have lost thirteen of the brightest jewels of your crown?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because we have added millions to our national debt?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Because tens of thousands of people of the same race have been destroyed?" "No, not for that," said the king. "Why, then?" insisted the chaplain, "and for what shall we give thanks?" "Thank God," said the king, with great vehemence, "thank God because matters are no worse."

# His Son

A Complete Story by Annie M. Stewart

## I.

It was a tiny room and very sparsely furnished. The floor, save for the hearthrug, was carpetless, and the boards, once stained brown, showed white and rough in places. At one corner of the fireplace stood an old desk, in the other a capacious and shabby armchair.

There were books everywhere, books of all kinds, sizes, and conditions. A small bookcase was crammed full of them; they littered the floor, the top of the desk, the table by the window.

The mantelpiece bore an untidy array of miscellaneous articles, from almanacks, torn envelopes, empty match boxes, and old pipes, to a child's broken toy and a dog's collar.

The whole room wore a desolate, dreary, lifeless look; the bare boards, the dusty furniture, the tumbled books, seemed to be waiting—waiting hopelessly—for the touch of some quickening presence, some gracious personality that should make of the dreary whole a fitting for its tenant.

Over the mantelpiece hung three pictures, the only beautiful things in the room—one, a copy of Watts's "Love and Death," the second a print of Reynolds's "Age of Innocence," and between these an enlarged photograph of a woman, little more than a girl, not exactly beautiful perhaps, but sweeter in her grace and youth than the cluster of flowers in her hand, she stood beside a tall rose-bush bending a little—with half-parted lips—as if to kiss her sister roses.

Behind, through the leafy foliage of June, against which her fair head and white dress shone with an almost radiant clearness, came a glimpse of a stately, ivy-covered, turreted house—her home, the home she had never re-entered after her wedding-day.

She had been Gilbert Evans's wife, and she had been dead nearly one year.

At his desk, beneath a glaring unshaded gas-jet, sat Gilbert writing, or, rather, alternately writing and tearing up what he had written. One or two books, which he had pushed roughly aside with his elbow from the top of the desk, lay upon the floor, their pages widespread, as if mutely appealing against such ignominy. One, a cheap edition of "David Copperfield" had opened at a picture of Dora, the "child-wife." It caught Gilbert's eye at length, and he picked it up and thrust it hurriedly into a drawer of the desk, while the memory of another girl, another almost child-wife, came vividly back to him. Involuntarily, he glanced at the picture above the mantelpiece, and as quickly turned his eyes away. For her name, also, had been Dora, and she, like her namesake, had faded early in the blossom-time of life.

A clock somewhere in the house struck the hour, and he looked up with a start.

He seemed nervous, irritable. Presently he arose, and, with a gesture of disgust, threw down the pen and, pushing the desk aside, flung himself wearily into the armchair. He sat still, very still, his elbows on his knees, his head buried in his hands, gazing moodily into the heart of the dying fire. So silent was he, that the hurried, thin ticking of a small clock on the mantelpiece seemed to fill the air with its insistency.

Yet, in the silence, in that dreary, commonplace, unlovely room, a duel was being fought, a duel which is eternal, the duellists the powers of Right and Wrong, the meeting-place the heart of man, and the prize—a human Soul.

And the strife was keen and bitter, as it ever is where the prize is worth the winning.

For Gilbert Evans had come to a parting of the ways, and as he decided now, as he chose the higher or the lower path, so would his future be. On the one hand, his old life, commonplace enough, perhaps, with its monotonous daily round of work and sleep; on the other, a new career, an improved position, where his talents, cramped so long, might find fuller scope, where life would mean something more than a constant struggle to make ends meet.

But gaining so much, what was there to forfeit? Only his self-respect, only honor! And, to a man of his stamp, these were no empty words. Gilbert Evans had been, from boyhood, employed by a certain firm of manufacturers, the head of which had shown him innumerable kindnesses, and had indeed, treated him more as a son than an employee. But it was a small business, lately a decaying one. Gilbert, however, had, almost by accident, stumbled across a new idea, which, if capable of practical fulfilment, would, he felt sure, revolutionize their mode of manufacturing, and bring back the prosperity so fast leaving them.

But, in some mysterious way, a rival and powerful firm had caught an inkling of the secret, and had begun experimenting on their own account. It seemed only a question of time before the efforts of the larger firm, with their greater facilities and more lavish outlay, would be successful. But one thing, the turning-point of the whole idea, was lacking; the shell the rival firm had managed to produce, but the kernel, the very heart of the invention, was known to one man only, the man in whose brain the idea had first taken birth—Gilbert Evans.

The rival firm stooped to bribery. Gilbert had heard several hints of what was impending, and when the offer came—an offer including a large salary and a responsible position, as the price of coming over to the enemy—he was scarcely surprised. He despatched his refusal promptly and considered the episode closed.

Then his wife died, and, in the anxiety of her illness and the awful anguish of her death, all worldly concerns were, for a time, as dust and ashes to him.

After, when life began slowly to assume normal proportions once more, when he found himself weighted with the heavy expenses which illness always brings, and with the care of a little son of seven years, to whom he was to be, henceforth father and mother both, some sane, sweet influence seemed to have gone from him, and in a desperate effort to make money more speedily he began to speculate, with what, so far, had proved disastrous results.

It was then, when things at the factory were not going on so well, when his employer, to whose aid, financial and otherwise, he owed so much, was losing hope, and his experiments were eating up more money than they seemed likely to produce in the immediate future that a second offer came to him, baited with more glittering lures, a larger salary, easy hours, a splendid laboratory at his disposal wherein to bring his ideas to full fruition! So much for his work!

And for himself relief from the daily drudgery of work-a-day life, from the deadly, dreary round of labor and sleep which was slowly but surely dulling all his finer faculties, his nobler aspirations; leisure to find himself, to feel himself once more a man, and not merely a machine, to live his life as he had meant to live it by the light of his lost ideals, to rescue his talents from disuse, to do something with his self.

And for his little son, what of his prospects? If he chose expediency instead of honor, ingratitude instead of gratitude, how would it be with the child? He was a delicate, sensitive little mortal, and Gilbert often feared that the life of the Council school, the only school he could afford, was becoming too hard and rough for him. From his mother, who had had gentle blood in her veins, he had inherited many dainty little ways of speech and manner, and these Gilbert dreaded he must inevitably lose beneath the ridicule of his playmates, to many of whom anything that savored of gentle blood was dubbed affectation, and to be well-mannered was to be considered beneath contempt. A better school, less sordid surroundings, and more care and attention than he was likely to receive from the rough-handed, if kind-hearted "general," of which the Evans household consisted, for the child, were surely worth seeking.

Or if—Gilbert had of late often considered this last possibility, probably because in the vehemence of his grief life had lost what it had for him—

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he himself were soon to follow his wife into the Great Silence?

What of the boy then?

He had a few relations, fewer friends, none to whom his child could look for help. His wife had married him in the face of her parents' anger, and even her death did not bring forgiveness.

So he—he alone—stood between his son and destitution. But for how much longer?

Already the trouble he had undergone, and the daily disappointments and anxieties of his business, were beginning to tell on him. The doctor talked warningly of a nervous breakdown and ordered rest, change, a holiday, advice which, in the present state of affairs, had small chance of being taken! Unless, as he had of late expected, the firm totally collapsed, and he had, perforce, to take a holiday for good and all.

But, on the other hand, if he accepted this offer, if he chose money and position before honor, and, forgetting all the many kindnesses his old master had ever shown him, elected to repay him with ingratitude, and deserted the sinking ship instead of doing his utmost to refloat her, what then?

The remembrance of all his own youth had missed, of all that he had hoped his son's life would hold, of the University he had never entered, but where the boy might find all that he had had to forego, might even enter the profession he had been, through want of means, forced to relinquish, rose before his eyes. No! The boy should never be hampered as he had been if it lay in his power to make it otherwise! All this and more! But at what price?

He knew that it would be dearly bought, knew also that had Dora lived her pure white soul would have preferred poverty to dishonor—even to that dishonor of which the world knows nought, which is only visible to man's soul and the Great Potter on whose wheel it was fashioned.

Still, in a world where the strongest wins, a world that by precept and example daily enforces the truth of the old saying, "That he may take who has the power," a world wherein he had only himself, only his own talents, to trust, to secure a foothold for himself and the child—would he in after years curse his too tender conscience if he let this chance of betterment slip by unheeded?

And the boy? Surely if Dora could see him and know, she would understand, and for the boy's sake forgive him!

He went to his desk, pulled out a fresh sheet of paper, and wrote his acceptance. Signing it hurriedly and without a second glance he pushed it hastily into an envelope, addressed and stamped it, and sprang to his feet with a glance at the clock. There was still time to catch the post, the pillar-box was just outside. A few minutes and the letter would be gone, gone irretrievably.

Involuntarily his eyes rested for a moment on the portrait of his wife. Was it merely fancy or did the face in the photograph lose something of its sweet brightness in that moment? Did a gulf deeper even than Death widen suddenly between him and the dead girl he loved? He dared not look again, as, with the letter in his hand, he turned towards the door.

## II.

Sonnie could not sleep. He had screwed his eyes up tightly and tried hard to slip into Dreamland after Sarah, of the rough hands and the untidy head, having tucked him up in his cot and put out the gas, had betaken her slipshod way downstairs, to get father's supper ready. He had kept them tightly closed for what seemed to him an incredible space of time, until his eyelids refused to remain down any longer, and now he lay wide awake and trembling, staring into the darkness, the baffling darkness that shrouded each familiar object in the room in impenetrable mystery.

Strange, mysterious shapes lurked behind the wardrobe; a huge, formless shadow that in daytime resolved itself into the homely dressing-table stood grimly in the window—a nameless, sinister terror hid behind the half-open door! But not merely the dread of being alone and wide-awake in the awesome darkness kept Sonnie's eyes open. Something that seemed more dreadful, much more dreadful, to his sensitive little heart, than the darkness had banished sleep.

His child-conscience, what he, in his baby tongue called "something inside," was uneasy, because, to-day, at school, he had nearly cheated, nearly—but not quite, at lessons. He had resisted, but the temptation had been very strong, and the miserable thought that he might have fallen made his cheeks tingle and his heart ache.

Few children cheat habitually and as a matter of course. Some may do so through laziness, a greater number through fear of punishment for errors, but to earn the epithet of "cheat" is a misfortune not to be regarded with equanimity by any normally constituted schoolboy or girl. To Sonnie, with his fine instincts, his sensitive, self-accusing little soul, the thought that he had narrowly escaped deserving it became insupportable.

If mother—up there among the angels, but still looking down to watch her boy with loving eyes—if mother knew, what must she think of him? Mother, who had taught him that to do right regardless of consequences was the only course possible to a manly boy—a boy who was going to be a manly man! Mother would cry! With the vivid imagination of childhood with which he had been dowered in over-full measure, he pictured to himself his mother weeping in that far, radiant country, perhaps refusing to listen to the angelic words of comfort because her little son had wanted to pass, as his own, another boy's answer to his sums.

Childlike, he saw nothing incongruous in the picture! That mother could exist without caring for and loving him as deeply as before was to him a thing impossible!

And which of us, older and wiser as we think, can afford to smile at him?

But if the angels did not wish to grieve mother, and if, happily, she did not know, there was still father—father, who, in Sonnie's eyes, was the best, the wisest, the cleverest of men, to whom wrongdoing was surely inconceivable! What would father think of him?

Would he, perhaps, refuse to take him out on Saturday afternoons as he usually did, for their customary ramble in the country—the country that may be reached by a tramcar—when Sonnie learned the difference between a beech-tree and a hawthorn, a blackbird and a crow, and father told him tales of the real, wild, countrified country, where he had passed his humble, happy-go-lucky, bare-footed childhood? Would all that have to be forfeited?

Even the precious bedside talks, when Sonnie did most of the talking and father listened, while Sonnie debated whether he should be a cab-driver when he grew up, because then he would get as many rides as he pleased, or a sailor, because it must be lovely to sleep in a hammock, or a drummer in a brass band, because the drum made such a delightful noise when you banged with all your might, or—But by the time the drummer had been considered Sonnie was generally on the verge of sleep, and his ambitions were merging drowsily into dreams.

Would this also be a thing of the past?

Even to-night he remembered with an added pang, father had handed him over to Sarah much earlier than usual. Had he heard anything? Did he, with the semi-omniscience which children attribute to grown-ups, know? And while too pitiful to condemn, had he found it impossible to love any longer the little, hithonored, guilty boy, of whom he had been so proud?

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The thought of his fathers silent scorn proved too much for Sonnie. He felt that it was impossible to remain in bed any longer; that, come what might, he must, at all hazards, make confession, whether absolution or condemnation came of it. Fear of the darkness, of the shadows lurking within the room and without, of the long passage and the dimly-lit stars, was as nothing to the thought of the love he had, perhaps, already forfeited. He slipped trembling from between the cosy blankets, and crept fearfully downstairs.

The house was very silent. Even the stairs, undisturbed by his light weight, forbore to utter their customary protesting squeak, and he reached the foot of them in safety. For a moment he paused, and half turned back. But one glance up the gloomy staircase quenched his half-formed wish to retreat with his heart unseated of its burden. Trembling, yet eager, half-afraid to enter, and still more afraid to go back, he reached the study door with a rush at the very moment when his father opened it, a letter in his hand, and what seemed, even to Sonnie's eyes, a strange, unfamiliar look on his face.

Gilbert Evans paused and gazed at his small son in amazement.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "Why aren't you in bed?"

"I couldn't sleep," stammered Sonnie. "Couldn't sleep? What's wrong? Are you cold?"

But Sonnie, now that the crucial moment had been reached, was silent.

His father picked him up and carried him into the warm room. There was still another post, he reflected, and, after all, it mattered little whether his answer went sooner or later, when go it must.

Besides, something was certainly the matter with Sonnie. Now that he thought of it, he remembered that the child's face had been flushed; he had been strangely reserved and ill-at-ease before going to bed. Could he be ill? Heaven forbid! His heart throbbed passionately at the thought, as he strained his boy to him defiantly. If the child were taken, all that was best in him would surely go also. Life would then, indeed, lose all motive. Work would be aimless, ambition dead.

With a pang he realized how unskilled he was in children's ailments, and thought helplessly of Sarah's utter incapability. Why—why—had the boy's mother died?

Sonnie, meanwhile, happy in the security of father's arms and beneath the inspiring influences of light and heat, had forgotten the little outcast he had pictured himself becoming in the fear-inducing darkness upstairs, and was gradually regaining confidence and hope. If his crime was no less heinous, yet, surely, father's love was stronger and more forbearing than he had imagined. Gradually it became easy for him to speak.

Pulling his father's head down to him he whispered into his ear a full and unexpurgated account of the day's misdoings.

"An' I thought p'raps mother would be 'shamed of me, up beside the angels, 'cos' mother said I was never and never to make her 'shamed. 'Sides a man doesn't cheat, mother told me."

Never and never to make her ashamed! A man doesn't cheat!

The words beat into Gilbert Evans's heart with a strange new meaning. From the lips of a babe he heard his own condemnation. And his code of honor that had grown lax to comply with the world's requirements, to whom all is lawful that is expedient, suddenly seemed to him a mean and ignoble thing, seen with the clear eyes of a child's innocence.

"Father." The whisper came again, more tremulously. For why was father so silent? Was he, after all, angry—ashamed of him? Sonnie's lips trembled, although there was no relaxing in the warm clasp of the arms around him.

"You isn't angry? You isn't ashamed of me? I didn't mean to. I didn't—really. But I wanted to—awful much. You isn't very angry, father?"

Angry! Angry with him! Poor, little, innocent, troubled soul! Who was he—he who had indeed stooped to temptation—he whom his own conscience accused, whom all honest men would accuse did they know—to be angry with a child? He gathered the boy more closely in his

arms and kissed him with an intensity that almost startled the child, while it made his little heart beat wildly with joy.

So father had forgiven him! More—seemed to love him as much as before! Sonnie nestled closer with a sigh of relief.

But the kiss implied more than forgiveness, although to Sonnie that was all-sufficing.

He did not know that in that kiss another soul, a soul more burdened, more troubled, than his own, had vowed repentance, had sought absolution, had seen its own transgressions in the light of his white innocence!

Holding his little son tightly with one arm, Gilbert Evans lifted the letter, sealed and ready for despatch, from the table, where he had thrown it, and, without a moment's hesitation, dropped it into the fire.

It burned very slowly, writhing like a living thing as the flames crept and licked around it, shrivelling and curling impotently before the consuming fire. And as it burned, so burned away, beneath the purifying flame of a high resolve, the false ideals that had brought it into being in the heart of the writer.

Sonnie watched with fascinated eyes the little tongues of flame leaping and spreading over the paper; wondered, too, why father stared at it so fixedly until the fire had died down, and all that remained was but a little heap of grey ashes.

The flames pleased him, and he was sorry when they had died down so quickly. They seemed disappointed at finding nothing else to burn.

"Burn some more, father," he cried. "The fire says it wants some more. It says it's hungry."

Father lifted him to his shoulder.

"There's no more to burn, Sonnie," he answered gently. "It was only a letter that father is sorry he ever wrote. The fire is the best place for it."

Sonnie opened questioning eyes. Father also, it appeared, had something to confess.

"Would mother have been 'shamed if she saw it?" he asked gravely. Gilbert bowed his head.

"Mother would have been very, very much ashamed, my little son. But she won't now. She shall never be ashamed again, if I can help it."

Sonnie nodded wisely.

"No, mother said never, never to make her 'shamed."

Then, with a little nestling movement, Sonnie laid his head on his father's shoulder. Sleep had kissed his eyelids at last. Gilbert Evans bent his dark head over the flaxen one that lay upon his breast.

"We'll help each other to remember that," he whispered more to himself than to the child. "And may God help both of us, son o' mine."

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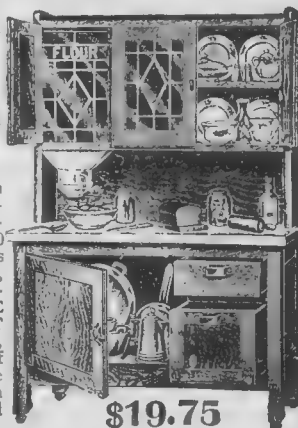
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## Young People

### Fireside Games

By Nelson Wright

The wind is howling down the chimney, and perhaps the rain and sleet are beating against the window pane, but what child cares that it is a stormy night outside? The nursery fire is all aglow and ablaze with the coals of good cheer. It sparkles and crackles and burns merrily enough to make one forget the weather. There is a dish of apples to roast in front of the fire, and there are chestnuts, too, and marshmallows. A warm red rug is spread on the floor, and the children, in bath gowns and slippers, are sitting up for a happy hour just before bedtime to play games—fireside games—and what shall they be?

Games for playing in front of an open fire should be mostly thinking and guessing games. A child doesn't want to romp and play too much about the nursery in his slippers and bath gowns. What he does want to do is to sit by the fire, curled up on the floor, and just watch the coals while he makes his "thinking machine work," as Br'er Rabbit used to say.

These are a few fireside games that will help a child to do just that.

"I Love My Love," is played by a line of children, who start with a lot of questions about my Love, which must be answered according to the letters of the alphabet. The A's might run this way: "I love my love with an A because he is Adorable."

I hate him with an A, because he is Ancient.

He took me to Appledore and treated me to Arrowroot and Apricots. His name is Ananias, and he comes from Ayrshire."

The B's may run as follows: "I love my love with a B, because he is Brilliant."

I hate him with a B, because he is Boorish.

He took me to Banbury and treated me to Barberries and Biscuits.

His name is Bob, and he comes from Babylon."

Each child must tell the story and fill in the missing ideas in the sentences with words that begin with his special letter of the alphabet. Should he fail, or hesitate, another player may fill in the gap and move up the line after the manner of an old-fashioned spelling match, to take the place of the child who failed. The player who stays longest at the head of the line may have the biggest roasted apple for a prize.

P's and Q's is another fine fireside game. The players sit in a circle, and one stands, asking each in turn a question, as:

"The Sultan of Turkey has gone forth with all his men to battle. Tell me where he has gone, but mind your P's and Q's." The child questioned must answer quickly, naming a city in Turkey beginning with a letter before P in the order of the alphabet.

Another question is put immediately.

"The Sultan of Turkey, with all his men, was entertained at —. Tell me where, but mind your P's and Q's."

In replying, no letter of the alphabet used previously may be repeated, so the

game is a difficult one and a tax upon a child's wits. It has unlimited variations, and may be applied to animals or flowers, as well as geography.

The questioner may ask: "The circus has come to town. Tell me which animal roared the loudest—Which came from Africa; Which wore horns and hoofs; Which carried his house on his back; But mind your P's and Q's."

Varying the game to make it a literary one, the child asks:

"Charles Dickens wrote a book. Tell me the title, but mind your P's and Q's."

The children sit in a row to play the Ship Alphabet. One child is chosen for the schoolmaster, and he asks the child at the head of the line:

"The letter?" "B," answers the child, perhaps, although any letter may be chosen.

"The name of the ship?" the schoolmaster then asks of the next child in the line.

"Bouncing Bet," the child replies, or an equally absurd name which suggests itself to him.

"The name of the Captain?" is the next question.

"The name of her cargo? The name of her port?" follow rapidly. As the schoolmaster puts each question, he counts ten. The child must answer the question within that time. This will be found difficult, especially if the letter chosen was an unusual one. The successful players move up the line, taking the places of those who failed.

Making up limericks in front of an open fire will be found a whole lot of fun. The best way to describe a limerick is to really quote one that some children made up one evening in the nursery:

"There was a fat man of Tobago,  
Who lived on saltpetre and sago,  
When asked what he'd drink,  
He said he'd take ink,  
Because it was good for lumbago."

A group of children may play a game of Suggestions. The first child in the circle voices the first idea which comes to him—treacle, perhaps, or something quite as absurd. The next player then gives immediately the idea suggested to him by treacle—jug, perhaps, or bread. Following jug comes the next child's idea—potter—and the fun of the game is to see how far, after one or two rounds, the children have gone from the first idea, or suggestion.

Acting out one's favorite stories will afford a great deal of fireside fun. One child must leave the room, and those who remain decide what fairy or household tale they will act, without costume or stage setting. If the story of Cinderella is chosen, the smallest little girl crouches by the fire, pretending to cry, while two larger children play that they are dressing themselves in all manner of finery and go through the pantomime of starting away for the ball. The child who went outside is then called back to the room, and tries to guess the title of the story that is being acted.

And by this time the fireside games will have grown so hilarious that mother will come upstairs, saying, "Bedtime," and the games will have to be continued to-morrow night.

### Ma Can't Vote

Ma's a graduate of college, and she's read most everything. She can talk in French and German. She can paint and she can sing. Beautiful! She's like a picture! When she talks she makes you think. Of the sweetest kind of music, and she doesn't smoke or drink. Oh, I can't begin to tell you all the poems she can quote; She knows more than half the lawyers do; but ma can't vote.

When my pa is writing letters, ma must always linger near. To assist him in his spelling and to make his meaning clear. If he needs advice, her judgment, he admits, is always best; Every day she gives him pointers, mostly at his own request. She keeps track of legislation, and is taxed on bonds and stocks, But she never gets a look-in at the sacred ballot-box.

Ma is wiser than our coachman, for he's not a graduate, And I doubt if he could tell you who is governing the state. He has never studied grammar, and I'll bet he doesn't know Whether Caesar lived a thousand or two thousand years ago. He could never tell us how to keep the ship of state afloat, For he doesn't know there's such a thing—but ma can't vote.

Mrs. Gooking does our washing, for she has to help along, Taking care of her six children, though her husband's big and strong. When he gets a job, he only holds it till he draws his pay, Then he spends his cash for whiskey, or else gambles it away. I suppose his brain's no bigger than the brain of any goat, And he'd trade his ballot for a drink—but ma can't vote!

—Chicago Record Herald.

### The Objection to John

The Gaylords and Nelsons have always been neighbors and intimate friends. So when John Gaylord, at twenty-four, as fine a fellow as ever was, began to see what an altogether charming girl Molly Nelson was, there was, naturally, no opposition. Indeed, as the "affair" became serious it was evident to all, including John and Molly themselves, that the parents concerned, were delighted as yet there was no formal announcement, but every one knew that it was "understood," and evening after evening John talked to Molly on the front porch, often lingering after the other Nelsons had retired.

The surprise of the two was consequently great when one evening a shuffling step was heard in the hall, and presently Mr. Nelson appeared in slipper and dressing-gown, candle in hand. Quite evidently he had gone to bed and then got up—for some purpose.

"Why, father, what is the matter?" Molly's cheeks were burning, as her father stood there hesitating and eyeing John closely. John, leaning against the door-post, where he had stood for the last fifteen minutes saying good night to Molly, felt decidedly uncomfortable under Mr. Nelson's gaze.

In fact, it was embarrassing all round. But John is a young man who goes straight to the point.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Nelson?" he began, directly. "Am I to infer that you object to my being here?"

"Well, no, not exactly, John." Mr. Nelson coughed slightly, hesitating. "It's only that mother and I would like to get a little sleep."

"Father," cried Molly, quite indignant, "we couldn't have been disturbing any one! John has been talking very low—"

"I don't doubt that, my dear," Mr. Nelson was beginning to enjoy the situation. "It's not that, nor have I any objection to John's talking to you. In fact, I haven't any objection in the world to John, nor to his conduct, except—"

Mr. Nelson is open to suspicion of having prolonged the matter unnecessarily at this point.

"Except in one thing. Mrs. Nelson and I do object seriously, my dear John, to the habit you seem to have formed this evening of leaning against the bell-push. Our bedroom is next to the kitchen, and this continuous bell-ringing is not conducive to repose."

### Return in Kind

Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of his books. The neighbor replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let his books leave his house. Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawn-mower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I have made it a rule never to let it leave my lawn you will be obliged to use it there."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Every one complains of his memory, and no one complains of his judgment.—James J. Hill.

## ESCAPED OPERATION FOR PILES

It is most disheartening to be told by your physician that nothing short of an operation will cure you of piles. The expense, the suffering, the risk, is too great, and so you endure the misery of this wretched ailment.

But why not be cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Relief is prompt, cure certain and lasting, when you use persistently this great soothing, healing ointment.



Mr. Mawer

Mr. J. Mawer, Roden, Man., writes: "Dr. Chase's Ointment is a wonderful preparation. I had itching piles for five or six years and though I tried two doctors' prescriptions and used many other preparations could not obtain much benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me, and that I would have to undergo an operation."

"I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and was completely cured in one week. As this was six months ago and there has been no return of the old trouble, I believe that the cure is a permanent one."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has a truly wonderful record of cures to back it up. Many cases of 10, 20, 30 years' standing have been cured by its use. 60 cents a box; all dealers. Sample box free, if you mention this paper. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

## Dr. Chase's Ointment

## Was Badly Run Down. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Built Her Up.

Mrs. Frank Blough, Sarnia, Ont., writes:—"I embrace the opportunity to write you saying that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and found them very helpful to me. I was very badly run down, and was taking doctor's medicine. My son, out West, wrote me saying, 'Mother! you use the Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, they will be better for you than doctor's medicine.' This I did with good results. I often recommend them to other people. My doctor did not know I was using them, he used to say 'Why! I never saw any one's heart gain up like yours has. You do not need any more medicine.'"

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

### MAIL ME THIS FREE COUPON

with your name and address plainly written.

Name .....

Address .....

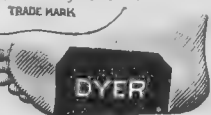
You'll receive, prepaid, a \$1 pair of Drafts to try Free, as explained below. Frederick Dyer, Dept. 339-J, Jackson, Mich.

## To everyone suffering with Rheumatism I Make this Unlimited Offer



Fred'k Dyer

I'll send you the Drafts the same day I get your coupon—fresh from the laboratory, ready to begin their soothing work the minute you put them on. They are relieving every stage and condition of this cruel disease, whether chronic or acute—muscular, Sciatic, Lumbago or Gout—no matter where located or how severe. They are bringing comfort to old men and women who have suffered all their lives, as well as all the milder stages. Don't neglect rheumatism, I urge you, for I know the horrible torture and deformity it so often leads to. Send to-day for the Drafts. I send them on free trial because I know what they are doing for many thousands and I have faith that they can cure you likewise. Try the Drafts when you get them. Then, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, they cost you nothing. I take your word. Address Frederick Dyer, 339-J Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Michigan. Send no money—just the coupon. Write to-day—now.



**Music Lessons Free** in your own home. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello. Lessons weekly. Beginners or advanced pupils. Expense, postage and music only. This is small. Thousands write: "Wish had known of you before." Booklet telling how sent free. Add. U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225-5th Ave., N.Y. City.

**FREE** **POWERFUL AIR GUN** Big lever action rifle free for selling 20 pkgs. Post Cards or 20 Art. and Religious Pictures at 10c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 872 CHICAGO

## Sunday Reading

### Consider

#### Consider

The lilies of the field, whose bloom  
We are as they;  
Like them fade away,  
As doth a leaf.

#### Consider

The sparrows of the air, of small account

Our God doth view  
Whether they fall or mount—  
He guards us too.

#### Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil  
Yet are most fair—  
What profit all this care  
And all this toil?

#### Consider

The birds that have no barn nor home  
God gives them food—  
Much more our Father seeks  
To do us good.

### No Sabbath

It would be difficult to find a more striking picture of a land where the Sabbath had been forgotten than this, written by a Scottish printer:

"Think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—limbs for ever on the rack, the finger for ever playing, the eyeballs for ever straining, the brow for ever sweating, the feet for ever plodding, and brain for ever throbbing, the shoulder for ever drooping, the loins for ever aching, and the restless mind for ever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-leartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature that it would exhaust, of the aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig. See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

### The Gospel an Artesian Well

The late D. L. Moody, in illustrating the different classes into which Christians can be divided, and in explaining the best kind of a Christian to be, once used the following graphic illustration:

"When I was a boy I used to have to pump water for the cattle. Ah, how many times I have pumped with that old right hand until it ached, and many times I used to pump when I could not get any water, and I was taught that when the pump was dry I must pour a pail of water down the pump and then I could get the water up.

"That is what Christians want—a well of living water. We will have plenty of grace to spare—all we need ourselves and plenty for others. We have got into the way now of digging artesian wells better. They don't pump now to get the water. But when they dig the well they cut down through the gravel and through the clay perhaps 1,000 or 2,000 feet, not stopping when they can pump the water up, but they cut to a lower stratum and the water flows up abundantly of itself.

"And so we ought every one of us to be like artesian wells. God has got grace enough for every one of us, and if we were only full of the Holy Ghost what power we would have."

## Let this Coupon bring you HEALTH!

Tear it out—mail it to us—so we can give you our latest book telling in detail of the curative powers of this modern, scientific health restorer.

**Oxydonor**  
TRADE MARK

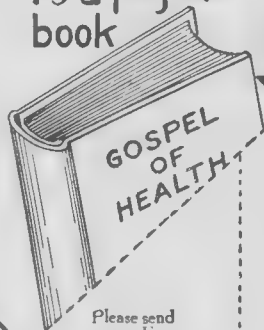
Our Guarantee  
Oxydonor with full directions will be sent on 90 day trial.

If not entirely satisfied with the results at end of that time, the purchase price will be refunded.

What Oxydonor has done for thousands it should do for YOU. Take your first step towards Health TO-DAY. Beware of fraudulent imitations. All genuine instruments are stamped with the name of the inventor and discoverer—Dr. H. Sanche. LOOK FOR THIS NAME.

We care not what your particular disease is called. Providing no vital organ has been impaired, Oxydonor is the way to perfect health, for all forms of disease are due to physical weakness—lack of vitality and Oxydonor revitalizes the entire system, by satisfying the body's natural—but stunted—demand for oxygen.

192 page book



Please send me your Free Booklet, describing the Oxydonor.

This places me under no obligation.

Dr. H. SANCHE & Co. Inc.

NAME

ADDRESS

Dept. 12, 364 St. Catherine St., W. Montreal, Canada.  
489 Fifth Avenue, New York City

## Neal 3-Day Drink Treatment Sweeping the Country

"Nothing succeeds like success." The best evidence of merit in any discovery is the actual results achieved by it. The NEAL 3-DAY TREATMENT, in spite of some skeptical opposition from uninformed critics has during the past three years demonstrated beyond all question its right to the title, "World's Most Successful Drink Treatment."

This great movement for the redemption of humanity from the frightful effects of the liquor habit, has swept the country from end to end. Millions of dollars have been invested in NEAL INSTITUTES—millions of people are vitally interested—thousands of patients cured—thousands of homes made happy. There are now 60 NEAL INSTITUTES in successful operation turning out thousands of cured patients, and the grand work is growing by leaps and bounds. The public are readily coming into the knowledge that here at last is a positively safe and absolutely efficient and permanent treatment for alcohol and drug addictions. They know that there is no longer an excuse for the dangerous and painful hypodermic needle used four or five times daily for four to seven weeks—no further excuse for the employment of powerful opiates and injurious drugs with their bad after-effects.

All who want complete information as to this wonderful work should call, write or phone the

## NEAL INSTITUTE

3124 Victoria Ave. W.  
Regina, Sask.

820 13th Ave. W.  
Calgary, Alta.

405 Broadway  
Winnipeg, Man.

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly  
Write for special clubbing offers



## Spring Embroideries

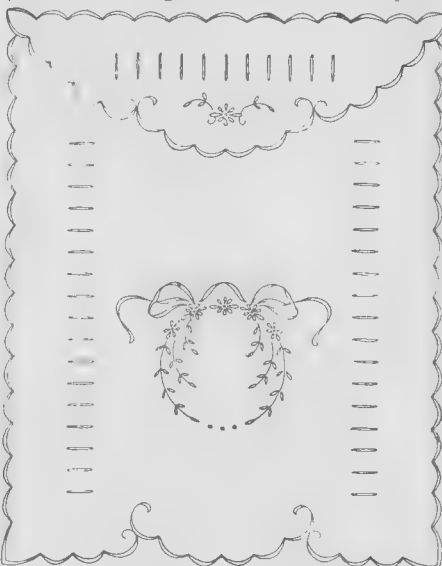
Readers will please note that prices are quoted for stamped goods only excepting where working materials are specified. We do not supply embroidered articles

The April design for the Birthday Pillow shows a beautiful spray of pansies tinted in their gorgeous colorings. Great interest has been shown in this series, and we are sure our readers will appreciate this design. The flowers may be embroidered solidly or tipped long and short, if preferred, while the lettering is worked in over-and-over satin stitch in brown. The motto only requires outlining, and fine, black silk is suitable for this.

The spring season is the time to prepare the furnishings for the baby carriage, and the carriage robe and pillow will doubtless interest many of our readers. This is stamped on corded pique, and the design is for solid over-and-over embroidery. Long eyelets are shown through which ribbons may be

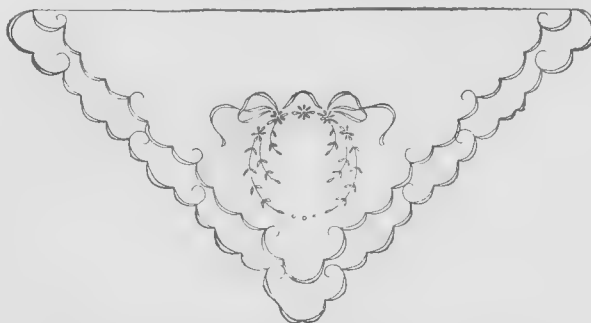


No. 6404. April.  
Cushion, front and back. ....\$ .60  
Lace to edge. .... .75  
Silk to embroider. .... .75  
Fringe for ends if preferred. .... .60

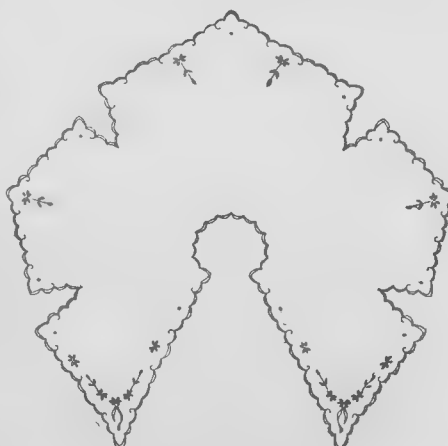


No. 6301. Afghan.  
Stamped on Pique .....\$ .75  
Cotton to embroider ..... .25  
laced, and attractively finish this pretty Afghan. The baby pillow matches in design, and is one of the useful lacing variety, and comes in two pieces back and front.

No. 6304 shows an infant's shawl stamped on soft woollen voile, and silk is quoted to embroider this. The design matches the Afghan and baby pillow.



No. 6304. Infant's Shawl  
Stamped on voile .....\$ .75  
Silk to embroider. .... .75



No. 6306. Kimona.  
Stamped on Voile .....\$ .50  
Silk to embroider ..... .25

No. 6306. Infant's kimona is also stamped on the same material as the baby shawl, and this may be embroidered in either white or colors. If preferred, the little flowers could be worked in blues and the border in white, or pink coloring is attractive and dainty.

Any further information regarding the embroidering of articles shown in our needlework column will be cheerfully

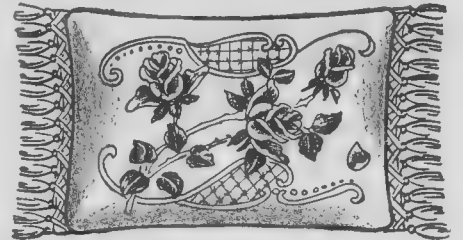
furnished on receipt of a stamped envelope.

Articles illustrated in this column will be found on sale at all the up-to-date stores, but if they cannot be obtained in this manner, they will be sent post paid on receipt of the prices quoted.

When ordering, kindly mention the design number and article, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake. Allow at least a week for filling order from the time it is received.

True eloquence consists in saying what is needed, and in saying only what is needed.—Lord Morley.

Perfect bravery and true courage is to do without a witness all that we would do with the whole world looking on.—Maurice Maeterlinck.



No. 211, ROSES  
TINTED IN SHADES OF PINK, BROWN AND GREEN

## GIVEN Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away absolutely free in order to introduce Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss into every home. Pillow Top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash; stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent free and prepaid if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss to commence the work with and 5 cents for postage. Outfit includes:

One Pillow Top, size 17 x 22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

Six Skeins Belding's Royal Silk Floss.  
ALL SENT FOR ONLY 35c. AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME.

### HOW TO GET THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada, and may be withdrawn any time.

**SEND TO-DAY.** Do not delay. Just send 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and we will send you the entire outfit. Write TO-DAY.

Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Dept. 306, MONTREAL.



## Examine your skin closely

See if the pores have become large and clogged; if it has lost its smoothness; if it has grown colorless.

These conditions of the skin are a natural result of the constant strain imposed upon it during the winter months, when we eat heavy foods and take almost no exercise. Each Spring, the skin needs refreshing.

### How to refresh your skin

Wash your face with care and take plenty of time to do it. Lather freely with Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub in gently till the skin is softened and the pores open. Then rinse several times in very cold water, or better still, rub with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. This treatment with Woodbury's cleanses the pores, then closes them and brings the blood to the surface. You feel the difference the first time you use it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake.

Go to your dealer's today and get a cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder.

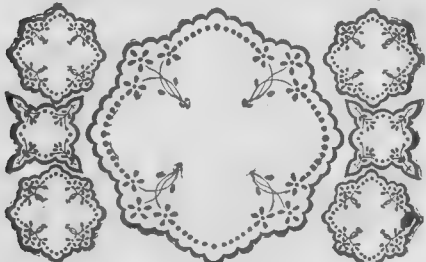
## Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian dealers from coast to coast including Newfoundland



Write today to the Woodbury Canadian factory for samples. For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

### FINE SEVEN PIECE TABLE SET.



The most beautiful of all centerpieces and doilies are those which display a great deal of Eyelet Work. There is nothing more attractive on the dining room table than white linens embroidered in open work through which the polished wood may show.

The pretty set illustrated consists of 1 centerpiece, 4 doilies to match, 2 small doilies for salt and pepper shakers, all stamped on a piece of White Art Linen 1/2 yd. long.

This complete set sent as an introductory offer for only fifteen cents. Send Coin—no stamps accepted. Embroidery House, Dept. HM 80 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

## GREAT SALE

\$2 Spring Costume Skirt for  
\$1 Carriage Paid  
Blouse or Overall Free

We will make for any reader of the Western Home Monthly a lovely tailor-built Yorkshire Serge Costume Skirt, with seven gores and raised seams, a good full walking width, and each garment made to your own measurements, in either Navy, Black, Grey, Wine, Brown, Helio, or Myrtle, together with our offer of a Blouse or Overall to every customer. We have received many thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world praising our garments. Will you try us? Then send us \$1 bill to-day with correct length, waist and hip measurements and we will despatch promptly carr. paid. It is the quantity we make that enables us to supply this splendid Costume Skirt at the price.

Address—Dept. 256

### SKIRTS UNLIMITED

Godwin St., Bradford, England

Remittances to be made by money order or dollar bill only.



FREE OFFER

\$2 SKIRT FOR \$1 CARR. PAID.



## ASK TO SEE THIS NEW SKIRT

The idea is that the one size fits all waists from 20 to 28 inches. The skirt fits gracefully without any alterations. There is no fullness, no bunching. "Eppo" made in Blackeye silk moires and Egyptine taffetas (both guaranteed) and in Silks and Satenes.

"FROM ALL  
BEST STORES"

### THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your  
subscription expires.

Send in your renewal NOW

## About the Farm

### Farmers and Their Hired Help

Mrs. Fred R. Hall

This is not written with the intention of trying to convey the impression that all farmers are intentionally thoughtless or criminally careless in their treatment of farm help. However, a good many of them are careless and many are entirely devoid of any degree of justice where help is concerned.

In the first place they desire a "strictly temperate and steady hired man, married. References required." A man possessing the requirements applies for the position. If he happens to advance the idea that considering the fact that he is required to furnish references, it would be only fair to receive the same of the farmer, his remark is considered impertinent and his application dismissed as undesirable.

I will state briefly the conditions we found when answering one of these advertisements. The farmer gave no reference (they never do) but stated in a letter that he was a church elder. We hired at the usual wages and moved to him. When we got there we began to get his references, viz., two years before he had had four families in his house and the man who was moving out stated he had offered to move about every three to six weeks since he had been there.

The house was fair-sized having five rooms but out of repair—leaky roof, dirty and ragged wall paper and of the eight

where we lived. Others have pits dug and when they become full the buildings are moved. Very few are built so they can be cleaned often and kept anywhere near healthful. And the ideal method of running water is practically never found. I have before me directions for a cement "septic tank" so constructed that the claims made for it is that the sewage is purified until it is merely clear water. This would give the rural home all the toilet and bath conveniences enjoyed by their city friends with even more sanitary conditions. The estimated cost is about \$45.00, including sand and gravel, which nearly every farmer can get with very little expense.

The use of chloride of lime in these toilets would do much toward remedying the conditions, but is seldom used (in fact, I have found people who didn't know what it was or its use). Even a generous supply of wood ashes, of which most farmers have an abundance, would work wonders but are seldom used, they are often piled in an unsightly heap in the back yard.

In this locality, which is low and full of springs, the majority of the wells are open wells, i.e., not driven but are usually springs dug out about six to ten feet deep, with a wooden pump placed in them which has a cylinder strapped upon the side, in which the valve works by a wooden rod connected to the pump handle. Under the prevailing conditions all waste water drains directly into the well and the place through which the rod works is always open.



Winnipeg River Crossing

doors in the house only one had a whole latch and a lock and key. Some had a strap on, some a wooden button and some nothing at all. The cellar was simply a hole dug in the ground, which had caved in and had no light, ventilation or cellar stairs. We had no cistern but had a good driven well in the back yard and a well-sodded front yard.

The horses were the most disagreeable and vicious lot we ever had to handle. One was balky and a runaway, so when he wasn't doing one he was trying to do the other. Another was a kicker, biter and a runaway and a person handling him was in constant danger. The farmer forbade any kind of punishment being meted out to the horse, and after escaping injury several times my husband refused to drive him any more. Then this good church elder offered to give my husband a "licking," and said if he didn't drive him he could quit, which he did.

We packed our goods and left them in the house until we could find some place to move, took a fourteen-months-old baby in our arms, together with a large handbag, telescope, etc., and walked about two and one-half miles to the depot, with seven horses standing in the barn.

The next place we got on a farm was a house consisting of two living rooms and two small bedrooms, with no well, cistern, cellar, woodshed, porches, window or door screens, no sod upon yard, no shade trees or anything else for comfort. We stayed three weeks and moved again and found living conditions slightly improved as we have more house room, a well, and well-sodded front yard, but no cellar, cistern or screen doors. But the sanitary conditions about the farm are perfectly awful

The toilets on the majority of farms are wooden buildings, many of which have no pit under them, which was the case with two of the three places I have mentioned

Recently I noticed a muslin bag tied over the spout of one of these wells and, upon inquiry, found it was used to strain worms out of the drinking water. Another one of these wells is on sandy soil, the loose board cover on a level with the ground. The chicken coop is about eight feet to the right, the hog pen about ten feet away, and the open swill barrel within six feet of it. The wooden swill pails set in the swill barrel all the time. The hired man dips up part of a pail of swill, sets it upon the platform of the well and fills the pail. The result is that all which slops over or runs off the sides of the pail runs through the cracks directly into the water. This water also furnishes water for the house. In localities where there are no natural springs, the wells are usually good driven wells.

A cement platform would cost about \$1.50 or \$2.00 and would prevent much of this filth in the water.

A small garden is often mentioned in the bargain which the man is usually expected to work "odd spells," which means one end or the other of a fourteen to sixteen-hour day. If it ever gets plowed it usually grows up to weeds unless he has grown-up children or his wife tends it.

Saturday night he and his family walk or drive down town, to do the week's trading and find the local merchant's store-front decorated with some young village hopefuls, seated on a soap box, who aim such exceedingly witty and intelligent remarks at the passers-by that you wonder what school they graduated from and who their mothers are.

As far as our experience goes that is the extent of the hired man's social world.

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

## SHARPLES MILKER

### The Modern Way In Dairying

"To get away from hired help troubles and to ensure the production of clean milk on an economical basis I decided, after investigation, to put in the SHARPLES MILKER. I was convinced inasmuch as it is milking the best herds in the country, it should be worth a trial.

"I can milk, strip and weigh the milk from 25 cows in an hour and a half with my two-unit outfit. With the regular one-man equipment of three units 30 cows an hour can be milked. I can do this work easily single handed. I have used the machine seven months and intend to increase the equipment."

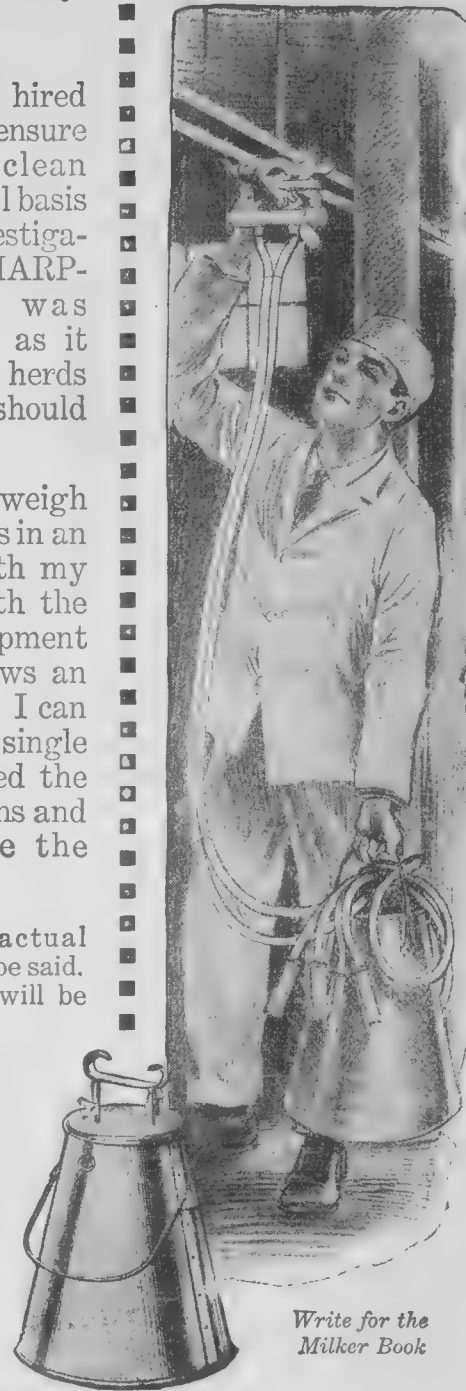
Such endorsement by actual users says all that need be said. The name of this user will be furnished on request.

THE SHARPLES  
SEPARATOR CO.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

Winnipeg, Canada  
Toronto, Canada

Agencies Everywhere



Write for the  
Milker Book

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Every one of these farmers were abundantly able to remedy these conditions and give their help comfortable living quarters and decent consideration; but do neither. There are some farmers who do use consideration but they are not often looking for help. I know one of these who has had the same men for about ten years, but they are not the men who raise the cry of insufficient farm help.

The farm papers always say, "Young man, stay on the farm," but I would qualify it and say, "If you do stay, stay where you are acquainted with the reputation of farmers wanting help, and then you will know whether the position is desirable or not."

Our experiences as related have all been with strangers.

The reason such farmers desire a married man is this: He knows a single man will not stay and submit to the injustices he will receive as he can leave with very little inconvenience, while with a married man it costs him from \$15 to \$50 every time he moves and consequently he will submit to things a single man will not.

The result is that men rather work in town for \$1.75 and up per day and work ten hours than work for \$25.00 per month and work from fourteen to sixteen hours per day as they always do.

With a little thought the farmer could do much to remedy the scarcity of farm help.

### White Wyandottes

It is fully twenty years since the Wyandotte was introduced to the poultry-loving public, but it is only during the past twelve years that it has made important advances. Its popularity now cannot be doubted, for it is seen in all parts and is esteemed wherever kept, and it is one of the best utility breeds after exhaustive tests to be a splendid winter layer and capital table fowl. It is in the former capacity (says a writer in an English journal), that the White Wyandotte may do well either in the close confinement of an enclosed run or on a free range, and lay good-sized tinted brown eggs, whilst the chickens are easy to rear. In America, where they originated, they are held in high repute, and a hen from this breed is stated to have beaten all records in the States, laying 273 eggs in twelve months. It cannot be denied that White Wyandotte rap-nested hens have in Britain, made individual records of 227 to even 265 and 288 eggs under certain conditions and careful selection.

They are decidedly handsome as well as useful. Their snowwhite plumage is enhanced by a beautifully-worked rose comb, following a curve of the head, a blood-red face, also a well-poised body on stout yellow legs. This Albino fowl finds more followers each year, and if its utility points continue to be persistently watched, it will certainly increase in favor each year. It is not difficult to breed, and even from ordinary stock good type birds are frequently bred which win prizes in the show pen, where the classes are usually liberally supported. The White Wyandotte, when penned in the pink of condition, with spotless purity of color, is always an object of admiration in the show, and lends itself to the fancier's skill.

### Fattening Poultry for Market

The common practice in poultry packing houses is to feed each lot 21 days or less. The market or trade supplied and the results secured by the feeder determine the length of the feeding period. Many milk-fed chickens are fed for 21 days, but results secured in feeding indicate that a more profitable gain can be secured in a shorter feeding period, provided the same price per pound can be secured for the finished product. In England and Canada birds are fattened for at least three weeks, and if one uses a cramming machine it probably pays to feed for that length of time. If the birds are small and thin they may be fed longer than heavier birds or those which are fairly well fleshed when they reach the feeding station. As the feeding season advances the tendency among feeders is to shorten the length of the feeding period, reducing it as low as 14 days in many cases. Many birds are merely "finished" by feeding for 10 to 12 days, and these are not generally classed as milk-fed poultry.

### Milk Fattening

Practically all of the special feeding in this country involves the use of milk, thus producing "milk-fed" chickens. These have been exported to some extent. Milk, while the least expensive, seems to be the most essential constituent of the ration, and when a feeder cannot get milk in some form he generally does not attempt to fatten poultry commercially. The profit depends on various factors, many of which are local, and must be worked out by each individual. Among these factors are the supply and cost of the chickens, which depends largely on the competition of other buyers; the shipping facilities; the cost of the essential feeds; the availability and cost of efficient labor; the market, and the price which the packer can secure for his finished product. Often the packer has to feed his poultry to suit the demands of his market, but generally if a man has a high class product he can make his own market, catering somewhat to popular fancies.

Besides these local factors there are certain essentials to success in a feeding station where poultry are fattened. First in importance is the manager of the station, or feeder, who must thoroughly understand all the details of the work and have a well-trained, observant eye, quick to note the condition and appetite of the stock. Success or failure depends primarily on this man, who must have the knack of caring for birds. The feeding station must be arranged to economize labor and to provide the best possible ventilation. Conditions must be of such a nature as to keep the birds quiet and contented, and at the same time cause them to consume a large amount of feed, in order to make profitable gains.

### Various Methods in Vogue

The English feeder does not consider that the bird has been properly fattened until it has been finished with a cramming machine. Most of the large feeders have used cramming machines in the United States, but have not found them adapted to their conditions. There are two factors which may help to account for this attitude: First, very few feeders in this country have been able to use a cramming machine successfully and keep the birds contented; and, second, the trade has not been educated to the increased value of a machine fed bird. However, the method is occasionally found in use where there is a special market for birds which have been crammed.

Some feeders in this country have obtained good results with the machine in one section, and made an absolute failure of the same method under different conditions. In England the art of fattening by machine is often handed down from father to son, thus producing first class feeders. The cramming machine is used to some extent in this country for fattening hens which do not give good results on trough feeding.

In cramming, the birds are fed from seven to fourteen days from the troughs, and are then crammed twice daily for from seven to ten days until they are marketed. The operator gauges the proper amount of feed to force into the birds by holding his hand on the bird's crop. If the crop is not almost or entirely empty at the next feeding time the bird is not given any additional feed.

### Pen Fattening is Easy Method

Another method which is used to a considerable extent on a small scale in Great Britain is pen fattening. This method is adapted for use on the farm, where the farmer does not care to go to the trouble of crate fattening, or where the price received for well-fed birds does not warrant the extra labor and feed cost of the latter method. Pen fattening has in some cases given very good results, but it is not as reliable as crate fattening, although the labor cost is less. It is used generally in fattening ducks. The quality of flesh secured by crate fattening is usually better than that obtained by pen fattening.

### How to Make a Good Hotbed

One of the most important requisites of a successful garden is a good hotbed. Increasing the length of the season by four weeks, it enables one to have large plants ready for transplanting by the time there is no longer danger of frosts or cold

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nights. On any place or farm, therefore, graced by a horse stable to furnish the necessary manure, a hotbed can be made more or less profitable and a source of great satisfaction.

Generally speaking, its construction should take place about the first of March, but no exact time in any locality, of course, can be determined, as all will depend upon the weather conditions, which are always more or less uncertain. Whatever the locality, though, the bed should not be started until there is every evidence that winter has given away to spring.

The first step, then, is to procure a sufficient quantity of horse manure from the stables and add to this from three-fourths to an equal amount of leaves, which should have been gathered and saved for the purpose the fall before. Having mixed thoroughly, tramp the mass down in successive layers, each of about equal dimensions in every way, so that fermentation will commence at once, even though the weather be severely cold. As soon as fermentation becomes active, which will manifest itself by the escaping steam from the heap, the mass should be turned and treated as before. In two or three days the second fermentation will commence, and the composition will then be ready for the pit.

This should be dug thirty inches deep and any size desired. If a permanent hotbed is wanted, it should be walled up all round with brick laid in cement, double thickness, and level with the surface of the surrounding earth. And the site, by



Scene near Winnipeg—G.T.P

the way, should be a dry, sheltered one facing, if possible, to the south and protected from the cold north winds by either an evergreen hedge or a tight board fence.

Three by six feet is the general size of hotbed sashes, and the number of these wanted must be determined by the amount of vegetables required by the family. If only the plants of cabbage, cauliflowers, celery, tomatoes, egg plants, lettuce and peppers are to be grown, one sash might be adequate for a family of six. But if the hotbed is to be used for the growing of lettuce, radishes, cucumbers and the like in addition to the plants to be transplanted to the open, and it can be, a large number of sash will be needed. This point each one must decide for himself.

It is not inappropriate to remark that a hotbed only needs a trial to demonstrate what a valuable adjunct it is to any garden. It is the best possible place for the growing of melons and cucumbers, which can be started after the first of the radishes and lettuce are out of the way. Vines, in fact, will do much better and produce more abundantly in a frame than in the open, provided proper care is taken to raise the sash, whenever the temperature will permit for a circulation of air, and that the glass is whitewashed as soon as the sun's rays become powerful. With the exception of a heavy clay, the soil used in hotbeds need not differ from what the garden affords, but for early crops a light, sandy loam is the most favorable.

### New Ideas in Rural Schools

The population of rural communities is necessarily scattering. The nature of farming renders it impossible for people to herd together as is the case in many other industries. This has its good side, but also its bad. There are no rural slums for the breeding of poverty and crime; but on the other hand, there is an isolation and monotony that tend to become deadening in their effects on the

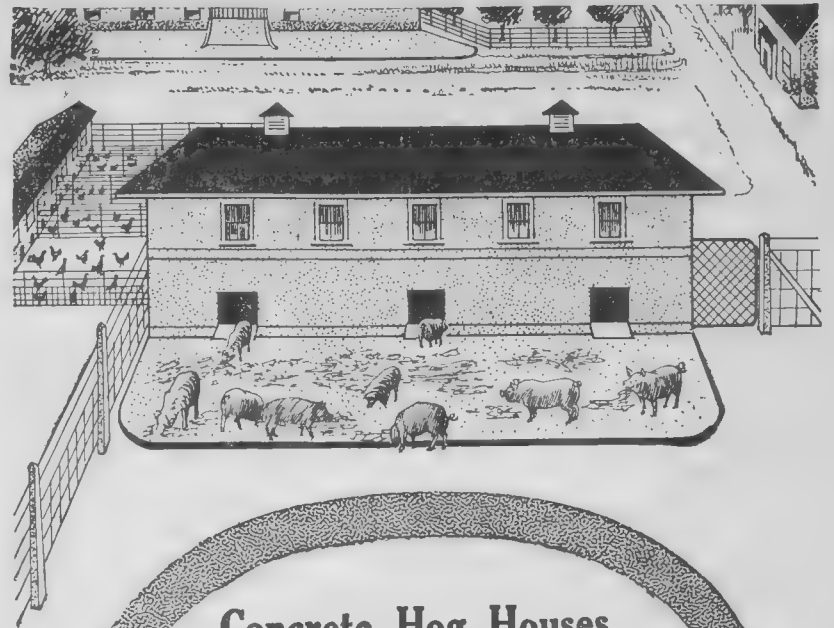
individual. Stress and overstrain does not all come from excitement and the rush of competition; it may equally well originate in lack of variety and unrelieved routine. How true this is, is seen in the fact that insanity, caused in this instance chiefly by the stress of monotony, prevails among the farming people of frontier communities out of all proportion to the normal ratio.

Farming is naturally the most healthful of the industrial occupations. The work is for the greater part done in the open air and sunshine, and possesses sufficient variety to be interesting. The rural population constitutes the high vitality class of the nation, and must be constantly drawn upon to supply the brain, brawn, and nerve for the work of the city. The farmer is, on the whole, prosperous; he is, therefore, hopeful and cheerful, and labors in good spirit. That many farmers and farmers' wives break down or age prematurely is due, not to the inherent nature of their work, but to a lack of balance in the life of the farm. It is not so much the work that kills, as the continuity of the work unrelieved by periods of rest and recreation. With the opportunities highly favorable for the best type of healthful living, no inconsiderable proportion of our agricultural population are shortening their lives and lowering their efficiency by unnecessary over-strain and failure to conform to the most fundamental and elementary laws of hygienic living, especially with reference to the relief from labor that comes through change and recreation.

The rural community affords few opportunities for social recreations and amusements. Not only are people widely separated from each other by distance, but the work of the farm is exacting, and often requires all the hours of the day not demanded for sleep. While the city offers many opportunities for choice of recreation or amusement, the country affords none. The city worker has his evenings, usually Saturday afternoon, and all day Sunday free to use as he chooses. Such is not the case on the farm; for after the day in the field the chores must be done, and the stock cared for. And even on Sunday, the routine must be carried out. The work of the farm has a tendency, therefore, to become much of a grind, and certainly will become so unless some limit is set to the exactions of farm labor on the time and strength of the worker. It separates the individual from his fellows in the greater part of the farm works and gives him little opportunity for social recreations or play.

One of the best evidences that the conditions of life and work on the farm need to be improved is the number of people who are leaving the farm for the city. This movement has been especially rapid during the last thirty years of our history, and has continued until approximately one-half of our people now live in towns or cities. Not only is this loss of agricultural population serious to farming itself, creating a shortage of labor for the work of the farm, but it results in crowding other occupations already too full. There is no doubt that we have too many lawyers, doctors, merchants, clerks, and the like for the number of workers engaged

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in fundamental productive vocations.  
 Smaller farms, cultivated intensively,  
 would be a great economic advantage to  
 the country, and would take care of a far  
 larger proportion of our people than are  
 now engaged in agriculture.

All students of social affairs agree that  
 the movements of our people to towns  
 and cities should be checked and the tide  
 turned the other way. So important is  
 the matter considered that a concerted  
 national movement has recently been  
 undertaken to study the conditions of  
 rural life with a view to making it more  
 attractive and so stopping the drain to  
 the city.

Middle-aged farmers move to the town  
 or city for two principal reasons; to edu-  
 cate their children and to escape from the  
 monotony of rural life. Young people  
 desert the farm for the city for a variety  
 of reasons, prominent among which are a  
 desire for better education, escape from  
 the monotony and grind of the farm life,  
 and the opportunity for the social advan-  
 tages and recreations of the city. That  
 the retired farmer is usually disappointed  
 and unhappy in his town home, and that  
 the youth often finds the glamour of the  
 city soon to fade, is true. But this does  
 not solve the problem. The flux to the  
 town or city still goes on, and will con-  
 tinue to do so until the natural desire for  
 social and intellectual opportunities and  
 for recreation and amusement is ade-  
 quately met in rural life.

Farming as an industry has already  
 felt the effects of a new interest in rural  
 life. Probably no other industrial occu-  
 pation has undergone such rapid changes  
 within the last generation as has agricul-  
 ture. The rapid advance in the value of  
 land, the introduction of new forms of  
 farm machinery, and above all the appli-  
 cation of science to the raising of crops  
 and stock, have almost reconstructed the  
 work of the farm, within a decade.

Special "corn trains" and "dairy trains"  
 have traversed nearly every country in  
 many states, teaching farmers scientific  
 methods. Lecturers on scientific agri-  
 culture have found their way into many  
 communities. The Federal Government  
 has encouraged in every way the spread  
 of information and the development of  
 enthusiasm in agriculture. The agricul-  
 tural schools have given courses of in-  
 struction during the winter to farmers.  
 Farmers' institutes have been organized;  
 corn-judging and stock-judging contests  
 have been held; prizes have been offered  
 for the best results in the raising of grains,  
 vegetables, or stock. New varieties of  
 grains have been introduced, improved  
 methods of cultivation discovered, and  
 means of enriching and conserving the  
 soil devised. Stock-breeding, and the  
 care of animals is rapidly becoming a  
 science. Farming bids fair to become one  
 of the skilled occupations.

Agricultural wealth is rapidly increasing,  
 both through the rise in the value of land  
 and through improved methods of farm-  
 ing. The conditions of life on the farm  
 have greatly improved during the last  
 decade. Rural telephones reach almost  
 every home; free mail delivery is being  
 rapidly extended in almost every section  
 of the country; the automobile is coming  
 to be a part of the equipment of many  
 farms; and the trolley is rapidly pushing  
 out along the country roads.

Yet, in spite of these hopeful tendencies,  
 the rural community shows signs of de-  
 terioration in many places. Rural popu-  
 lation is steadily decreasing in proportion  
 to the total aggregate of population. In-  
 terest in education is at a low ebb, the  
 farm children have educational opportu-  
 nities below those of any other class of our  
 people. For, while town and city schools  
 have been improving until they show a  
 high type of efficiency, the rural school has  
 barely held its own, or has, in many places,  
 even gone backward. The rural commu-  
 nity confronts a puzzling problem which  
 is still far from solution.

Certain points of attack upon this prob-  
 lem are, however, perfectly clear and ob-  
 vious. First, educational facilities must  
 be improved for rural children, and their  
 education be better adapted to farm life;  
 second, greater opportunities must be  
 provided for recreation and social inter-  
 course for both young and old; third, the  
 program of farm work must be arranged  
 to allow reasonable time for rest and rec-  
 reation; fourth, books, pictures, lectures,  
 concerts, and entertainments must be as  
 accessible to the farm as to the town.  
 These conditions must be met, not because

of the dictum of any person, but because  
 they are a fundamental demand of human  
 nature, and must be reckoned with.

—From "New Ideals in Rural Schools"  
 by George H. Betts, Ph. D. Published  
 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

### Home-Made Cheese

We have made cheese by the follow-  
 ing recipe with good success for years,  
 says a correspondent of an American  
 journal. Place sweet, whole milk in a  
 wooden or iron vessel, do not use tin,  
 heat to temperature of 86 or 90 degrees,  
 add rennet, preferably in a tablet  
 which has been dissolved in half a glass  
 of water, cover and let stand for  
 thirty minutes or until a good curd is  
 formed.

When curdled, cut in squares one-half  
 inch in size and heat slowly to 100 de-  
 grees. If cheese knife is not at hand,  
 use any long-bladed knife. Let stand  
 for one hour, when the curd and whey  
 should be separated. Remove the whey,  
 put the curd in a collander, press with  
 hands till dry as possible. Salt to  
 taste, mixing thoroughly. Now place in  
 press which has been lined with cheese  
 cloth and let remain about twenty-four  
 hours under considerable pressure. Place  
 on a dry shelf in the cellar and in from  
 one to three weeks the cheese is ready  
 for use. They sell readily for twelve  
 and a half to fourteen cents per pound,  
 and at times we cannot supply the  
 demand.

To make a press, we have a tinner  
 to make a hoop of tin about eight  
 inches high and eight inches in diam-  
 eter. This we perforate, having the  
 perforation one and one-half inches  
 apart to allow the whey to pass out  
 freely. It can be easily seen that there  
 is little expense in making, while the  
 profit is far greater than in butter  
 making.

### Animal Surgery

There is a supposition abroad that  
 broken bones in animals will not so  
 readily unite as they do in human  
 beings. This, however, is quite a mis-  
 take, as, if afforded the opportunity, the  
 same reparative process takes place.  
 The reason for so frequently destroy-  
 ing animals which break their limbs is  
 generally economic.

There are fractures of many kinds,  
 some of them simple, some of them  
 compound. The compound fractures are,  
 of course, most difficult to treat, par-  
 ticularly if there is comminution of the  
 bone to the extent that part of it pro-  
 trudes; in such a case treatment is not  
 usually effective.

Animal surgery on ranches is often  
 somewhat crude, but it is none the less  
 effective. Thus, for instance, in the  
 case of a punctured wound, searching  
 with a red-hot poker is not unknown,  
 and plugging with turpentine or hard  
 tobacco may suggest a somewhat rough  
 and ready means of attaining an end,  
 but it is certainly antiseptic, and prob-  
 ably satisfactory.

### Resources in Farming

The progressive farmer, says the  
 "Field," is always on the lookout for any  
 means of improving his position, and  
 ready to seize any opportunity for doing  
 so that may present itself. He is not  
 given to drastic changes for reasons  
 that can be appreciated by the practical  
 mind, but he does not hesitate when  
 occasion suggests to modify his practice  
 either with regard to cropping or to  
 stock raising. Circumstances require  
 caution in adopting new methods, and  
 especially new pursuits, for permanent,  
 as well as temporary, loss may result  
 from an unwise departure from estab-  
 lished custom. The fear of serious error

**A Pill that Proves Its Value.**—Those of  
 weak stomach will find strength in Par-  
 melee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to main-  
 tain the healthful action of the stomach and  
 the liver, irregularities in which are most  
 distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted  
 with them and value them at their proper  
 worth. They have afforded relief when other  
 preparations have failed, and have effected  
 cures in ailments of long standing where other  
 medicines were found unavailing.

# King George's Navy

PLUG



10¢

**KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG  
CHEWING TOBACCO**

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the  
 process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deli-  
 ciously sweet and non-irritating.

SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10c A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

from a new policy need not restrain one from tentative experiment, but, on the contrary, should induce efforts to discover improved methods along these lines.

The man of prudence will test the merits of all untried pursuit before embarking extensively upon it. Paper calculations have little fascination for him, because they have so often been unfulfilled in practice, and, therefore, however reassuring the most carefully drawn estimates may be, he will put them to test under his normal conditions of soil and climate before incurring a new uncertainty. To his mind the customs established upon generations of experience are sufficiently speculative; he will require some definite data to go upon before he will intensify an element that is already too conspicuous in farming. Many a man, however, has transformed his farm or his system of management by well-planned experimentation.

### The Grapple Plant

Did you ever read a description of an African thorn called the grapple plant or hook-thorn? It reminds me of the power which ardent spirits have over their victims. It grows along the ground, or trails its long branches from the trees, and when in bloom is very beautiful in appearance, covered with its large and abundant blossoms of a rich purple hue. But branches are closely covered with sharp barbed thorns set in pairs. These are bad enough, but as the plant matures and the purple petals fall off the seed vessels are developed; and these are covered with a multitude of sharp and very strong hooked thorns. This seed vessel splits in the middle, and the two sides separate widely from each other, so as to form an array of hooks pointing in opposite directions.

These thorns are as sharp as needles and steel-like in strength; and if but one catches the unwary traveller's coat sleeve he is held a prisoner at once. His first movement to escape bends the long slender branches, and hook after hook fixes

its point upon him. Struggling to escape only trebles the number of the thorned enemies. The only way of escape is to wait a moment and cut off the clinging seed vessels carefully, and then, when clear of the bush, remove them one by one. This plant was often fatal to the English soldiers in the Kaffir wars, seizing and holding a man prisoner until the weapon of the wary Kaffir reached his heart.

Every Drinking saloon is a living matured grapple plant. And so long as they are licensed places of resort, they will be sure of plenty of victims. Once caught it is almost impossible to escape. Only an entire cutting off can save one. When the sword of the law can sever the root of the error, there will be hope. If a man is too tightly held to free himself, and if the plant is still left to throw out its enticement to him, either he will fall, or in some way must be taken beyond the reach of the snare.

The safest thing to be done is to root out the plant altogether. And if this cannot be done, and a continual contest is to be kept up with those constantly

and nearly caught in old branches, let us do all we can to prevent their spreading and to save such as we may from those that do infest the land.—W. H. Eagler, in "Church Advocate."

A darky preacher was lost in the happy selection of his text, which he repeated in vigorous accents of pleading.

"Oh, brethern, at de las' day dere's gwine to be sheep and there's gwine to be goats. Who's gwine to be sheep, an' who's gwine to be goats? Let's ail try to be like de li'l' white lambs, brethern. Shall we be de goats, sisters? Naw, we's gwine to be de sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep, brethern, an' who's gwine to be de goats? Tak' care ob youh souls, sisters; tak' care of youh souls. Remember, dere's gwine to be goats an' sheep. Who's gwine to be de sheep an' who's gwine to be de goats?"

Just then a solitary Irishman who had been sitting in the back of the church, listening attentively, rose and said:

"Oi'll be the goat. Go on; tell us the joke, Elder. Oi'll be the goat!"



Caribou Lake, Ontario

### A Present Need of the Up-to-Date Farm

"We may do without friends  
We may do without books  
But civilized man  
Cannot do without cooks."

Paraphrasing the thought of this familiar ditty, there are some things a farm can do without, but the modern farm that expects to take its place as an economical producer and show a maximum net profit cannot do without natural asphalt to help out in its economy of management.

One of the considerable items of expense at the start is the roofing of all of the buildings as well as their upkeep. And as there is usually a great deal of surface the roofing question is often a serious one from a financial standpoint. This is a place where natural asphalt steps in with a satisfactory solution.

Genuine natural asphalt, such as is found in Trinidad Lake on the Island of Trinidad, and Bermudez Lake in Venezuela is "Nature's everlasting waterproofer." It has been commercialized in comparatively recent years in many ways.

One of the most important is in its use for ready roofing which makes a watertight weatherproof lasting covering that defies rain, sun, wind, snow, heat, cold, and fire. It comes in such shape that it can easily be applied by any handy man on the farm.

And its economy both in original and final cost gives it first place in the consideration of roofing for buildings of the scientifically-managed farm.

But the use of natural asphalt doesn't stop here. Its absolute waterproofing qualities are an admirable check on dampness anywhere. Hence, in the form of cement it makes a valuable coating for stone work foundations, cellar walls, concrete floorings, concrete silos and innumerable places where complete dryness or waterproofing is necessary.

This waterproofing quality also adapts it for preventing rust on metal work, so that natural asphalt paint is now available for use on steel girders, iron fences, implements, or anything which is exposed to corroding influences.

Another important farm use for natural asphalt arises from its value in preserving wood from decay.

Fence posts saturated with asphalt which has been liquefied by intense heat, endure for years beyond the ordinary life of such posts; and all timber, used where wood-preservation from dampness or decay is necessary or desirable, is greatly increased in durability.

In many of the places on the modern farm where it is necessary for efficiency and economy to go hand in hand natural asphalt steps in and proves not only its value but its indispensability.

# FREE GIFTS FOR THE CHILDREN

## Three Big Dollies. We Want to Play With You

- 1 GREAT BIG DOLL, 27 INCHES TALL, AND
- 2 SMALLER DOLLIES, ALL READY TO CUT OUT, SEW UP, AND STUFF.

We have a great, big, handsome, life-size doll, 27 inches tall, looking for a little mama. She is just the finest playmate any little girl could wish for and you will love her as soon as you see her pretty face and big brown eyes, her pink cheeks and light curly hair.

In addition to the great, big dolly we also send two smaller dollies, making three dollies in all.

You will have lots of fun playing together and needn't be afraid of hurting the big mama dolly and her two baby dolls, because they won't break, soil their hair or lose their pretty eyes. These three dollies are stamped in bright colors on strong cloth and mother can sew them up on the machine in ten minutes. You can set these dollies down, bend their arms and legs and dress them up in all kinds of clothes and play all day long.



The  
limbs  
are  
movable  
and  
the  
dolls  
won't  
break

### How To Get These Dollies Free

Send us a yearly subscription to The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 and these three beautiful dollies—one big one and two smaller ones—will be sent you by return mail.

Now, in case you do not get a NEW subscription, just get your papa or mama to EXTEND your own family subscription for one year. Send us this subscription, and by return mail we will send you the three beautiful dollies—

**Absolutely Free!**

### LOTS BIGGER THAN A BABY

These three beautiful dollies will make any little girl or boy happy. They won't break and we believe they are the most popular plaything you can give your children or little friends.

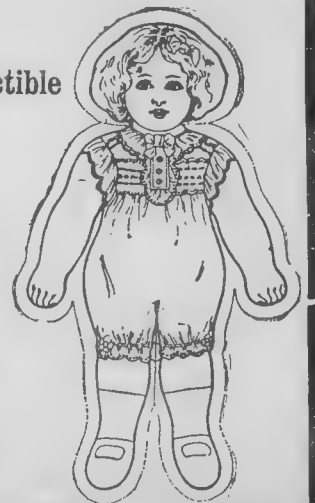
Actual size of big dolly, 27 inches tall. It is so large that baby's own clothes fit it.

Every little girl wants a big doll. Think of the joy and happiness these three dollies will bring into your own home when the little ones see them.

Thousands of little ones all over the country will be made happy with these three dollies. After your little girl gets her dolls all your neighbors' children will want dolls just like hers. The supply of dolls is limited and we will fill all orders as long as our supply enables us to do so.

Is  
Indestructible

No  
little  
girl  
has  
enough  
dollies



Don't Delay Signing This Coupon—  
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Send Three Dollies to.....

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## Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

**A**MONG the many lovely materials for spring dresses are pretty crepes in all sorts of novelty and new ratines.

Another novelty is Jacquard cotton, a material that resembles a dyed table cloth. This is best for suits and tailored waists.

Lovely chiffon taffetas in plain colors and fancy figured designs are well adapted for prevailing drapery.

The new wool fabrics are very soft and pliable.

Short dressy coats are seen, they are just too long to be boleros. On some the fronts are cut low and square, fastened with a single button, others show a decidedly cutaway with tiny vest.

Panniers, tunics, flouncers and ruffles are shown on the new skirt models.

The tunic is seen in single, double and triple tiers, also in side tunics, box

plaited style and the popular Minaret. The tunic may be in various lengths, it may be shorter in front, longer in back and vice versa. It may start from the front panel or from the back. It may be a real tunic, or simulated by trimmings in tunic effect.

The peg top skirt will continue its popularity, and this also permits of various forms of treatment. A new feature in this style is the caught-up-in-front effect, which simulates a tunic. Some new skirt styles show the drapery in the back or at the sides, with plain front. Bustle back skirts are ultra fashionable.

A charming little party dress is made of soft white silk chiffon daintily draped over white shadow lace on blouse, and with a lace chemisette and undersleeves. A touch of color is seen in the draped girdle, of pale pink messaline. The waist of this model is made in Japanese

style. The skirt has a tunic with points at the sides.

A new three tier skirt will look very stylish in serge or plaid cheviot. This makes an ideal skirt for general utility wear.

A pretty dress of washable ratine in a new shade of tan, has a waist made with the "dip shoulders." It is cut low over a yoke of brocade silk, the "V" neck opening has a frill of net. The skirt has a deep tuck at the side, where it joins a draped portion that is caught up at the back to give just a semblance of "bustle" fullness.

A dainty blouse is made of fine white all over embroidered voile. It has a vest of white Brussels net fastened with white crochet buttons. The neck is cut in "V" shape and finished with a double frill of white net and a variety band of velvet ribbon. The sleeves in "cap" style are finished at the wrist with frills.

Another charming blouse is fashioned from Canton crepe, and has a ruffle of self material extending around the neck and down each side of the front, falling in graceful folds. The sleeves are finished at the wrist in the same way.

A stylish dress was developed in mahogany brown silk foulard. The waist

is made with a vest of Brussels net and white Venise embroidery, ornamented with fancy pearl buttons. A turn down collar of the embroidery is edged with a net ruffle. The sleeve is cut in one with the front yoke at the back, and lengthened by a close fitting lower portion, edged with a net frill. The skirt has a tunic, with two crosswise tucks in front; at the back the tunic ends are crossed and plaited into the belt.

A dainty frock of imported white crepe with pretty Dresden flowers shows the waist with a vest of gathered Brussels net, trimmed with colored messaline buttons and loops. The waist is fashioned with kimono shoulder, and has lace undersleeves. The skirt has a double gathered tunic, slashed at the side. A crushed girle of messaline is crossed over the front of the waist, and fastened with ornamental buttons just below the bust.

Dresses for growing girls are shown in Middy, Balkan and Russian styles. Irish linen, linene, gingham, galatea, washable ratine, repp and eponge are suitable materials. A smart model in Russian peasant style is made of light blue repp embroidered in white. The dress has a plait at each side of the front and back, stitched down to the waistline. The free edges are scalloped on neck, sleeves and belt. The front of sleeve and dress is buttoned to the back over the shoulders.

A neat school dress made up in blue and brown plaid gingham shows the fronts made with a broad plait outlining a vest of plaid cut on the bias, thus forming an apparent contrast. Button trimmed tabs hold the tie ends in place that extend beneath the front edge of a broad collar in white linene. The cuffs are in white also. The skirt shows deep panel like plaits in front and back, and is joined to the waist with a broad belt.

## They beat all the old ideas —for food-quickness

**A  
Cube  
to a  
Cup**



What is more warmth-giving and invigorating on a cold day than a steaming delicious cup of Oxo! What can be quicker than dropping an Oxo Cube in a cupful of hot water! With a Discuit it makes a light satisfying meal—ready in a minute—and just that rich strengthening beef-nourishment the body needs.

And the delightfulness of it! ready at any moment without trouble. Before a morning's shopping—after the theatre—on a journey—at bedtime—no matter when, the handy little Cubes in their dainty tin are at your service.

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Tins of 4, 10, 50 & 100 Cubes.

**OXO  
CUBES**

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The first impression on entering a room decorated with "Alabastine" tints is one of Beauty. But—while the effects are charming in the highest degree, yet "Alabastine" is the most economical wall finish.

You can make every room in your home glow cheerily by using "Alabastine"—"Alabastine" tints impart that soothing, restful effect so much desired by people of good taste.

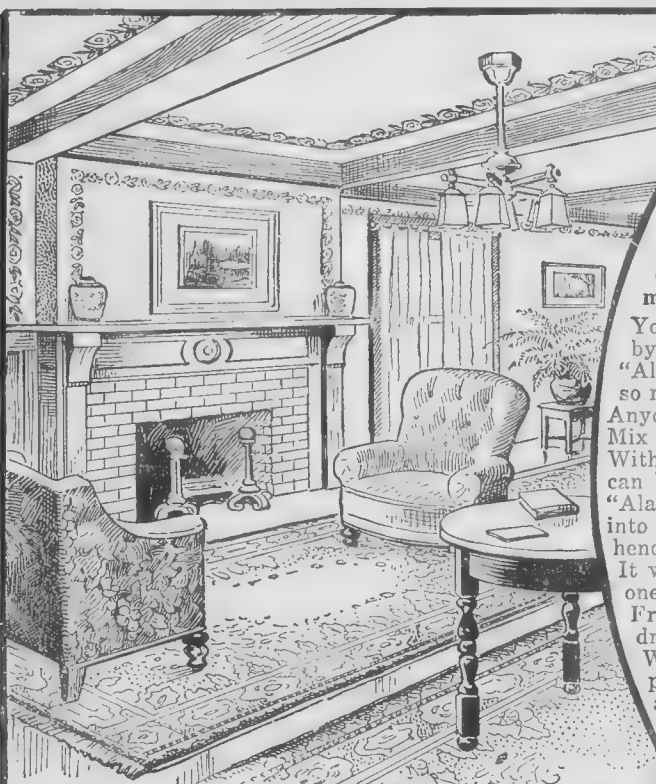
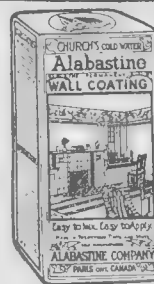
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"Alabastine" is just the famed Alabaster rock ground into a fine cement—hence its bewitching and permanent colors.

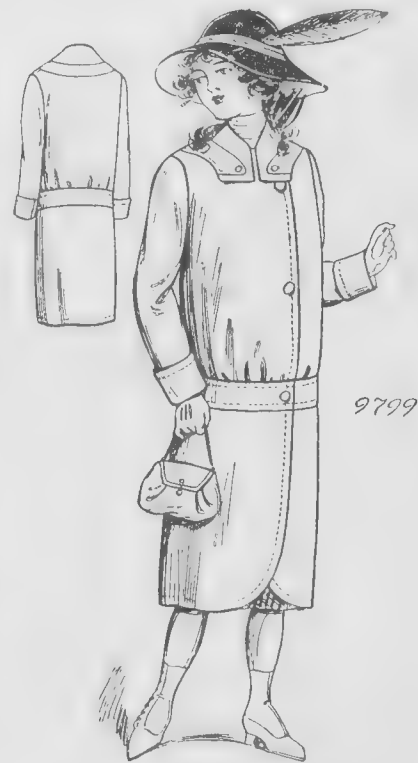
It won't rub off. You can re-decorate at any time—one coat makes an excellent foundation for another.

**Free Stencils:** Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme for you free of charge. We also supply free stencils suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

The Alabastine Co., Limited  
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**CHURCH'S  
COLD WATER Alabastine**



9799

9799. A Good Coat Style. Girl's Coat.

Cheviot, zibelene, velvet, corduroy, serge, or broad cloth are all suitable for this model. The fronts are double breasted, and the collar is trimmed with a shaped band. The coat is finished in Balkan style. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Tunic effects are ever popular at present, especially for slender figures. The design here portrayed shows a pretty style. It was developed in plum color velvet, embroidered in self color. A vest of white suede trimmed with soutache braid is top, by a chemisette of satin, to match the velvet. A girdle of the same material finishes the waist. A narrow trimming of skunk serves as additional trimming on tunic and waist. This attractive dress is com-



9843-9820. A Unique and Stylish Model.

posed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 9843 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9820. The waist is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires  $7\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material for a 36-inch size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.



9833. A natty and comfortable dress. Girl's dress in Russian blouse style, with chemisette, and with long or shorter sleeve.

Brown and white striped galatea, with trimming of white, are here shown. Blue serge with chemisette of red, and collar and cuffs to match would also be effective. Gingham, chambray, voile, percale, linen or linene are all suitable for this model, which is comfortable and smart in its simple lines. The broad collar is joined to the chemisette, which closes in front and is arranged under the blouse. The gored skirt has plaits at the front seams. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Blue serge was used for this design, which is finished with a high neck closing. It has simple lines, a jaunty collar and cuffs, and will look equally well in flannel, galatea, madras, gingham, velvet, or corduroy. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material for a five year size.



Boys' Russian Suit with Knickerbockers. 9845. A Comfortable Suit for the Little Boy.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Flannel, blanket cloth, flannelette, crepe, lawn, cambric, cashmere or silk may be used for this design. The neck has a deep opening, and is finished with a wide collar. The short comfortable sleeves are topped by neat cuffs. The gown is loose fitting, the fullness being held to the form by a belt. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

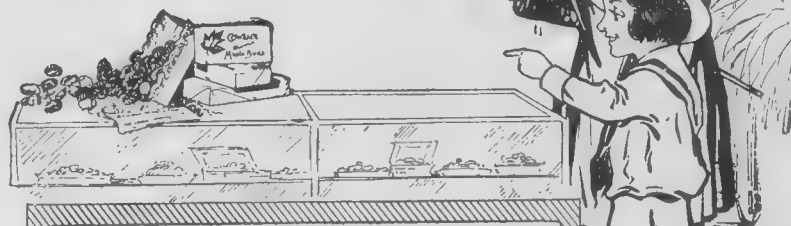
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9823. A comfortable desirable model. Ladies' house gown or lounging robe.

## A SWEET Temptation

140



—and one that is likely to open Grandpa's wallet.

You can all indulge that longing for sweets with Maple Buds—solid chocolate—easy to digest—pure—wholesome. Nothing but the enjoyment lingers.

Made from the finest of pure chocolate (ground in our spotless factory)—pure milk and pure sugar.

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**"Jason"**  
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE  
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If you have been used to wearing ordinary socks or stockings you'll be surprised to find just how much more comfortable "Jason" wear is. Every thread is of pure new wool, which is rendered as soft as silk by the "Jason" process.

There are none so comfortable as "Jason" and they are unshrinkable.

"Jason" Socks & Stockings are made in all styles & weights:

Men's Half Hose: ribbed, plain and in vertical stripes, and silk.  
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Your Stores will supply "Jason" if you ask for them by name.

In case of difficulty write—JASON HOSIERY CO.,  
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## For Hard Workers!

There is nothing more sustaining and nourishing than Symington's Soups.

There are 11 equally delicious varieties, equally wholesome, equally welcome! Put a packet into water, stir, boil—and there you are—a steaming quart of the finest soup you ever tasted.

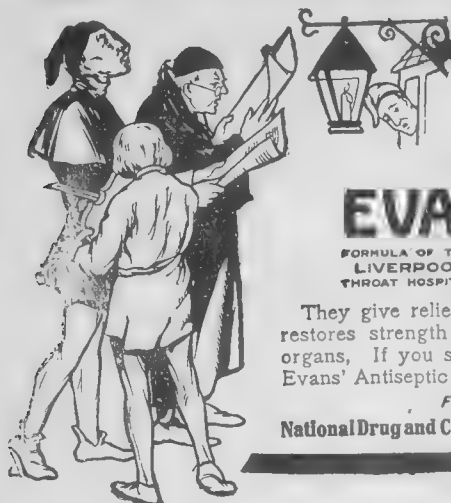
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They give relief at once, and their continued use restores strength and tone to the throat and vocal organs. If you speak or sing in public, always keep Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles at hand. 174

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Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or 'Cello given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You get one or two lessons weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Hundreds of pupils write: "Wish had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home than in three terms with private teachers." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my eleven-year-old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

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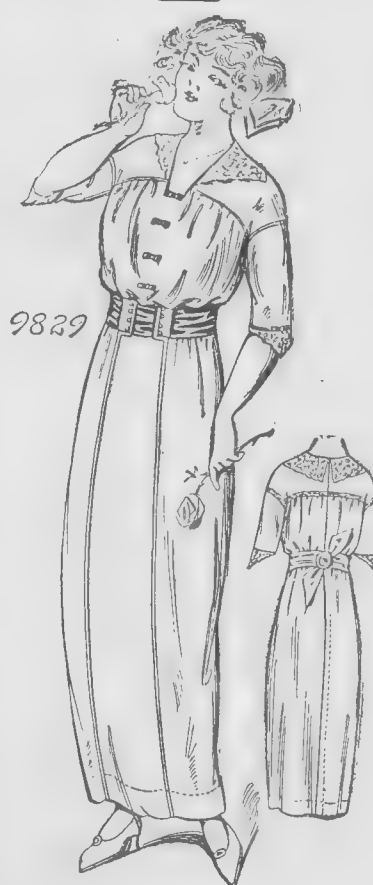
Robes, Gowns, Barrows, Flannels, etc. Everything necessary, good and durable, and ready for instant use. Sent return Mail. DUTY FREE and Carriage paid for \$6.10 British P. Order. Lists Free. Mrs. Franks, 175 Alfred St., Nottingham, England.



9824. A good style for the "new frock." Girl's dress, with or without chemisette, and with long or shorter sleeve.

A serviceable school dress of dark olive green cheviot, with trimming of red eponge, could be developed from this design, or for more dressy wear black velvet would be effective, with trimming of light blue or white faille. The design is closed at the side under the plait. It is also appropriate for serge, galatea, corduroy, gingham, or percale. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 4 yards of 40-inch material for a 10 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



9829. A chic gown for youthful figures. Dress for misses and small women.

This charming frock was developed from white voile, with shadow lace for yoke and sleeve finish. The girdle, and little bows which ornament the front, also the corded piping on waist and skirt front, is of yellow crepe. The design is equally appropriate for charmeuse, moire, brocades, for satin, serge, cashmere or elvet. The waist shows a "deep shoulder" yoke to which full portions are joined. It is cut low at the neck edge, and finished with a shaped collar. The skirt is gathered over the hips and finished at the back with a lengthwise hem tuck. The pattern is

cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 16 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



8971. A unique and effective night gown. Ladies' night dress with peasant yoke.

Suitable for all lingerie fabrics. The yoke is cut with cap sleeves in one and is joined to full skirt pieces. The model is simple and easily made. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the medium size.

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9821. A new corset cover. Ladies' one piece corset cover, in round, square or "V" neck edge.

Suitable for "all over" embroidery, for lawn, batiste, cambric, nainsook, crepe or silk. Any desired trimming may be used. The design is very simple, and easy to make. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 1 1/2 yard of 36-inch material for a medium size.

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From carefully selected high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended, prepared by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals or dyes. It contains no added potash, possesses a delicious natural flavor, and is of great food value.

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Established 1780  
Montreal, Canada      Dorchester, Mass.

This design is good for gingham, madras, chambray, crepe, voile, silk, linen and all lingerie fabrics, also for velvet, flannel and corduroy. The collar may be rolled open at the throat or closed high. The sleeve may be finished with a simple band or with the pointed cuff added. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material for a 36 inch size.



9834. A new and stylish model. Ladies' shirt waist.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



9835. A charming and effective little Girl's dress.

In spite of its simplicity, this model is attractive, and will develop effectively in any of the dress materials now in vogue. The fronts are shaped and crossed, the closing being affected at the left side near the armseam. Deep Gibson tucks add to the apparent width. The skirt is plaited below a wide belt. A flat collar finishes the neck edge. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for a six year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

The skirt is gracefully draped at the side, where it joins a shaped back panel. The fronts are slashed near the hem, and finished with a small insert, Dart tucks confine the fullness over the hip. The model is effective for serge, broad cloth, panama, voile, velvet, corduroy, satin or silk. As here shown gray prunella was used, with trimming of self-covered velvet buttons, and insert of velvet. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 24 inch size.



9809. A unique and stylish design. Ladies' skirt with shaped panel, back and front insert.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Kolloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.

## THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was not "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking,

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, though I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally.

S. U. MORRIS, Manager.

1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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Our Laces were awarded Gold Medal at the Festival of Empire and Imperial Exhibition, Crystal Palace, 1911. STOCK COLLAR, 35 cents (half)

made in Lace. Yard Lace and insertion from .10, .20, .25 up to \$2.50 per yd.

Booklet entitled "An Interesting Home Industry," illustrating over 100 designs of Pillow Lace, post free to any part of world. The lace-makers are very glad of any orders however small.

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This ring is an exact duplicate of an 18k solid gold ring and you can have it engraved with any monogram desired. You can earn this beautiful ring in less than an hour. Just simply sell 24 packages of our assorted picture post cards. Each package contains 6 cards, which you sell for only 10c. A free coupon given with each package, will make your friends buy them on sight. Don't wait a minute, but order right now. You send no money until you have sold the cards, then send us the money you have received (\$2.40), we send you this ring, engraved, by return mail. Ask for our big catalog of premiums. Address

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## HAD INDIGESTION

For Over  
Ten Years.

Weakening the body will never remove dyspepsia or indigestion, on the contrary, all efforts should be to maintain and increase the strength.

Burdock Blood Bitters will do this, and at the same time enable you to partake of all the wholesome food required, without fear of any unpleasant after results.

Mr. Henry P. White, Surretteville, N.B., writes:—"I have been troubled with Indigestion for more than ten years; tried several doctors, and different medicines, but all without success. Having heard of the many cures effected by Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to give it a trial. I have taken one bottle, and I feel that I am cured at last. I can now do the same hard work I could before I was taken sick."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., has discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He calls it Powderpaint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof and as durable as oil paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to Mr. A. L. Rice, Manufacturer, 440 North St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial package, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write to-day.

## THE WORLD'S WORK DEPENDS ON THE WORLD'S DIGESTION

From the captain of industry to the hod carrier—from milady in the auto to the woman with the scrubbing brush—the accomplishments of every one of us depend absolutely on the accomplishments of our stomachs. Backed by a good digestion, a man can give the best that is in him. When his stomach fails, he becomes a weakling.

To this loss of power no one need submit. Right habits of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, aided by Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, will restore and maintain the full efficiency of the human mind and body.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets contain the active principles needed for the digestion of every kind of food. They go to the assistance of the weakened stomach, and enable the sufferer, right from the start, to assimilate and get the benefit of the food eaten. With this assistance, the digestive organs regain their tone, and soon the use of the tablets is no longer necessary.

If your stomach is not working properly, try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. 50c. at your druggist's National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 145

## Don't Wear a Truss!



C. E. BROOKS, the Discoverer

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Pat. Sept. 10, '01. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today. C. E. BROOKS, 1705 State St., Marshall, Mich.

## The Home Doctor

### Convulsions in Childhood

A convulsion, or fit, is always the occasion for a hasty calling of a physician when one is procurable. That being the case, it is the object of this article to point out such facts regarding these seizures as may serve purposes other than the immediate treatment of the attack.

The tendency to convulsive seizures is often a strongly marked family characteristic. In such cases it is common to find that slight provocation is sufficient to cause an attack. For example, such causes as improperly placed pins, or strings tightly drawn about the body, limbs or neck, have caused convulsions under the circumstances referred to.

Families in whom convulsions have appeared during childhood in previous generations should be more than ordinarily watchful to avoid undue excitement in young children, and to correct when possible any of the known causes of convulsions.



Scene near Prince Rupert B. C.

Convulsions cannot be prevented when they occur as the initiatory symptom of the acute contagious diseases of childhood, and it is well to remember that this is one of the most common causes of them.

Overfeeding in young children is a not uncommon cause, to which is probably to be attributed the popular treatment of convulsions, namely, emetics internally and hot mustard-water baths externally. These measures, although excellent in some cases, should not be employed during the seizure itself, as in the hurry of the moment more harm than good is almost sure to result.

Severe fright or other sudden emotions are not an infrequent cause of convulsions, not only during childhood but throughout adolescence, although it is observable that among those people where self-control is cultivated such results are not common.

### Eye-Strain Headaches

It is not an exaggeration to say that eye-strain is more frequently the cause of headache than all other causes combined, yet it is perhaps the most frequently overlooked, not only by the sufferers themselves, but also by their medical advisers. Many and many a person who had been a martyr for years to periodical sick-headaches, had consulted physician after physician, and had dieted, taken "headache cures," and done everything but the right thing, has finally had his eyes tested and fitted with proper glasses and then found the headaches disappear as by a miracle.

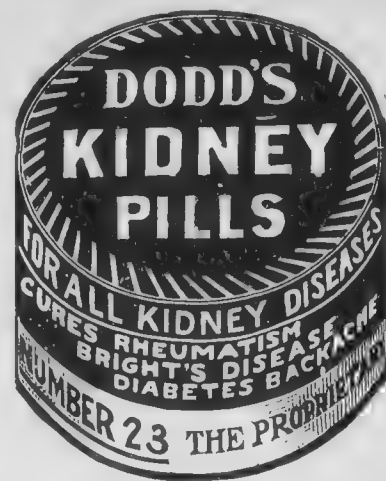
The eye-strain headache is of no special type, and perhaps this is why it is so often unrecognized. It may be only an occasional dull pain in the forehead or temples, it may be a general soreness, or it may be a throbbing, racking headache which the slightest noise or a bright light makes unbearable. It may be constant, it may be irregular, or it may recur with the regularity of a malarial attack.

The only effective treatment is removal of the strain by correction of any imperfection in the eyes and by a reform of bad eye habits, such as reading very fine print or reading in a poor light or in a railway train.

But a word of caution is most necessary here. The glasses must be fitted by a skilled oculist after a careful examination of the eyes, for badly fitted glasses will only make matters worse, and by leading the patient to think that the eyes are not in fault, cut off all hope of a cure by a competent oculist.

### Bad Eyesight

There are many simple matters of hygiene that are very often neglected to the detriment of one's health. For instance, it is common-sense to open the bedroom windows, from the early morning till evening, yet this precaution is often neglected, with the result of sickly faces and weak constitutions.



## Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eye-sight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina."

"Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, Cataracts, etc., without cutting or drugging. Over one hundred thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive:

Miss Susie Swartz, Berlin, Ont., writes: "I cannot say enough for what 'Actina' has done for my eyesight. When I was eight years old I had to start to wear glasses. The doctor said I could never expect to go without glasses. I have used 'Actina' only six months and can now sew and do all my work without glasses. I had worn glasses for seventeen years."

Mr. Emery E. Deitrick, 7124 Idlewild Street, E. E., Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "My eyes were very weak, and my vision was so bad that I could recognize people only at short distances. Since using 'Actina' I have discarded my glasses, my headaches are gone, and my vision, I believe, is as good as ever it was."

Mr. J. H. Frankenfield, 522 E. 20th Street, Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "Regarding what the 'Actina' has done for me, I am proud to say that I am not wearing my glasses at all. As for my catarrh it is almost gone and I have been troubled with it for more than sixteen years."

"A great number of my railroad friends are buying 'Actinas' as you know by the orders you have received."

"Actina can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the eye, ear, throat or head. A Free trial of the 'Actina' is given in every case."

Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

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### Exercise

While the elderly man has less capacity for some forms of exercise than the younger adult, he has no less need than the other of the general and local effects of the exercise.

It is in the earliest period of mature age that the most characteristic manifestations of defects of nutrition—obesity, gout, and diabetes, in which lack of exercise plays an important part—are produced; and the treatment of them demands imperiously a stirring up of the vital combustion.

Placed between a convulsion and that exercise is necessary and a fear of the dangers of exercise, the mature man ought, therefore, to proceed with the strictest method in the application of this powerful modifier of nutrition.

It is impossible, however, to trace methodically a single rule for all men of the same age, for all do not offer the same degree of preservation. We might,

perhaps, find a general formula for the age at which the muscles and bones have retained all their power of resistance, and at which the heart and vessels begin to lose their capacity to perform their functions.

The mature man can safely brave all exercises that bring on muscular fatigue, but he must approach with great care those which provoke shortness of breath.

### Some of Nature's Medicine

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves and nervous dyspepsia.

Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia.

Water-cress is a remedy for scurvy.

Asparagus is used to induce perspiration.

Carrots for sufferers from asthma.

Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy.

Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

Lemons for feverish thirst in sickness, for biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds, liver complaint, etc.

Blackberries as a tonic.

Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. Tomatoes are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated.

Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally.

### The Moral Factor in Health

With few exceptions every bodily state can be traced to preceding subjective states or feelings. An unceasing stream of vital energy proceeds from the sphere of feelings to the sphere of bodily activities through the transmitting conduits of the mind. Disturbances in this stream are registered in terms of pathological or clinical features. Thus the disturbance that manifests in the hyper-acidity of the gastric juice has its ultimate origin in an acidified motive. Hence while we readily grant to dietetic errors the power to furnish the immediate morbid conditions for a dyspeptic stomach, we are nevertheless obliged to look for the origin to the personal tendency in the character of the mind.

On the other hand the power of a corrected diet to modify the quality and quantity of the gastric secretions is largely to be found in the influence of the individual's moral nature through the sacrifices involved in dietary restrictions. Nor is it an uncommon experience to a physician, that even the most guarded dietary is powerless to sustain a cure as long as the patient continues to sour his gastrite secretions by continuing to acidulate his feelings. Perhaps some day medical science shall attain the power to demonstrate the changes of vito-psychic chemistry at work between the moral acid of an uncharitable suspicious feeling and the subsequent irritation of the secretory glands involved in the hydrochlorid production of the gastric chemistry.

The ancient philosopher was right: "A sane mind for a sane body."

### The Baby

Do not forget that it is natural and right for a baby to exercise; by exercise his muscles will develop and grow hard and firm instead of flabby. When he is only a few weeks old he may be allowed to lie in the centre of a large bed with his clothing drawn up so as not to hamper his free movements, and kick to his heart's content. In winter the legs should be covered by woolen stockings, but in summer the little cotton stockings or booties may be removed, while the baby is enjoying this exercise. If a piece of wrapping paper or newspaper is given the baby to kick at he will often be amused and good-natured for a long time. When he is old enough to roll off a bed he may be placed on a thick comforter or hair mattress on the floor,

but the floor is a draughty place and the greatest precaution should be taken. For this reason I prefer a pen on legs, or a large packing-box whose sides keep off the draughts. Creeping is very good exercise for babies, but let them learn to do so of their own accord; when they feel strong enough they will make the attempt themselves. Some babies cross their legs and hitch along the floor instead of creeping; this is not so good an exercise as the regular creeping way; they should not be allowed to keep their legs crossed for any length of time, because the bones are soft and easily bent out of shape, the child becoming bow-legged before the mother realizes it. Neither should the baby be urged to stand or walk if he does not want to do so; let him take his time about it. A baby tender or walker is excellent to use for a short time every day, but do not allow the child to remain in it long enough to get tired.

### Catching Cold

People who live in the cold air do not take cold. Arctic explorers invariably report that notwithstanding the many hardships and great fatigues, often severe exposures and unwholesome food, which they undergo, yet they enjoy an unusual degree of health while in the Arctic regions. Animals that live there are remarkably hardy and enduring, the reindeer, for example, being conspicuous for its prodigious vitality and lasting qualities.

A cold is, as we have already remarked, an infection, back of the infection lying reduced vitality due to wrong habits of living. By an auto-intoxicating diet the body is over-charged with poisons that the over-worked liver and kidneys cannot eliminate. These poisons circulate throughout the body and produce congestion, usually in the region of the head, malaise, fever, general discomfort and a feeling of incapacity; chilliness begins to creep over one, every touch of a cold wave producing shivering, while the patient is overtaken with sudden attacks of sneezing. The cold may begin in the head, when, unless great pains are taken to check it, the disorder will go to the chest; or the infection may begin with the chest, and pass to the head. At this stage one of two things occurs. In the first place, if care is taken to ward off increased infection the cold will run its normal course of eight to twelve days, without further injury; or in the second, the infection, due to lowered vitality, remains in the system and so depreciates the vital tone that pneumonia and other disease germs are able to develop and produce acute cases of these disorders that are responsible for such enormous death rates.

It is a notable fact, too, that most colds appear in winter, when civilized races are subject to the depressing effects of artificial heat. Now heat is a most pronounced vital depressant. Under its influence the vessels of the body surface are relaxed, the heart's action is enfeebled, the nervous system is depressed (particularly the vasomotor nervous system), and the skin is covered with moisture. Thus the vital powers of the body are placed at a disadvantage.

If in this condition one is exposed to cold, especially a cold draft, a rapid evaporation of the moisture on the surface of the body rapidly cools the skin, and, suddenly checking its action, causes a retention of the waste matters which are commonly eliminated by the skin. At the same time the balance of the circulation is disturbed, lessening the amount of blood in the skin and congesting the internal parts.

A short application of cold to the skin, on the other hand, does not produce a cold, for it is followed by a reaction. It is the prolonged slow chilling of the skin, induced by evaporation of moisture from the surface, which produces the disturbance known as "a cold." This is the common cause of taking cold after a bath, a danger so commonly recognized that many persons fear to take a bath in cold weather because of its possible after effects.

# CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW!

Take it in hand at once. If you don't get rid of Catarrh now, in the early spring, there's certain peril ahead, for you'll meet the extremely trying weather coming with your system terribly weakened and undermined by this treacherous, poisonous trouble. Remember—if you keep on neglecting Catarrh, later on it's sure to mean danger—disease—perhaps incurable and deadly disease.

It's a horribly loathsome disease—is Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact your hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly makes them sick. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only at home but also with outsiders—with the people you meet in daily life.

But Catarrh is more than a loathsome trouble—it's a fearfully dangerous one. People make a terrible mistake in saying "Only Catarrh." It isn't "Only Catarrh"—It may be CONSUMPTION if you don't stop it in time. Cure your Catarrh now before it becomes Consumption. Don't be discouraged if other doctors or the widely advertised so-called "Catarrh remedies" have failed to help you.

Seek aid at once from one who thoroughly understands all about Catarrh and its cure. Accept the generously proffered help of Specialist Sproule, B.A. (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service), the Catarrh Specialist known the world over. He will give you

## MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

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entitles readers of this paper to medical advice on Catarrh free of charge.

Is your throat raw?  
Do you sneeze often?  
Is your breath foul?  
Are your eyes watery?  
Do you take cold easily?  
Is your nose stopped up?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you have to spit often?  
Do crusts form in your nose?  
Are you worse in damp weather?  
Do you blow your nose a good deal?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?  
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?  
Do you have pains across your forehead?  
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?  
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?  
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?  
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....



Don't be a nuisance to your friends,  
And that's just what you are,  
With hawking, spitting, and a breath  
Made loathsome by Catarrh.

and explain to you just how you can be cured. For years he has studied the causes and cure of Catarrh. To-day he is recognized as a leading authority on this common but dangerous disease. His success in conquering it is unparalleled; yet with all the benevolence and open heartedness of a good as well as a great man he now offers, free of charge, the benefits of his amazing skill and knowledge to all who need his help. He has saved thousands from Catarrh after all other treatments had failed to help them. They came to him sceptical and unbelieving, he cured them and their cures have been PERMANENT. He will send you the names of people living right near you, who will tell you how successful he was in their cases. Without its costing you a cent he will gladly give you the most valuable and helpful Counsel. Don't miss this golden opportunity. Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and send it at once to

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### A Bottle of Blush of Roses

The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Curnah, Windsor, Ont.

## Write For Free Trial Offer

Blush of Roses is Also For Sale by the  
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**The Secret of Beauty**

is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

**BEETHAM'S La-rola**

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores  
M. BEETHAM & SON,  
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Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

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### Mathieu's Syrup

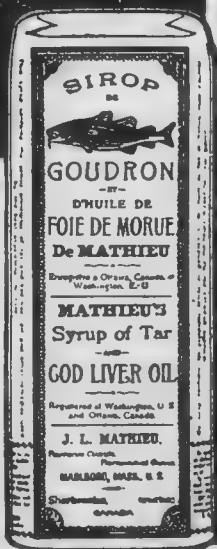
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

not only stops a cough but cures it. Its tonic and restorative properties enable the system to permanently throw off a cold.

35c for large bottle.

Sold everywhere.

L. L. MATHIEU CO., Prop. AMHERSTBURG



**MATHIEU'S SYRUP OF TAR & COD LIVER OIL**

## Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

### A Word of Warning

Winnipeg, Jan., 1914.

Dear Editor—If this letter is consigned to the waste paper basket I will not be at all surprised, although I trust you will find a little space for it. I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, but buy it every month and enjoy reading it immensely. "The Young Woman and Her Problem" appeals to me very much, and I am sure all young women who read it cannot help but be inspired by the beautiful thought and advice given. This month's page I think is exceptionally helpful and interesting. Highland Jo's word of warning is very fine, too. If girls only realized how perfectly ridiculous they look with painted faces, rouged lips and pencilled eyebrows I feel sure they would never indulge in such nonsense. They attract a certain class of young man for a while, but when the time comes for him to choose a wife, he in most cases looks out for the home girl. Girls, it is up to us to raise the standard of womanhood. Men do want good women; they do not care a rap for those dressed-up creatures who think of nothing but theatres, music halls, dances, etc., and do not know the first thing about domestic duties. Oh how tired they must feel when the end of the week has come. No wonder they stay in bed all day on Sunday, and get fussed up in time to go out in the evening when all the beautiful sunshine has gone. I like to dress nicely myself, but strictly adhere to neatness. I also like to see a good play once in a while, but certainly can find something better to do than fly around here, there and everywhere every night in the week. There are letters to write, fancy work to do, reading, etc. In the summer I think there is nothing nicer than a good walk and chat. Although a city girl, I simply love the country. In the winter a walk is nice; then there is tobogganing and skating. After being confined in an office all day I think it is necessary for some healthful exercise, and a girl can get all that is needed, and still have time for a few evenings at home. Then about flirting. I think it is a great mistake for girls to allow caresses from men they do not intend to marry. What do they think of her afterwards? Why, they laugh up their sleeves, and discuss her amongst their friends. Every girl likes to be admired; it is in her nature, but let us live so that we shall be worthy of admiration. No doubt the readers will think this is another goody-goody, or old maid, but no, I am neither. I am a bit over twenty-three and like to kick up my heels sometimes, but when it comes to the marriage question, the most sacred and beautiful thing in the world, I think it is time to be serious. Girls, don't be in a hurry. Pray earnestly that God will guide you, and if perfect love is in the home, then marriage can never be a failure. Wishing all every success in this New Year.

Trixie.

### Light Bread

Richdale, Alta., Jan., 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader a long time of your valuable paper, but only of late a subscriber. I sure get a lot of good information from it, and it

## Was Troubled With Weak Back.

Weak back is caused by weak kidneys, and it is hard for a woman to look after her household duties when she is suffering from a weak and aching back, for no woman can be strong and well when the kidneys are out of order.

Doan's Kidney Pills go right to the seat of the trouble, cure the weak, aching back, and prevent any and all of the serious kidney troubles which are liable to become deep rooted into the system if not attended to at once.

Mrs. Augustus Jinks, Demorestville, Ont., writes:—"For several years I had been troubled with weak back and kidneys. I had terrible dizzy headaches, and could not sleep at night. A friend of mine asked me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I did so, and in a short time was cured."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. If ordering direct specify "Doan's."



The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT



### SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,

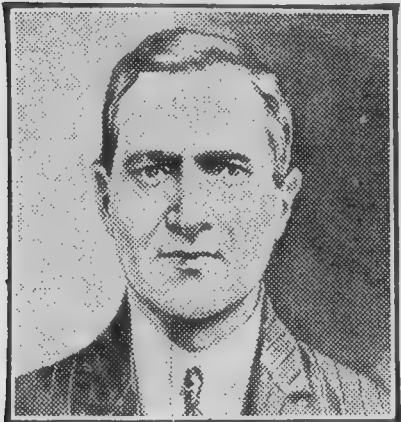
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



**FREE** TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL. We give a fine Eureka Camera and complete outfit, plates, chemicals, etc., with full instructions. Just send your name and address, we send you 24 papers Gold Eye Needles. Sell 2 papers for 10c., giving a Thimble free. When sold send us the \$1.20 and the Camera and complete outfit is yours. Address GLOBE CO., Dept. 314, Greenville, Pa.

# PAIN NEARLY DROVE HIM MAD

Suffered Horribly Until He Turned  
To "Fruit-a-tives"



J. A. CORRIVEAU

DRYSDALE, ONT., June 15th. 1913

"I am a general storekeeper at the above address, and on account of the great good I have experienced from using 'Fruit-a-tives', I recommend them strongly to my customers. They were a great boon to me, I can tell you, for about two years ago, I was laid up in bed with vomiting and a terrific pain at the base of my skull. The pain nearly drove me mad. Doctors feared it would turn to inflammation of the brain but I took 'Fruit-a-tives' steadily until I was cured. I have gained fifteen pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-tives' and I verily believe they saved me from a disastrous illness."

J. A. CORRIVEAU.

For Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood, 'Fruit-a-tives' is invaluable and infallible.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

helps to pass away many a lonely hour. I take a great deal of pleasure in reading the correspondence column, and hope you will find space in it for what little I have to say. I have been in Canada four years and think it one of the finest countries in the world. I have great confidence in the future of this country, and we can look forward at no distant date to see it one of the leading nations of the world. I was born under the Stars and Stripes, and, as well as I love them, I do not hesitate to say that Canada offers more and better opportunities than can be found anywhere in the States for the young and willing people who are not afraid of work. I, like a great many others, have taken up land here in Alberta and am improving it as fast as possible. It was pretty dreary work at first, neighbors scarce, and sixty miles to the railroad; but all is changed now. The C.N.R. runs only five miles from my farm and we are blessed with a thriving young town with all its advantages. Now, what I would like to say, Mr. Editor, is I don't understand why the girls don't try to grab up some of these fine bachelor farmers around here as I know nearly all of them are fine fellows—including myself. I am sure if one of them could have seen me the first term I put in on my land they

Burns says:

"O happy love! Where love like this is found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round,

And sage experience bids me thus declare

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

"Pipped" and "Bachelor Bill" as I am sure

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Longfellow says: "Oh, there is nothing holier in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love."

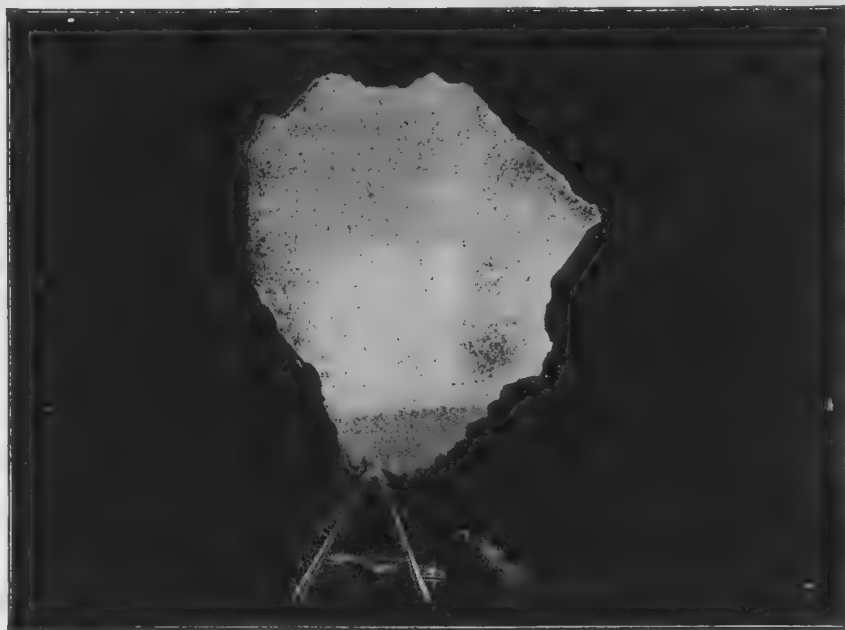
Penn says:

"Never marry but for love! but see that thou lovest what is lovely."

"She must be that, which she to be would seem!

For all true love is grounded in esteem."

"Puzzled" says: "He has travelled quite a lot for his years, and at houses that he worked at he has watched to see



Tunnel No. 2 G.T.P.

sure could not have but pitied me, for instance, I started to make "light bread". Yes, that was what it was supposed to be. I set the yeast at noon and had warm bread for supper. I put soda in the yeast sponge to make it rise better, and it made it brown or rather a kind of a blue color instead. Didn't grease the pans and couldn't get the stuff out, so just tore it out in chunks, and the dog got most of it that night. Poor dog! he howled all night. I doctored him the best I knew, but he passed away about noon next day, but I survived the shock, so you see we homesteaders all have troubles of our own. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space I have taken, and hoping some of the readers will take pity on me and write. I will sign myself

Ben Hur.

## One of the Married Ones

Jan. 24th, 1914.

Dear Editor—This is my first letter to The Western Home Monthly. It was after reading the letter from "Puzzled" in the January issue that I decided to write. He wanted married people to answer, to criticize, to use his own words, "to tear it to pieces," and publish their answers. He says: "Is there, or is there not, such a thing as love?" Well, my first aim will be to convince him that there is. If he turns to Genesis, 29th chapter, 18th verse, he will find it recorded: "And Jacob loved Rachel; and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter." Solomon says: "Love is strong as death, many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." St. Paul says, "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Kirk White says:

"Why should I blush to own I love?  
'Tis love that rules the realms above."

if love reigned. Only once in a while was he satisfied with the result of his watching." Well, my experience has been quite the opposite. I have often thought when mingling with married couples that they could not have been better suited; it just seemed they had been made for each other. The early married years of any couple, especially if there be a family, are often strenuous years. They both have to put their shoulder to the wheel; but that only binds them closer. And the little children, they, truly, are the flowers along life's pathway, they soften and purify the heart, they enrich the soul, they brighten the home and deepen love, they are their mother's joy. What father has not felt

"His cares are eased with intervals of bliss!

His little children climbing for a kiss."

"Puzzled" mentions a case where there is a grown-up daughter old enough to marry. Young men come to the house. Nothing wrong in that. But it is wrong of the mother to talk of money and kill the germs of love in her daughter. True love is oftener found in the cottage than the mansion.

"It is not in the mountains,  
Nor the palaces of pride,  
That love will fold his wings up  
And rejoicingly abide.

But in meek and humble natures  
His home is ever found,  
As the lark that sings in Heaven  
Builds its nest upon the ground."

A little parental advice is sometimes all right to give our boys and girls, but, at the same time, I do not approve of interfering with their choice; it is often best to let them, as it were, weave their own

# In One hour I learned to Play the Piano at Home

Without Lessons or Knowledge of Music  
Any One Can Play the Piano or  
Organ in One Hour.

Wonderful New System that Even a Child Can Use



He—"You surprised me! You told me yesterday you couldn't play a note!"  
She—"I couldn't; I learned to play in one hour by the wonderful 'Easy Method Music!'"

Impossible, you say? Let us prove it at our expense. We will teach you to play the piano or organ and will not ask one cent until you can play.

A musical genius from Chicago has invented a wonderful system whereby anyone can learn to play the Piano or Organ in one hour. With this new method you don't have to know one note from another yet in an hour of practice you can be playing your favorite music with all the fingers of both hands and playing it well.

The invention is so simple that even a child can now master music without costly instruction. Anyone can have this new method on a free trial merely by asking. Simply write saying, "Send me the Easy Form Music Method as announced in The Western Home Monthly

## FREE TRIAL

The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office. Address: Easy Method Music Company, 256 Wilson Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

# Artificial Limbs

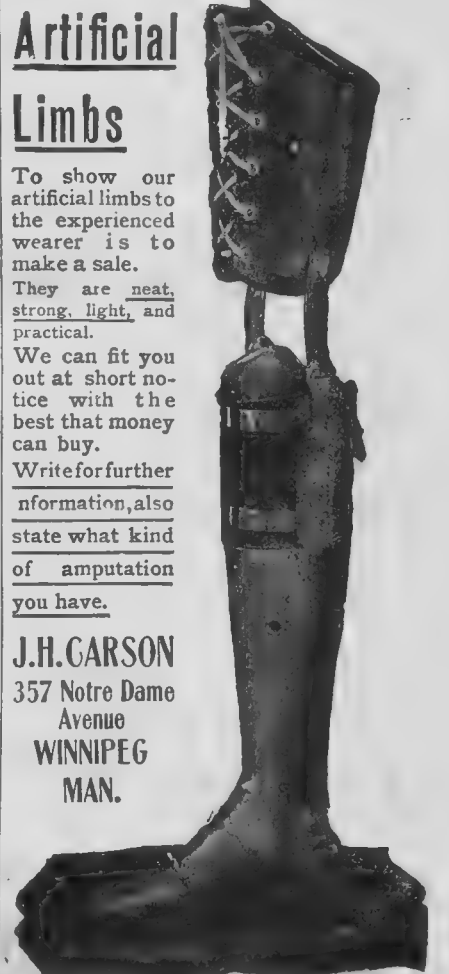
To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J.H. CARSON  
357 Notre Dame  
Avenue  
WINNIPEG  
MAN.



**USE ABSORBINE JR. LINIMENT FOR IT**

Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Mammitis, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is healing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—always pain and inflammation promptly. Get it at once and apply it.

Mrs. R. M. Romler, R. D. No. 1, Federal, Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke causing considerable loss of blood. Used ABSORBINE JR. and reported Nov. 5, 1910, veins entirely healed, swelling and discoloration gone and trouble with them since July 1913.

ABSORBINE JR. is invaluable as a general household liniment, for the cuts and bruises that the children get, croup, deep-seated colds, stiff-neck, sore-throat, Removes fatty bunches, goitre, enlarged glands, wens, cysts, weeping sinews, etc. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book \$3.00 free.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q.

**BLACK LEG**

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-priced, always fresh and reliable, they are used by over 80 per cent of California and Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials.

10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills....\$1.00  
50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills.... 4.00  
Cutter's Blackleg Pill Injector... 1.50

Pills may be used in any injector, but Cutter's is simplest, strongest and easiest to use.

Every package dated, unused pills returnable for free exchange for fresh after date on package. Do not use old vaccine, or of uncertain age (ours or any other) as it affords less protection than fresh.

Discounts: 250 doses, 10 p.c.; 500 doses, 20 p.c. Insist on Cutter's. If druggist doesn't stock, order from Laboratory, giving address plainly. We prepay charges and ship promptly. Send personal check or M. O.

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**RUBBER**  
We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants.

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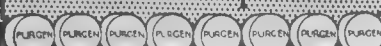
**VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.**

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, Can.



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Does him afflict  
More than the taste  
Of friend Fluxite.

Solid, sound soldering is easily done with



the paste flux that

## Simplifies Soldering

And LEAD-JOINTING

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Of Ironmongers and Stores in small and large tins.

### The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and a pamphlet on "Soldering Work."

Sample Set Postpaid Direct \$1.32

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R. D. Evans

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webb of life. Hope that "Puzzled" will make a happy choice and that he will soon be singing

"Time doth softly, sweetly glide when there's love at home."

I will sign myself  
"Jemima" (a Sask. Reader).

Glad to Get Back

Alberta, Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—I have read your paper since I was a little girl of nine, and have always enjoyed it, but it has only been in the last few years that I have become interested in the correspondence page. I think it a splendid idea to give people a better knowledge of how other people (especially bachelors) live. I have lived in this country for twelve years and think there is no place like it. The last two years I have been in Washington State, but was glad to come back to Canada again. Of course, I find it colder than in Washington and more lonely, but I hope soon to overcome both. I find in reading the letters that nearly all the correspondents say they can dance. I cannot dance, but would very much like to learn how. I can play cards and am very fond of skating. I think every girl should know how to skate; it

equal it. I am a baseball player in the summer. I would sooner play baseball than eat my supper, especially if I had to cook it myself. It seems that every bachelor that writes wants some of the girls to correspond with them, and I want the same. My address is with the editor, and I will sign myself

Happy Willie.

Views are the Same

Parkhill, Ont., Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—Although an Eastern girl I am very much interested in the West as I have many friends living in the prairie provinces and in British Columbia. They frequently send me copies of The Western Home Monthly and I enjoy reading them very much. The descriptions of Western life are very interesting to one who knows nothing of farm life save in Ontario. I have had a number of impressions of homestead life corrected through your correspondence column. I would like to correspond with "Pippen" and "Bachelor Bill" as I am sure from their letters in the August number that their views on many lines resemble my own. The editor has my address, and I am, yours truly,

Maple Bud.



South Bay, New Ontario

is such healthy amusement. In summer I spend my spare time in horseback riding, of which I am very fond. Nearly all girls object to men smoking. I do not, because I believe if a man can find pleasure in smoking, a woman should not rob him of that. I quite agree with "Sea Pea Are" that a husband appreciates the few things a wife can do for him outside, and I think it is the duty of a wife to help her husband as much as she can, both in the house and outside. I think everyone will agree with "Scotch Bluebell" when she says "make the home together." I think when both work together they feel they have equal interest in the home, and that both have made the home. In the June issue someone introduced the topic: "Is the theatre a harm to the community?" I think this is a very good topic for discussion, as I was once in a debating society, and we agreed that the theatre was a decided harm to the community. If you print this I hope that many will write to me as I am an only child and very lonely. You will find my address with the editor and I will sign myself

Prairie Sunshine.

Just a Time Killer

Saskatchewan, December, 1913.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years, but just a new subscriber. It is certainly an interesting paper for young or old. I am a young Canadian homesteader used to living close to the city, and it seems very lonesome sometimes. I am not far from town, but a fellow might just as well stay at home and read as go to one of these new towns—you will see just as much. For winter sport I enjoy dancing, skating and card playing, and think there is no harm in any of them unless you, or someone else, wants to make harm; but take a little country dance and there is no sport that can

A Camp Cook

Ont., Dec., 1913.

Dear Editor—Here goes for my first letter to The Western Home Monthly, which I find great pleasure in reading. I have been in Ontario for the most of my life, and have had very little experience in the Western provinces—that is west of Manitoba. In reading the letters I find a number from lonely bachelors. Well, I would like to encourage them on in the work they have undertaken to open up the great Western country. I was raised on a farm and I think it no disgrace to be called a hay-seed, for the farmers are the men who are the backbone of our great Canada. Now, boys, I know there are some difficulties on the homestead, and one thing is the cooking. I am a camp cook, and I am cooking for one hundred and fifteen men now, and have been at it for a number of years. As I have not killed anyone yet it will be a pleasure to me to help those I can. I can give you all kinds of plain recipes for cooking bread, cakes, puddings, biscuits, or anything you wish for without eggs or milk. I suppose some of the readers know what the lumber camps are like. I would like to give you some recipes here, but I don't like to ask the editor for so much space in his valuable columns. I would like to tell you how to cook camp beans and pork, and if you will drop me a line I will gladly do so. Hoping I will be able to help someone. My address is with the editor.

Camp Cook.

Should be Locked up

Killarney, Man., January, 1914.

Dear Editor—May one who has never before written to these columns have a little space to state her opinions? We have taken The Western Home Monthly for years, but it is only lately we have taken any interest in the numerous letters printed every month. Some letters

# Coughed Almost All Night

## With That Dry Tickling Sensation in the Throat.

A bad cough, accompanied by that distressing, tickling sensation in the throat is most aggravating.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup heals the mucous surfaces, relieves oppression and tightness of the chest, removes accumulated mucous or phlegm, quiets even the most obstinate and distressing coughs, securing sleep and rest at night, not only to the sufferer, but to others whose rest would otherwise be broken.

Mrs. Duell Marshall, Basswood Ridge, N.B., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for me. I took a severe cold, coughed almost all night with that dry, tickling sensation in my throat. The first bottle did me so much good, I thought I would try a second one, which I am pleased to say resulted in a complete cure. I can strongly recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or any throat irritation."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25c. a bottle; the large family size, 50c.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## Canadian Hair Restorer



Before and After Using.

Restores Grey Hair to original color. Two might use from same bottle, hair of one becomes black, the other blond or other color as they were in youth. Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff, Itching. Cures all Scalp Diseases, Produces New Growth. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Miss Emma V. White, Seedswoman,  
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## THE DRINK HABIT CAN BE CURED

Those who are sincerely desirous of curing themselves or to have friends cured should communicate with

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Dept. 229, Chicago

Satisfaction guaranteed.

are sensible and a person can enjoy reading them; others, in my opinion, are anything but sensible. I have only seen one letter from here before, and when I read the letter from "Lonely" in the January number I must say it made me decidedly curious. Now, I thought I knew all the young farmers around here. I am a farmer's daughter myself, although I am living in town at present. When I read of one who must be almost an angel, only playing a violin instead of a harp, I felt that at least there was one I did not know. I do not believe in women having the vote. Their place is at home looking after the house, and I think if they do that the way it should be done there will not be any time spent in worrying as to whether they will get the vote or not. Militant suffragettes should be locked up and fed on bread and water until they come to their right senses—if they have any. I was greatly interested in the letter by "Puzzled." In some things he may be right, but in many, I think, he is wrong. I do not think any couple ever get married without a pretty good idea of what each other is like. Anyway, I am quite sure that if I was keeping company with a young man I would try his patience enough to know whether he was a saint

liquor; a man of refinement and who is not afraid to offer a hand to raise the fallen, and has a cheery word for everyone. We do not think it necessary for anyone to be a church member and take much interest in the work; we think there should be more Endeavor and Young People's Societies for the young people to attend instead of the dance hall, for some people are more easily influenced than others. We should try and be happy and look on the bright side always. We will leave our address with the editor, and if anyone wishes to correspond with us we will answer all letters and cards with pleasure.

Kate and Duplicate.

### To Get Rid of a Double Chin

By Marta Scott Conser

One of the most objectionable features is the double chin. This can be remedied in one month by the following exercise: First soap the under part of the chin with pure soap, and plenty of it. Then throw the head back till the face looks up to the ceiling. Then press firmly the under chin with the thumb



Entrance to Red Deer Lake

or a sinner and what kind of a temper he had. Really I think he must be a minister; he can give such an excellent lecture. Now, maybe some of you who read this letter—if it is ever printed—would like to know what sort of a person is writing it. Well, to begin with, I am a "Good Methodist," but not one of the saints at all. To live up to the reputation of Methodists I would lift my hands in holy terror if card playing or dancing is mentioned. Now, I hope no one takes me for a cranky old maid, for I assure you I am not. Will be very pleased to hear from any one who cares to write, and will try to answer all favors.

Topsy.

### A Great Country

Carstairs, Alta., Jan., 1914.

Dear Editor—To-day starts us with the New Year, which we hope will bring happiness and prosperity to yourself and readers. We are subscribers of your valuable paper, although we have never written before to The Western Home Monthly. We lived in the city until last spring when we moved to the country, which we dearly love, as we are two happy "old maids" liking quietness. We are fond of outdoor sports and love riding and driving immensely. We have a piano and two violins which afford much enjoyment. We have only lived in Canada one year, and take much interest in the rapid progress that Canada is making in becoming a nation of great cities, and we think the farmers should be grateful for the opportunities it offers them. As the topic of an ideal person is now being discussed and "Western Sun" wishes a picture of an ideal man, we will give the description which appeals to us. We do not think his age or the color of his hair (although we prefer dark hair) has anything to do with the person. A tall, well-built man with dark hair, a good character, ambitious, free from the use of tobacco and

while at same time make the lower chin move back and forth against the thumbs. It will take some practice but you will soon find the way to cause the movement of the fat part of the chin. This will strengthen all the muscles, at the same time it will eliminate the fatty cells. The soap aids in this by cutting the fat from the skin.

The exercise can be endured and even enjoyed if you have a graphophone and take the exercise by the music. I set my graphophone out in the rear garden and take my physical culture out in the open air. Besides the exercises I had in the college classes I have discovered many new ones. Wherever there is excess fat just keep on till you find a motion that will cause a movement of that fat, then work.

There are some city men and women to-day who never knew the delight of barefoot days. They never ventured forth in the morning, to feel the dewy coolness of the soft grass. They never knew the superlative joy of clean mud oozing up between delighted toes. They never experienced the satisfaction of gaining the hardness of hoof required for running over gravel paths or stubble fields. And now they are probably nourishing every conceivable variety of bunions and twisted toes.

The country child has a great pedal advantage, even now, over the child of the city. But the wise mother, who takes little Charles and little Gracie on an outing, no matter how brief it may be, indicates at the outset the undesirability of footwear. The children with their instinct for getting near to nature will do the rest.

**An Oil Without Alcohol.**—Some oils and many medicines have alcohol as a prominent ingredient. A judicious mingling of six essential oils compose the famous Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, and there is no alcohol in it, so that its effects are lasting. There is no medicinal oil compounded that can equal this oil in its preventive and healing power.

## Men Fight On Their Stomachs

Napoleon so said. A man with a weak stomach is pretty sure to be a poor fighter. It is difficult—almost impossible—for anyone, man or woman, if digestion is poor, to succeed in business or socially—or to enjoy life. In tablet or liquid form

Dr. Pierce's

## Golden Medical Discovery

helps weak stomachs to strong, healthy action—helps them to digest the food that makes the good, rich, red blood which nourishes the entire body.

This vegetable remedy, to a great extent, puts the liver into activity—oils the machinery of the human system so that those who spend their working hours at the desk, behind the counter, or in the home are rejuvenated into vigorous health.

Has brought relief to many thousands every year for over forty years. It can relieve you and doubtless restore to you your former health and strength. At least you owe it to yourself to give it a trial. Sold by Medicine Dealers or send 50c for trial box of Tablets—Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel & Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.

You can have Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser of 1008 Pages for 31c.



## Let me talk to you about Nerve Troubles.

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal 'Wincarnis,' the 'Wine of Life.' 'Wincarnis' is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

## Begin to get well FREE

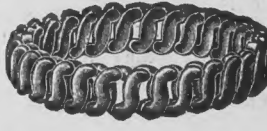
Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.





# FREE

For selling 12 High Grade Articles of Jewellery for us at 25c. each. Sell like hot cakes. **WE TRUST YOU.** Send today. When sold send us our \$3.00 and we will send you immediately either of these premiums.



## WESTERN HOME SPECIALTY CO.

P.O. Box 440 VANCOUVER, B.C.



Whenever you feel a headache coming on take

## NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

125 NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



# Woman and the Home

## True Knighthood

True knighthood is transcendent;  
Not in the arms of old,  
Nor shining shields, resplendent  
With heraldry and gold,  
Its accolade eternal,  
Unerring in its sway,  
Awaits the deed supernal  
In tourneys of to-day.

The true knight's soul is burning  
With noble discontent;  
His eager feet are turning  
To one more steep ascent;  
The joy of life he measures  
By heavy hearts made light,  
Unselfish deeds the pleasures  
That make his pathway bright.

His eyes in fields Elysian  
May look on things unseen,  
But in his daily vision  
His kindly gaze is keen;  
He sees a brother weary,  
And lends a helping hand,  
And when the sky is dreary  
Points out the silver band.  
John Mervin Hull.

## The Fun in Life

A sense of humor is more valuable for a busy woman than all the latest inventions for making housekeeping easy.

Unfortunately there is no school where this accomplishment can be learned. The giggling girl is not sure to grow up a laughing woman. She may regard herself and her own affairs with a portentous seriousness. Egotism is fatal to a true sense of humor. So is a lack of imagination. So is that morbid conscientiousness, which is our least desirable inheritance from Puritanism.

That family is fortunate indeed where the mother is first to see a joke, and to lead the mirth. In too many homes her sole share in merriment is her dismal, "I'm sure I don't see what you're laughing about!" The mother, an invalid for years, who could answer an inquiry about her health with a quizzical smile and a quick "Sick abed, and worse up!" was not a burden but a joy to the children, who found her room "the jolliest place in the house."

A nonsense rhyme, a droll conundrum, a lively repartee, a story of misadventure, may all serve as sauce for a dull day. The appetite for fun may be coaxed to grow by what it feeds on until the mature woman, laden with responsibilities, can smile at her own small trias and help others to follow her example. She will learn first not to cry over spilt milk, and later will master an even more useful accomplishment, and will laugh over it.

## To Be Careless is Cruel

A vast amount of unhappiness is caused by simple thoughtlessness. There are people who never stop to consider what the consequences of any action may be. An idea occurs to them, and straightway they act on it without thinking if it may cause inconvenience or distress to others. If they use an article which is common household property they do not return it to its proper place, and others must spend much time and patience looking it up. They are often late at meals and irregular in keeping appointments, and generally not to be depended on. They are full of apologies and seem contritely sorry, but it never occurs to them to think carefully beforehand so as to be in time for engagements, or to avoid doing that which will cause trouble to others.

One or two persons of that character will keep a whole household in hot water a large part of the time, and wear out the energy and vitality of those responsible for the smooth running of the household affairs more than all the burden of their necessary duties. It is difficult to resent the conduct of these irresponsible persons, but their treat-

ment of those with whom they come in contact has the same effect as intentional cruelty. Their excuses do not remedy the wrong, but more consideration for the comfort and convenience of others would make them more agreeable members of society, and add greatly to the health and happiness of their friends.

## Woman's Highest Glory

It is a singular fact that those women who have become famous in the world's history because of the great passions they have inspired, have been women who were not beautiful in the accepted sense of that term, but women who had

times not a blessing to a woman, for when its evanescent charm is gone, all is gone that gave life to, and kept alive, the sentiment it inspired. The charm of physical beauty is limited, but psychological attractions are infinite. And so the world finds here a new beatitude: Blessed are the plain and imperfect, for theirs is the kingdom of love.

## Emergency Study

Faye N. Merriman

A young friend of mine recently lost a child through not knowing what to do when the child was seized with violent convulsions. She was alone and with no one near to call, and when help arrived it was too late. One of the neighbors came in and upon her breast the young woman sobbed out her anguish.

## Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

### POTATO SOUP

|                              |                                |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 potatoes                   | 1 tablespoonful flour          |
| 1 pt. milk or                | 1 teaspoonful salt             |
| 1 pt. milk and water         | ½ teaspoonful white pepper     |
| 2 teaspoonfuls chopped onion | 2 teaspoonfuls chopped parsley |
|                              | Celery salt                    |
|                              | 1 tablespoonful butter         |

Cook the potatoes until soft and drain; cook the milk and onion in a double boiler; beat the potatoes with a wire potato masher, add the hot milk, strain and use as a liquid to make a white sauce. Cook 5 minutes and add the chopped parsley just before serving.

### STEAK AND HAM SHAPE

|             |                       |
|-------------|-----------------------|
| 1 lb. steak | ½ teacupful water     |
| ¾ lb. ham   | A little nutmeg       |
| 1 egg       | Salt and pepper       |
|             | 1 cupful bread crumbs |

Mince steak and ham together; add crumbs and seasoning; beat up egg and mix with water; stir in until all is used up; grease a bowl and put in mixture. Cover with buttered paper and steam for 4 hours. Allow it to cool before turning out.

### MAPLE CREAM

|                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 cupfuls brown sugar | Butter size of egg    |
| ½ cupful milk         | 1 teaspoonful vanilla |

Boil 20 minutes, stirring constantly—it is done when it hardens on the edge of the dish or drops in hairs from spoon; add vanilla and beat until it begins to stiffen, then spread on buttered dishes and cut in squares. Chopped walnuts or almonds may be added if desired.

learned this subtle secret, this charm which is something more than physical. All of them were women who could grip men's souls, and hold them with a tenacity unshakable. And it has also been remarked that the famous beauties of history have almost always had unhappy endings in their love affairs.

No woman, however plain in features, need ever lead an unloved or loveless life. She has only to exercise that womanly tact and wisdom which is the natural inheritance of her sex, to win all the love she desires. And love thus won through pleasing graces and tender sympathies she will find far more lasting and satisfying than any won by even the highest physical charms.

The highest glory of a woman is not that her charms have made her admired and brought men captive to her feet, but that she has made her very defects to be loved. Beauty, in fact, is some-

"I didn't know what to do," she sobbed, "I didn't know."

"My dear," said the older woman, "I don't know" never saved a life yet."

It was a trifle cruel of her I thought at the time, but afterwards I decided she was quite right. No woman who has a child has any right not to be prepared for an emergency. Taking the rebuke to myself I immediately bought a blank book and in it I have recorded every hint I read or hear from a reliable source upon the subject of emergencies of all kinds.

But I decided that this was not enough—what if the book itself should meet with an accident or be mislaid? Even the time consumed in turning the pages and hunting for the proper remedy is sometimes precious and under strong excitement one is likely to read incorrectly. So each day I decided to give a half hour's study to the contents of the book until now I am prepared for

any unforeseen calamity and even have an emergency shelf where remedies may be selected at a moment's notice. The labels on the bottles are in large, lurid red letters and above the shelf I have a small two candle-power electric light which illumines the shelf at a moment's notice.

When my own baby was seized with convulsions I had him up and in a hot bath before I even realized what I was doing, and when his stiff little body relaxed and the perspiration broke out, as I laid him back upon the bed I thanked God that no one could say to me, "I don't know" never saved a life."

There is no quicker, surer relief in child's ailments than the hot or warm bath. Nothing will so quickly break up a fever of any kind, and one need have no fear of scarlet fever or any such disease if the kettle is always boiling. Even in the little everyday illnesses of the child the bath is invaluable.

My little boy was sick with teething and lay listless and feverish all day, refusing to eat or notice anyone. In the middle of the afternoon I plunged him in a tub of nearly hot water rubbing his back and stomach and across his bowels vigorously. He slept soundly for an hour or more, when he expressed a desire for food. I fed him lightly upon toasted crackers and milk and by evening he was up and running about. So the first thing when the child is ill, clear the clogging impurities from his pores—no matter if he has had his bath that day—and give nature a chance, aided perhaps by a dose of some simple cathartic, and a great many serious illnesses will be prevented.

As to preventatives, a goodly proportion of the accidents which call for emergency treatment could be prevented. Quite often we hear of a child tipping over in its high chair onto a red hot stove. What can be the cause of this except criminal carelessness? No mother should place her child within four or five feet of the stove, nor is it in any way necessary. Such proximity to a red hot stove can not but be injurious and discomforting to the child, and the change from the heated portion of the room to a place of lower temperature is likely to cause a serious cold.

There is no safe-guard against accidents by burning like teaching a child a wholesome fear of fire. When the child is placed at the table and reaches for everything in sight, allow him to grasp a hot bit of food or potato. The burn will soon heal but the lesson will long be remembered and upon saying "burn, burn" as he approaches the stove he will learn to avoid playing near to it.

## The Children's Evensong

(By Richard La Gallienne.)

The sun is weary, for he ran  
So far and fast to-day;  
The birds are weary, for who sang  
So many songs as they.

The bees and butterflies at last  
Are tired out, for just think, too,  
Their little wings have fluttered  
through.

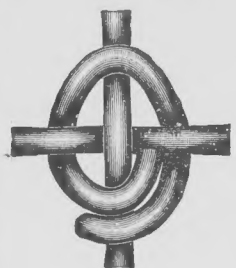
How many gardens through the day  
And so, as all tired people do,  
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads  
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.  
The sun has shut his golden eye  
And gone to sleep beneath the sky.

The birds and butterflies and bees  
Have all crept into flowers and trees.  
And all lie quiet, still as mice.  
Till morning comes—like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you  
Must sleep away till morning, too.  
Close little eyes, down little heads,  
And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.  
—Selected.

Spare the children from suffering from worms by using Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be got with which to combat these insidious foes of the young and helpless. There is nothing that excels this preparation as a worm destroyer, and when its qualities become known in a household no other will be used. The medicine acts by itself, requiring no purgative to assist it, and so thoroughly that nothing more is desired.

# FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM



## Against Combine Methods!

## Sarnia Fence Wins.



**The Manitoba Grain Grower's Association—The Saskatchewan Grain Grower's Association—The United Farmers of Alberta—and The Dominion Grange**

Have passed strong resolutions to give every assistance possible to the Sarnia Fence Co. and to purchase Sarnia Fence in preference to all others. We hope with their assistance to be successful in our fight with the large interests. It is no longer our fight, but yours as well.

If you are not already a supporter of our Independent Policy, you should be—start to-day—we need your assistance.

Four years ago we started marketing Sarnia Fence Direct to the Farmers of Canada, at prices so much lower than they had previously paid, that the great percentage of those who read our advertisements were skeptical as to its quality. They had been used to buying through their agents and dealers as much as 20 cents per rod more than we asked them to pay Direct from our Factory, Freight Paid to their station. In four years we have gained the confidence of the Canadian Farmers and in return for our efforts, every farm organization in the Dominion of Canada, have endorsed our policy and promised us every assistance. In return we wish every farmer in Canada to know that we are doing everything in our power to make our connection more close with them, so that it will be impossible for the combine to again force you to pay the high prices you have in the past. We ask your personal assistance, not only by the placing of your orders with us, but by the use of your personal influence you have with your neighbors in your locality. In return we guarantee to sell you the best dollar for dollar value in wire fence you have ever received.

By the Sarnia way of selling fence you have nothing to pay for but quality. You will receive a roll of Sarnia Fence that will give you such satisfaction that it will be remembered long after the price has been forgotten, and make you a permanent customer and strong supporter of our Direct Policy.

Guarantee—If you find for any reason that the fence received of us is not of the best hard steel wire the best galvanizing, the most perfectly woven fence you ever purchased at any price, you are at liberty to return it to us. We will pay freight both ways and refund your money.

## WHICH WILL YOU BUY—SARNIA FENCE OR COMBINE FENCE?

| WE SET THE PRICE. OTHERS DEVOTE THEIR ENERGY TO TRY TO MEET OUR PRICES.                                                                                                                                                                                    | CASH WITH THE ORDER SAVES EXPENSE AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT OF THE SAVING IN THE PRICE. |                                     |                                           |                                         |                                      |                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Price, Less Than Carload in Manitoba.                                                 | Price, Carload or Over in Manitoba. | Price, Less Than Carload in Saskatchewan. | Price, Carload or Over in Saskatchewan. | Price, Less Than Carload in Alberta. | Price, Carload or Over in Alberta. |
| <b>5-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.</b> Has 5 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 10, 10, 10, 10. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                                   | 22c                                                                                   | 20c                                 | 24c                                       | 22c                                     | 26c                                  | 23c                                |
| <b>6-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.</b> Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9. Weight per rod, 7½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                                    | 26c                                                                                   | 24c                                 | 29c                                       | 27c                                     | 31c                                  | 28c                                |
| <b>7-40-0 HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE.</b> Has 7 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Weight per rod, 8½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                        | 29c                                                                                   | 27c                                 | 33c                                       | 29c                                     | 35c                                  | 32c                                |
| <b>7-48-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE.</b> Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                                | 29c                                                                                   | 27c                                 | 33c                                       | 29c                                     | 35c                                  | 32c                                |
| <b>8-40 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.</b> Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 7, 8. Weight per rod, 10½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                                 | 35c                                                                                   | 33c                                 | 39c                                       | 35c                                     | 42c                                  | 37c                                |
| <b>8-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.</b> Has 8 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                                  | 36c                                                                                   | 34c                                 | 40c                                       | 36c                                     | 43c                                  | 38c                                |
| <b>9-48-0 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.</b> Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                                 | 36c                                                                                   | 34c                                 | 40c                                       | 36c                                     | 43c                                  | 38c                                |
| <b>9-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE.</b> Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid. ....                                                  | 39c                                                                                   | 37c                                 | 44c                                       | 39c                                     | 47c                                  | 42c                                |
| <b>10-50 HORSE, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOG FENCE.</b> Has 10 line wires, 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod; all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 3½, 3½, 4½, 5½, 6, 8, 8, 8. Weight per rod, 13¼ lbs. Per rod, freight prepaid. ....                            | 43c                                                                                   | 41c                                 | 48c                                       | 43c                                     | 52c                                  | 46c                                |
| <b>7-26 MEDIUM HOG FENCE.</b> Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high, 30 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9, filling No. 12 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod, freight paid. ....                            | 23c                                                                                   | 21c                                 | 27c                                       | 24c                                     | 29c                                  | 26c                                |
| <b>15-50-P STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE.</b> Has 15 line wires, 50 in. high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9, filling No. 12 Hard Steel wire, spacing 1½, 1½, 1½, 1½, 2, 2, 2½, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7. Weight 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight paid. .... | 43c                                                                                   | 41c                                 | 48c                                       | 43c                                     | 51c                                  | 46c                                |
| <b>WALK GATE.</b> 3½x48. Freight paid....                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | \$3.00                                                                                | \$2.90                              | \$3.10                                    | \$3.00                                  | \$3.10                               | \$3.00                             |
| <b>FARM GATE.</b> 12x48. Freight prepaid..                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 4.50                                                                                  | 4.25                                | 4.75                                      | 4.50                                    | 5.00                                 | 4.50                               |
| <b>FARM GATE.</b> 13x48. Freight paid....                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 4.75                                                                                  | 4.50                                | 5.00                                      | 4.75                                    | 5.25                                 | 4.70                               |
| <b>FARM GATE.</b> 14x48. Freight paid....                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 5.00                                                                                  | 4.75                                | 5.25                                      | 5.00                                    | 5.50                                 | 5.00                               |
| <b>FARM GATE.</b> 16x48. Freight paid....                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 5.25                                                                                  | 5.00                                | 5.50                                      | 5.25                                    | 5.75                                 | 5.25                               |
| <b>STAPLES GALVANIZED.</b> 1¼ in. Per box of 25 lbs. Freight paid .....                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1.00                                                                                  | .90                                 | 1.10                                      | .90                                     | 1.10                                 | .90                                |
| <b>BRACE WIRE.</b> No. 9 Soft. Per coil of 25 lbs. Freight paid. ....                                                                                                                                                                                      | 1.00                                                                                  | .90                                 | 1.10                                      | .90                                     | 1.10                                 | .90                                |
| <b>STRETCHER.</b> All iron top and bottom, draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire stretcher and splicer, the best stretcher made at any price. Freight paid.                                                                                      | 8.75                                                                                  | 8.00                                | 9.00                                      | 8.75                                    | 9.00                                 | 8.25                               |

NOTE—Prices on other Styles of Fence and Barb Wire will be given on application.

PLEASE NOTE—The above prices are for shipment via Lake and Rail. We prepay freight in less than carloads on shipments of 300 pounds or over, at carload prices on 24,000 pounds or over. These prices may be raised shortly. Send your order to-day. Remit by P. O. Order or Bank Money Order.

# The Sarnia Fence Co., Limited, Sarnia, Ont.

Fence Put Up in 20, 30, 40 Rod Rolls only

Tack this Price List up in a conspicuous place that your neighbors may see it





# PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"